# Sculpting in Ice: Writing for the Postmodern Stage

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## Abstract

In the following thesis I argue that from within a postmodern framework the 'realist narrative mode' finds its position as the narratological form of choice for communicating historical and biographical 'truth' under question.

Furthermore, as the formal distinctions between 'fictional' and 'factual' writing become less clear, I propose that the writer's approach to his/her craft must also be redefined. Under such conditions I argue that each individual text defines and legitimises its own particular terms of reference and narrative form. The act of writing within a postmodern framework therefore, is not only a craft, but also a philosophical activity and as such requires the writer to enter the world of theoretical fiction. *Sculpting in Ice* is the product of one such text entering into this process.

This thesis demonstrates in action the process by which the play text for *Sculpting in Ice* develops its own theory of fiction through the writing of that fiction. The primary focus of the thesis is, therefore, to explore the relationship between writing and theory and to render explicit the particular 'theory of fiction' created during the writing of *Sculpting in Ice.*

# Declaration

I declare that this thesis is my own work and has not been previously submitted for the award of a higher degree elsewhere in this or any other form.

# Acknowledgements

Firstly, thanks to Kathy Flann for all her guidance and advice throughout the writing of *Sculpting in Ice*.

I would also like to thank Liz Mood, Steve Longstaffe and Frank Ledwith whose advice and support has been invaluable over the duration of this research project.

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*This thesis is dedicated to my Mother and Father, for without their love I would not be where I am today.*

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## Introduction

The following is a creative thesis the body of which is the script for a play entitled *Sculpting in Ice. Sculpting in Ice* is a play about Albert Speer; Hitler's architect and later in life, his Minister for Armaments and Munitions. Taking as its starting points the biographies of Albert Speer written by Gita Sereny, Joachim Fest and Dan Van Der Vat, as well as Albert Speer's own autobiographical works (*Spandau: The Secret Diaries* and *Inside The Third Reich*), *Sculpting in Ice* challenges some of the narratological assumptions underpinning these works and in doing so presents a new perspective from which to understand Speer's life and work.

The foundations for this new understanding of Albert Speer proposed in *Sculpting in Ice* derive from my selected reading and fusing of the ideas presented primarily in the following works: Mark Currie's work on narrative and postmodernism in *Postmodern Narrative Theory,* Stephen Frosh's work on psychoanalysis in *Identity Crisis: Modernity, Psychoanalysis and the Self*, Hayden White's work on narrative discourse in *The Content of the Form: Narrative Discourse and Historical Representation,* Paul Ricoeur's work on time and narrative in *Time and Narrative Volume 1* and Michael Bakhtin's work on 'Forms of Time and of the Chronotope in the Novel' in *The Dialogic Imagination.* Within this thesis I also draw upon Keith Jenkins' reading of Hayden White's theories of Metahistory presented in *Why History? Ethics and Postmodernity*, Michael Holquist's reading of Michael Bakhtin's work on the dialogic imagination presented in *Dialogism* and Keith Simms' reading of Paul Ricoeur's work on Time and Narrative in *Paul Ricoeur.*

The function of *Sculpting in Ice* therefore is two fold; firstly to dramatise a new reading of the life and work of Albert Speer, and secondly to demonstrate in action the theoretical and narratological framework which underpins and informs this new reading.

Accompanying the script of *Sculpting in Ice* is a Foreword introducing the origins of and rational behind the writing and development of this play text. Following the play text there is an afterword which explores the synthesis of readings and ideas that form the unique epistemology of *Sculpting in Ice.* This Foreword explores the relationship between the practice of creative writing and critical theory and proposes that in order to meaningfully engage with the 'postmodern world' the author must undertake the writing of a text that combines the craft of creative writing with a theoretical self-awareness. It is not, however, the purpose of this thesis to propose a generic framework for the postmodern text but rather to explore how each individual text searches for and defines its own unique epistemology in response to the challenges of the postmodern condition.

## Part 1: Foreword

## The Origin of the Thesis

I have for some time been wrestling with a problem. As a reader I recognise that many of the narratives often referred to as postmodern are those which I find most interesting. As well as being the most interesting I also find that these narratives are also the most successful expressions of my experience of the world around me. As a writer, however, I am concerned by those criticisms of postmodernity (both as a narratological form and an ideological position) as one in which;

> As Baudrillard suggests… 'getting beyond appearances is an impossible task'. Because every approach that attempts to do this…becomes seduced by its own terms, forms and appearances, until it becomes a kind of play on words, a set of investigations devoted not to uncovering 'truth', but to persuading, deceiving, flattering others. (Frosh, 1991, p.25)

In the above quotation there is a pervading sense of futility regarding any attempt by the writer to pursue the 'truth', postmodernity therefore raises a fundamental question for the author; if the truth is unreachable and/or incommunicable through language, why bother writing at all?

Lyotard's definition of the postmodern as 'incredulity towards metanarratives' (Lyotard 1979; as cited in Frosh, 1991, p.23) is expanded by Frosh into:

> The postmodern is that which, in the modern, puts forward the unpresentable in presentation itself; that which denies itself the solace of good forms, the consensus of a taste which would make it possible to share collectively the nostalgia for the unattainable; that which searches for new presentations, not in order to enjoy them but in order to impart a stronger sense of the unpresentable. (Lyotard 1979; as cited in Frosh, 1991, p.22)

Lyotard's definition is presented by Frosh as a rather despairing account of the successive failure of the modernist avant-garde to find any untainted new forms and the subsequent conclusion therefore, that the postmodern consists of an endless production line of joyless meditations on the failures and limitations of representation, to which the question might be asked again; why bother writing at all?

There is, however, an alternative reading of postmodernity proffered in Umberto Eco's description of the paradox lying at the heart of the postmodern reply to the modern:

> The Postmodern reply to the modern consists of recognising that the past, since it cannot really be destroyed, because its destruction leads to silence, must be revisited: but with irony, not innocently. I think of the postmodern attitude as that of a man who loves a very cultivated woman and knows he can not say to her, 'I love you madly' because he knows that she knows (and that she knows that he knows) that these words have already been written by Barbara Cartland. Still, there is a solution. He can say, 'As Barbara Cartland would put it, I love you

> madly.' At this point, having avoided false innocence, having said clearly that it is no longer possible to speak innocently, he will nevertheless have said what he wanted to say to the woman: that he loves her, but he loves her in an age of lost innocence. If the woman goes along with this, she will have received a declaration of love all the same. Neither of the two speakers will feel innocent, both will have accepted the challenge of the past, of the already said, which cannot be eliminated; both will consciously and with pleasure play the game of irony… But both will have succeeded, once again, in speaking of love. (Eco, 1992, p.227)

For Eco, the most important element of the postmodern reply to the modern lies in the paradoxical relationship between postmodernism and language. On the one hand the postmodern condition (that of lost innocence) highlights the fallibility of language as both a tool for understanding and communication while on the other acknowledging language games as being the principle way in which culture continues to represent and define itself.

It should be pointed out here that in this case at least, the 'game of irony' Eco refers to is not a game which limits itself to satire, pastiche and other comic forms of writing although these forms are undoubtedly included. Irony in this case refers to the self-conscious acknowledgement that we can no longer speak innocently but are compelled to keep on speaking nonetheless.

Despite postmodernism rejecting the concept of logocentrism it cannot dismiss the central role language plays in the construction of 'truths', indeed one of the central

themes of postmodernism is that truth cannot exist independently or outside of language.

> We need to make a distinction between the claim that the world is out there and the claim that the truth is out there. To say that the world is out there, that it is not our creation, is to say with common sense, that most things in space and time are the effects of causes which do not include human mental states. To say that truth is not out there is simply to say that where there are no sentences there is no truth, that sentences are elements of human languages, and that human languages are human creations. (Rorty, 1989; cited in Anderson, 1996, p. 8)

And therefore:

> The truth is made rather than found (Rorty, 1989; cited in Anderson, 1996, p.8)

Or:

> We come to see that no truths in the world are, so to speak, untouched by human hands. (Anderson, 1996, p.9)

What Rorty and Eco present is not the pessimistic repetitive postmodernity of Lyotard's failed modernist avant-garde, but a challenge. This is a challenge in which the artist is asked to face the limitations of language whilst accepting his/her responsibility for the subjectivity of their position. The author is challenged not to continue to keep trying (and failing) to erase the past (its texts and forms) but is asked instead to enter into a dialogue with the past accepting that the writer and artist may

develop a relationship with their subject which may be uniquely personal and subjective but is ultimately preferable to silence. Lyotard may have been correct in asserting the failure of the modernist avant-garde in creating the ultimate artistic meta-narrative, what Eco has shown, however, is that this failure does not have to end in silence or endless variations on the theme of the death of representation.

Frosh may also have been correct in emphasizing the impossibility of 'uncovering' *the truth* and in highlighting the inseparability of truth and form it becomes apparent from reading Eco, however, that *a truth* can, provisionally at least, be negotiated through the interplay of forms.

During my research into postmodern theory and narrative I became increasingly interested in the intersection between fiction, history and postmodern narrative. It occurred to me that if Eco was right in his assertion that postmodernity not only pointed toward, but might also be the antidote to, artistic silence then there might be no better place to test this idea than in a field in which the debate surrounding the subjectivity of the authorial position is at its most contentious.

At this time I began reading Gita Sereny's biography of Albert Speer. Knowing relatively little beforehand about Speer, it was the title of Sereny's biography (...*His Battle with the Truth*) that initially caught my attention. Further investigation revealed that Speer was the subject of some contentious debate within historical circles, but more than this he was the subject of a number of historical biographies whose authors drew very different conclusions about his life. The strong differences of opinion expressed by these biographers, in conclusions drawn from broadly the same and

agreed upon historical evidence, gave me the ideal vehicle with which to explore the subjectivity of the authorial position.

It was at this time that I also began to notice and take an interest in the narrative forms at play in the historical biographies of Albert Speer. As I began reading these biographies it became clear that each biographer had developed an historical chronology that structured and separated Speer's life into three important stages. These three stages equate in narratological terms to what Porter Abbot terms the constituent events in story telling:

> Both Roland Barthes and Seymour Chatman argue for a distinction between constituent and supplementary events… In this analysis, the *constituent events* ("nuclei," "kernels") are necessary for the story to be the story it is. They are the turning points, the events that drive the story forward and lead to other events… Naturally a great deal of the energy, moral significance and revelatory power of the story are released during its constituent events. (Porter Abbot, 2002, p.20-21)

In this respect I borrowed heavily from the arrangement of constituent events adopted by Speer's historical biographers for my play and these three stages eventually became the template for the three-act structure found in the final draft of *Sculpting in Ice.*

According to this adopted structure the first stage in Speer's life began with his birth and incorporates his career as Hitler's architect and Minister of Armaments and

Production up until his trial and conviction for war crimes at Nuremberg. This stage can be roughly characterised, and is so by his biographers, as a period that ends with Speer being confronted by the shock and outrage of the world following the documentation of Nazi atrocities presented in evidence at Nuremberg. Nuremberg, for Sereny, is a point of change, the birthplace of a new or at least re-awakened consciousness in Speer.

The second stage takes place during Speer's twenty years of imprisonment at Spandau. This second stage is marked by Speer's contemplation, reflection and attempts to nurture his 'reborn' consciousness into a fully rehabilitated 'soul'.

Possibly the most contentious is the third and final stage, one that begins with Speer's release from Spandau and ends with his death in 1981. In this final stage the biographers chronicle Speer's attempts to come to terms with and explain his past and try to assess the authenticity of Speer's rehabilitation.

There is an uncomfortable dual 'truth' claim made in these historical biographies. The first 'truth' claim takes as its foundation the association between evidential truth and chronological ordering. The result of this association is the assumption that the realist narrative mode is neutral and objective; the realist narrative mode appearing to be 'truthful' because it reflects the empirical evidence. As we shall see later in the thesis the association between evidential truth and an objective realist narrative mode underpins what has become championed as 'proper' history by traditionalists like Geoffrey Elton and is defined by Keith Jenkins who states that:

> …"proper" history can today be read as being:
>
> (1) realist, empiricist, objectivist and documentarist;
>
> (2) that it follows a non-rhetorical, commonsense, communication model of historical writing;
>
> … (Jenkins, 1997, p.16)

The second 'truth' claim found within these historical biographies is made by comparing the first claim, that of 'proper' history, against the wider narratological frame of a masterplot.

> To the extent that our values and identity are linked to a masterplot, that masterplot can have strong rhetorical impact. We tend to give credibility to narratives that are structured by it… It is tempting to see these masterplots as a kind of cultural glue that holds societies together. (Porter Abbot, 2002, p.42-44)

Masterplots not only lend credibility to a narrative they also infuse the text with a pre-existing authorial, and by extension, cultural set of values and identity. According to Frank Kermode this set of values and identity constitutes "…the mythological structure of a society from which we derive comfort, and which may be uncomfortable to dispute" (Kermode, 1979; cited in Porter Abbot, 2002, p.44).

The masterplot adopted by each of Speer's biographers (as well as Speer himself in his autobiographies) is one derived from an idealised account of Christian redemption and forgiveness. Although the idea of a 'Christian' redemption masterplot is easily

identified as being culturally constructed the implications of this remain unexplored as each biographer goes on to compare the chronological evidence to the framing narrative in order to draw a conclusion as to the authenticity of Speer's rehabilitation.

One function of the framing masterplot is to reinforce the notion of causality within the narrative insofar as the masterplot sets up a series of comfortable pre-existing cultural expectations in the mind of the reader from which the behaviour of Albert Speer can be judged and evaluated.

> Narrative itself, simply by the way it distributes events in an orderly, consecutive fashion, very often gives the impression of a sequence of cause and effect… If this can make narrative a gratifying experience, it can also make it a treacherous one, since it implicitly draws on the ancient fallacy that things that follow other things are caused by those things… Bathes goes so far as to call this fallacy "the main spring of narrative…" (Porter Abbot, 2002, p.37-39)

Closely linked to causality, and the second function of the masterplot is to close the narrative. Within any discussion of closure it is important to differentiate between endings and closure. All stories (even serials) are temporal and end eventually. Closure is best understood as the resolution of "…a broad range of expectations and uncertainties that arise during the course of a narrative…" (Porter Abbot, 2002, p.53)

> Once the actions start in a certain way, we expect what follows to be consistent with the overall code… This is another way to look at

> masterplots: as coded narrative formulas that end with closure. (Porter Abbot, 2002, p.54-39)

Porter Abbot divides closure into '*closure at the level of questions'* and *'closure at the level of expectations'*. In the case of Speer's biographers closure is attempted at the level of questions. In each biography answers are offered to questions such as: Did Speer know about and actively participate in the slave labour programme? Or to what extent did Speer know about and actively participate in the Holocaust? On the whole these questions are answered by reference to the evidence presented in the historical record. Closure is also attempted at the level of expectations in that judgements are made concerning the nature of Speer's character insofar as it appears to conform (or not conform) to the reader's generic expectations of the 'Christian' redemption masterplot.

A third function of the masterplot, one that is also closely linked to 'causality' and 'closure', is that the masterplot reinforces the expectation of 'wholeness' in narrative, especially in historical (realist, empiricist, objectivist and documentarist) writing.

> This assumption of some kind of deep coherence or wholeness lies behind an old rule in the history of interpretation. Over 1600 years ago, Saint Augustine wrote with regard to scripture that meanings found in one part must "be seen to be congruous with" meanings found

> in other parts. In other words, interpretations have to work for the whole text. (Porter Abbot, 2002, p.93)

Further more, as Porter Abbot points out, even where the illusion of wholeness breaks down and the inevitable gaps in narrative do appear, "wholeness is something we impose on narratives, rather than something we find in them." (Porter Abbot, 2002. p.94)

Despite the very different conclusions drawn by each of Speer's biographers, I found the combination of an objective realist narrative mode with a framing masterplot (which reinforced realist notions of causality, closure, and wholeness) resulted in the creation of, to borrow E. M. Forster's term, a *flat character.* Indeed Speer is presented as a character so flat that he is often summed up in a single phrase; *The Good Nazi.*

My project in *Sculpting in Ice* is one in which I highlight some of the problems in assuming that the historical chronology is neutral and not constructed by the biographer. It is also a project that explores the constructed nature of the framing masterplot. In doing so I hope to illustrate that the objectivity claimed by the historian/biographer/auto-biographer is also a construct and to propose that a more interesting, perhaps even more meaningful form is not one which claims the authority of objectivity, but one which acknowledges the subjectivity of the authorial position.

In returning at this stage to postmodern narrative theory, I began to identify some potential avenues through which I might create a play that presented Speer as a more

complex and ‘rounded’ character. I realised that my play would need to address the issue of perception and reality, and in particular, the idea that our experience and understanding of the external world is mediated through language. Extending out of this decision was the recognition of the need to develop a narrative that allowed me to talk about the writing process and the identification of the historical biography operating from a position within an intertextual matrix. I also knew I that would need to address the idea of multiperspectivism and in particular a suspicion about any claims regarding the legitimacy of ‘objective’ representation. Finally I realised that in attempting the above my play would need to highlight, question and resist many common expectations and assumptions regarding causality, closure and wholeness within the objective realist narrative mode.

## Part 2: The Play Text

## Some Notes on Audience

The play text for *Sculpting in Ice* is a theoretical project written as part of PhD thesis. It is not therefore written with a specific theatrical audience in mind nor is it driven by the practical considerations of writing for a specific company or venue.

The decision to write for a limited readership was taken in order to focus on the primary function of the text; to dramatise a new reading of the life and work of Albert Speer while demonstrating in action the theoretical and narratological framework which underpins and informs this new reading.

For this reason I have made a number of decisions within the writing of the text which may appear to limit the appeal of the play from a practical and commercial standpoint. The play is long. A conservative estimate would put the playing length at somewhere between three and a half and four hours. Whilst this is not unknown in mainstream theatre it is certainly not usual. Furthermore any production is likely to be an expensive one. The set requires both plenty of space and a significant amount of construction in order to realise the simultaneous settings and split levels. It would therefore be impossible to tour or stage a production of *Sculpting in Ice* in a small or medium size studio venue without significantly restructuring the play. With forty-one named parts the play also features an uncommonly large cast for non-musical theatre. Whilst it is certainly possible in theory to double a number of the smaller roles, given the volume of historical detail and relatively complexity of the form doubling would require very careful consideration in practice.

There is no doubt then that staging this play text would present a considerable commercial risk. The play is likely to require a high level of investment to produce and given the play's length and complexity it is unlikely to have broad audience appeal. However, the premise of this project is not to produce a saleable commodity but to demonstrate a thesis in action.

Having said this it has always been in my mind that, even if the play is never performed, the integrity of the project relies on it being performable. In this sense then it is possible to talk provisionally of a notional theatre audience beyond the readership of this thesis. It is important, however, to remember that this audience remains a theoretical entity.

It is somewhat simplistic to talk about any audience (theoretical or not) as if it were a predictable and homogeneous entity. A writer, however, is forced into the position of making decisions concerning their play based largely on his/her ability to predict and make judgements about their audience.

In this respect drafting *Sculpting in Ice* was similar to directing a play and it was my experience as a theatre director that guided my hand whilst writing for this second audience. This similarity instinctively led me to workshop early scenes with student actors.

Initially rehearsed readings were invaluable in establishing the consistency (and inconsistencies) of a character's 'voice' and correcting any problems concerning the deliverability and naturalism of the dialogue. In particular rehearsed readings helped

identify passages in which the pace and rhythms of the action and/or dialogue had become ponderous and overburdened by the weight of theoretical discourse and/or historical detail.

As the drafting process progressed and in particular once the decision was taken to split the character of Albert Speer into three parts, the rehearsed readings became an invaluable way of exploring how Speer's original dialogue should be divided between Young, Middle Aged and Old Speer. The readings not only helped clarify the auditory dynamics of character, conflict and resolution within the dialogue, they also helped me to visualise and elucidate the spatial dynamics of staging a distended simultaneous three fold present.

## Some Notes on Performance

Although this thesis is a creative writing thesis and not a performance theory thesis, it should be pointed out that "the object of theatrical semiotics is the performance, or the mise-en-scène, not the literary text." (Eco, 1990, p.115). Whilst I have so far concentrated discussion within the thesis on the literary text "as the 'deep structure' of the performance," (Eco, 1990, p.115-116) I feel that is important to comment upon a brief number of character related performance issues not explicitly stated with the text of the play.

## Some Notes on Accent

Although *Sculpting in Ice* is written in English, it deals predominantly with German or German speaking characters. Accent, however, should be used not to indicate nationality but to indicate a metaphorical alienation or displacement. This is particularly true of the three Speers who should speak with different strengths or thicknesses of German accent. Young Speer should have no discernable German accent, reflecting his relatively (from his own perspective at least) unproblematic and unquestioning relationship with himself and the world outside. Old Speer should speak with a strong German accent, he should also speak more slowly and self-consciously, emphasising that he is speaking quite literally and self-consciously to a world outside of Germany in what is a second language (literally and metaphorically) and is struggling to understand and to be understood. Middle Aged Speer should speak therefore, with a moderately strong accent which may become either less or more prominent during times of high or low stress and/or introspection. The rest of the characters should speak with no discernable German accent with the exception of Margret, who should follow the model as laid down for Middle Aged Speer.

## Some Notes on Naturalism and Dialogue

I would expect the acting styles of most of the characters to broadly follow the logic found in the set, in that it is to be broadly naturalistic, reflecting the human foundation of the situations, but at the same time this general naturalism should also reflect the timing and rhythm of the language and the artificiality of the staging which acknowledges and highlights the construction of a synoptic history.

The dialogue in the play allows for characters (particularly the three Speers) to talk to each other across time and space and with varying degrees of self-awareness. Often this is indicated by shifts of tense or by dialogue in which characters cut across each other, effectively finishing off or cutting short one another's sentences. The effect of this kind of dialogue (particularly with the three Speers) is to re-enforce the constant push and pull between the social and cultural expectation and pressure to present a conventionally constructed 'healthy' and complete sense of self and the fragmented psyche and plurality of positions in conflict within the same characters. In this sense the text should be treated more like a musical score that swings between the dissonance and harmony of competing and complementary instrumentation. This same sense of heightened naturalism should also extend to the movement of the actors.

## Some Notes on Naturalism and Movement

The play is constructed so that characters can move across time as well as space. The play also involves times in which large numbers of characters appear on stage within their own 'natural' time frames and yet the focus of attention is elsewhere. Although the interaction between characters should be broadly naturalistic, the movement of characters outside of the principle focus of attention (or moving into or out of the principle focus of attention) should be carefully choreographed and continuous.

In this sense the movement of characters between or out of the principle focus of attention should reflect the precision and flow of a carefully choreographed dance.

When out of the principle focus of attention every character should have a life (job or activity) with which to busy themselves (under no circumstances should freeze frames be used to 'drop' characters out of focus as freeze frames imply the bridging of unimportant gaps in story time in order to reinforce the causal nature of linear plot development). Suggested 'jobs' might include Young Speer drawing at his drawing board, Middle-Aged Speer writing at his desk, Margret sewing, Hess reading his paper, Flächsner and the Journalist amending their notes etc.

It should also be noted that characters are required at times to acknowledge/watch/respond to other characters performing outside of their own 'time frame'. Whilst it may seem logical for those in later time frames (a present) to show awareness of those acting/actions in earlier time frames (past-presents) the past in this play is a product (in part at least) of the present and therefore, those in an earlier time frame (a present) may also show an awareness of and interaction with later time frames (future-presents).

## Some Notes on Gestic Acting

So far I have talked about the principle characters operating within a framework of heightened naturalism. Whilst this is true for the vast majority of named characters, the exception to this framework are those unnamed characters who act as witnesses to the atrocities of the Third Reich. (Witness #1, A German Engineer, Survivor #1, #2, #3, #4 and #5.)

Although these characters are giving personal evidence (and as such represent individual historical accounts), they also act (within the context of the play) as icons/tokens of the consequences and hence, the accepted interpretation of what National Socialism meant (and continues to mean): that the most notable consequence and aim of National Socialism (the Genocide of, amongst others, the Jews) was monstrous, therefore (synoptically speaking) to be a National Socialist, and in-particular a leading figure within National Socialism, one had to be a monster.

These characters represent the desire to present their own specific statements (historical evidence) as indicative of part of a larger synoptic set of historical narratives/lessons. In order to accommodate both roles of these characters and as to a certain extent, the individuality/humanity of these characters will be inevitably implied within the dialogue and by their being performed by individual actors, it is important that the second, didactic role of the character, be emphasised in the style of performance. It is for this reason that it is necessary for these characters to moderate the psychological and emotional trappings of naturalism and adopt a Gestic mode of delivery.

## End Note:

We can see by looking at the mix of modes already present that I have not attempted to destroy realist narrative ("the past cannot be destroyed without leading to silence" (Eco, 1992, p.227), in this sense Lyotard's description of the Postmodern artist or writer as philosopher is impossible to live up to. The author can never escape the

influence of ‘pre-established rules’ and forms; s/he might, however, make a break free from their ‘governance’. This is what I have attempted to do in *Sculpting in Ice*.

## The Characters

| | |
|---|---|
| **YOUNG SPEER** | Albert Speer, (1905-1945 - Before trial and imprisonment at Nuremberg/Spandau) |
| **MIDDLE-AGED SPEER** | Albert Speer, (1945-1966 – During trial and imprisonment at Nuremberg/Spandau) |
| **OLD SPEER** | Albert Speer, (1966-1981 – After release from Spandau) |
| **MARGRET** | Margret Speer, Albert's Wife |
| **LUISE** | Luise Speer, Albert's Mother |
| **FRITZ** | Fritz Speer**,** Albert's son |
| **FLÄCHSNER** | Dr. Hans Flächsner, Albert's Lawyer |
| **JOURNALIST** | A male journalist |
| **SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE** | British Justice and President of the Court at Nuremberg |
| **Mr. JUSTICE JACKSON** | American prosecutor at Nuremberg |
| **DR. GILBERT** | Prison psychologist at Nuremberg |
| **CUTHILL** | A Prison Director at Spandau |
| **CASALIS** | Georges Casalis, a French Pastor, Prison Chaplain at Spandau |
| **DOCTOR** | Prison Doctor at Spandau |
| **VLAER** | A Male Nurse at Spandau |
| **GUARD** | Prison Guards at Nuremberg and Spandau |
| **HESS** | Rudolf Hess, Deputy to the Fuhrer and NSDP Party Leader, sentenced to life imprisonment in Spandau, committed suicide in 1987 at age 93 |
| **SCHIRACH** | Baldur von Schirach, Hitler Youth Leader Schirach, served 20 years sentence, released from Spandau Prison in 1966 |
| **NEURATH** | Konstantin von Neurath, Minister of Foreign Affairs until 1938, then Reich Protector for Bohemia and Moravia, sentenced to fifteen years in Spandau, was released because of poor health in 1954, and died two years later |
| **DÖNITZ** | Admiral Karl Dönitz, German Admiral who would eventually command entire navy, chosen by Hitler to succeed him as Führer, Negotiated surrender following Hitler's suicide, Served 10 year sentence at Spandau |
| **HITLER** | Adolf Hitler |
| **BORMANN** | Martin Bormann, Head of Party Chancellery and Private Secretary of the Führer |
| **HIMMLER** | Heinrich Himmler, Reichsführer SS and Chief of the German Police, responsible for the implementation of the Final Solution |
| **GÖRING** | Hermann Göring, Reichsmarshal and Luftwaffe Chief, President of Reichstag, Director of the Four Year Plan |
| **LEY** | Robert Ley, Nazi Labour Leader, committed suicide while awaiting trial at Nuremberg |
| **MILCH** | Field Marshal Erhard Milch, Göring's deputy |
| **WOLTERS** | Rudolf Wolters, architect and one-time colleague, friend and confidant of Speer |
| **ROHLAND** | Walter Rohland, an industrialist and steel magnet |
| **LÜSCHEN** | Friedrich Lüschen, an industrialist and head of German electric industry |
| **SIEGMUND** | Harry Siegmund, the former Head of Protocol, Posen Castle |

| | |
|---|---|
| **GOLDHAGEN** | Erich Goldhagen, an academic and historian |
| | |
| **FEMALE FAN** | Albert's Mistress |
| **REGISTRAR** | Registrar at St Mary's Hospital, London |
| **DR. KEAL** | Dr. Edwin Keal, a Consultant at St Mary's Hospital, London |
| | |
| **WITNESS #1** | A former slave labourer at Dora |
| **A GERMAN ENGINEER** | A witness to the mass execution of Jews in the Ukraine |
| **SURVIVOR #1** | A Jewish man, former concentration camp prisoner |
| **SURVIVOR #2** | A Jewish man, former concentration camp prisoner and member of the Special Squad |
| **SURVIVOR #3** | A Jewish girl, survivor of the mass execution of Jews in the Ukraine |
| **SURVIVOR #4** | A Jewish women, a nurse and survivor of the Warsaw Ghetto |
| **SURVIVOR #5** | A Jewish women, former concentration camp prisoner |

**Note:** The appearance of / in the text denotes an interruption and/or overlapping dialogue.

## The Stage

Although each area designates separate space/times the distinction between areas should be fluid: areas should blend seamlessly into each other. The overall aim is to present a stage that represents one distended present rather than many distinct locations.

## The Upstage Area:

**Upstage Right:** Witness Box 1
**Upstage Centre-Right:** Gallery 1
**Upstage Centre:** Witness Box 2
**Upstage Centre-left:** Gallery 2
**Upstage Left:** Witness Box 3

The upstage area is raised high above the centre and downstage areas and is dressed in the manner of a courtroom. This area contains three witness boxes from which statements are addressed directly to the audience and two galleries (separating the 3 witness boxes) where the courtroom characters sit and wait before making their statements. There should be no attempt to order, segregate or categorise the seating arrangements of the characters in the gallery areas.

Projection or T.V. screens should be clearly visible to the audience onto which photographic and video evidence supporting the statements given from the witness boxes are shown.

## The Centre and Downstage Areas:

**Centre & downstage right:** A reception/drawing-room of a respectable suburban house in Heidelberg c.1978-1981, the area should be sparsely but attractively set, there are formal seats, a standing lamp and a side table on which sit photographs of the Speers' children.

**Centre stage:** Speer's prison c.1945-1966 cell (slightly raised) at Nuremberg & later Spandau, merging into the garden/neutral area downstage centre.

The prison cell should contain a single bed and a small writing desk, chair, a toilet and two buckets and mops.

**Downstage centre:** The garden area should contain a number of benches and a pathway winding its way around the neutral area. The neutral area should be empty except for a small table and 3 chairs

**Centre & downstage left:** Hitler's and Young Speer's office. The area contains a large table with chairs and a drawing board. On the table is an architect's model of the proposed 'New Berlin'.

## ACT 1

LIGHTS UP:

SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE IS STANDING IN WITNESS BOX 1. FLÄCHSNER IS SITTING AT THE TABLE DSC FACING THE AUDIENCE. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS SITTING AT HIS CELL-DESK WRITING DESK. HESS IS SAT ON ONE OF THE GARDEN BENCHES. HITLER IS SITTING AT THE TABLE DSL. YOUNG SPEER IS SITTING AT THE DRAWING BOARD DSL WORKING.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] They sent an American; he asked me whether I would be interested in a position at Nuremberg. I think perhaps they came to me because I was a liberal. This was in August 1945. They tried at first to pick only candidates who hadn't been in the party. Times were hard, certainly, but Nuremberg wasn't something one could just decide to do. [BEAT] At the end of September the American came again. He offered me the choice of Speer, Kaltenbrunner, or Hess. I told him, "only Speer".

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] Between 1932 and 1945 the defendant Speer was a member of the Nazi Party, a member of the Reichstag, Reich Minister for Armament and Munitions and Chief of the Organization Todt.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Speer was charged with the planning and preparation for wars of aggression. He was charged with authorising, directing and participating in war crimes and finally he was charged with crimes against humanity

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] More particularly the defendant Speer is charged with the abuse and exploitation of human beings for forced labour in the conduct of aggressive war.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER STOPS WRITING AND CROSSES TOWARDS THE TABLE WHERE FLÄCHSNER IS SITTING]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: STANDING AND EXTENDING HIS HAND] My name is Dr Hans Flächsner, from Berlin. I will be your lawyer, if you agree.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER: IGNORING THE OFFER TO SHAKE HANDS] I had asked the court to make the appointment.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You asked for Minister Schreiber, but you received no answer. [HANDING SPEER A FORM] Take this; you will need to sign it if you decide that you want me to defend you.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I think you should know that I intend to plead guilty.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It will mean your head.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Then so be it.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Sit down; [THEY SIT] let me explain something to you. Göring, Hess, Ribbentrop, and Keitel will be sitting in the dock at the top; that amounts to being classified one way whereas you will be classified another way, third from last.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I refuse to put up a cheap defence.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] If you go ahead and declare yourself responsible for everything you will be making yourself out to be more important than you really are. It will not only make a dreadful impression but it will also lead to a death sentence. The court will decide the extent of your guilt.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] The people of Germany / deserve

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] / This court cares little for the people of Germany.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Why are you doing this?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I am a lawyer.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] You don't just agree to do this.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You're right. [BEAT] I didn't, at first.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] You turned it down?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I run a small practice. Not everyone will understand.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Still, it is an opportunity.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Times are hard Herr Speer. If I don't work I don't eat.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER: SPEER SIGNS THE FORM] I have only one condition; you will not mention in court anything that might incriminate the people who worked for me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I cannot defend /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] / The point is not negotiable. [HANDING BACK THE FORM TO FLÄCHSNER] Tell me, have you ever had the chance to visit the Reich Chancellery?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Once.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER: LOOKING UP FROM HIS WRITING DESK] And how did you find it?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The chairs were very comfortable.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] And the building?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It reminded me of something we were taught at school.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] And what was that?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] That man is the measure of all things.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER: SMILING] You're right; today I wouldn't build it that way.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] We should discuss your plea; you must at least limit your guilt to those matters over which you had direct control.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Dr Flächsner, we have gambled, all of us, and lost. Well so be it. At least here we have the chance to demonstrate a little dignity, a little courage. Whatever else we are charged with we are not cowards.

[DURING THE FOLLOWING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER RETURNS TO HIS CELL]

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] The Tribunal is of the opinion that Speer's activities do not amount to initiating, planning, or preparing wars of aggression, or of conspiring to that end.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Speer became the head of the armament industry in Germany well after all of the wars had begun and were under way.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO THE COURT] My activities in charge of German armament production are in aid of the war effort only in the same way that any other productive enterprises aid in the waging of war.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] The Tribunal is therefore not prepared to find that such activities involve engaging in the common plan to wage aggressive war as charged under Count One, or waging aggressive war as charged under Count Two of the incitement.

**WITNESS #1:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 2] Roll call was at 5 a.m. There was no coffee or any food served in the morning. They marched off to the factory at 5.15. They marched for three-quarters of an hour. Work began at 6. Lunch was from 12 to 12.30. They cooked potato peelings mostly and whatever else they could find in the garbage. They worked for 10 or 11 hours every day, the work was very heavy physically. At 5 or 6 in the afternoon they were marched back to camp; those too exhausted to walk were carried by their comrades. At 6 or 7 their main meal was served; cabbage soup.

[WITNESS #1 RETAKES HIS PLACE IN THE GALLERY DURING THE FOLLOWING]

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] The evidence introduced against Speer under counts three and four relates entirely to his participation in the slave labour program. While Speer himself had no direct administrative responsibility for this program, as Reich Minister for Armaments and Munitions, Speer did have extensive authority over production.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Speer took the position that he had authority to instruct Sauckel to provide labourers for industries under his control and succeeded in sustaining this position over Sauckel's objections.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO THE COURT] The practice is developed that I transmit to Sauckel an estimate of the total number of workers needed. Sauckel then obtains the labour and allocates it to the various industries in accordance with my instructions.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Even in the 30's I knew the Jews were being badly treated, that they could no longer be judges or lawyers. Believe me; I often thanked God that I wasn't a Jew. I had Jewish friends and tried to help. Sometimes you could. You knew it was miserable to be a Jew in Hitler's Germany, but you didn't know what happened to them. Not then. A client of mine, a medic in Russia, he came back with photographs, this was in 1943. We knew absolutely nothing of this.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] Speer knew that when he made his demands on Sauckel that they would be supplied by foreign labourers serving under compulsion.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Speer was present at a conference held during the 10th and 12th of August 1942 at which it was agreed that Sauckel should bring labourers by force from the occupied territories to satisfy the demands of industry under Speer's control.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] Speer also attended a conference in Hitler's headquarters on the 4th of January 1944, at which the decision was made that Sauckel should obtain 'at least 4 million new workers from occupied territories'. It was here that Sauckel indicated that he could do this only with help from Himmler.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** [ADDRESSING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER FROM WITNESS BOX 3] You knew the policy of the Nazi Party and the policy of the Government towards the Jews did you not?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I know that the National Socialist Party is anti-Semitic. I know that the Jews were being evacuated from Germany.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] In fact, you participated in that evacuation did you not?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JUSTICE JACKSON] When I took over my new office in February 1942, the Party was already insisting that Jews who were still working in armament factories should be removed from them.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I object and manage to get Bormann to issue a letter to the effect that these Jews might continue in employment and that Party offices were prohibited from accusing the heads of these firms on political grounds because of the Jews working there.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JUSTICE JACKSON] After this the Jews could remain in these plants.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The problem of producing armaments was made very much more difficult by the anti-Jewish campaign being waged by some of your co-defendants then?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JUSTICE JACKSON] Certainly. And it is equally clear that if the Jews who were evacuated had been allowed to work for me, it would have been to my considerable advantage.

**GERMAN ENGINEER:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 2] The people descending from the trucks were made to undress and separate their clothes according to shoes, outer and undergarments. An old woman with snow-white hair was holding a child of twelve months in her arms, singing to it and tickling it. The child squealed with

pleasure. A father held his son by the hand, talking to him softly. He pointed his finger at the sky, stroked his head and seemed to explain something to him. A guard by the ditch called out my name; I walked around a mound of earth and found myself facing an enormous grave; the corpses pressed together so tightly that only their heads were visible.

[THE GERMAN ENGINEER RETAKES HIS PLACE IN THE GALLERY]

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] Speer's position was such that he was not directly concerned with the cruelty in the administration of the slave labour program, although he was aware of its existence.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TURNING TO ADDRESS HITLER] We must discuss the 'slackers'. Ley has ascertained that the sick list decreases to one-fifth in factories where doctors are on the staff to examine the sick. There is nothing to be said against taking steps. Put those known to be 'slackers' to work in camp factories. News will soon get around.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] In mitigation it must be recognized that Speer insisted that slave labourers be given adequate food and working conditions so that they could work efficiently and that the establishment of blocked industries did keep many labourers in their homes.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In the closing stages of the war Speer was one of the few men who had the courage to tell Hitler that the war was lost and to take steps to prevent the senseless destruction of production facilities, both in the occupied territories and in Germany. He carried out his opposition to Hitler's scorched earth program by deliberately sabotaging it at considerable personal risk.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO THE COURT] This war has brought an unconceivable catastrophe upon the German people, and indeed started a world catastrophe. Therefore it is my unquestionable duty to assume my share of responsibility for this disaster before the German people.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] This is all the more my obligation since the head of the government has avoided taking responsibility before the German people and before the world. Insofar as Hitler gave me orders, and I carried them out, I assume responsibility for them.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I did not, of course, carry out all the orders he gave me.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] And what exactly do you mean by responsibility?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO JUSTICE JACKSON] A state functionary has two types of responsibility. One is the responsibility for his own sector and for that, of course, he is fully responsible. But above that I think that in decisive matters there is, and must be, among the leaders a common responsibility, for who is to bear responsibility for developments, if not the close associates of the Head of State?

[BEAT - MIDDLE-AGED SPEER CATCHES FLÄCHSNER'S EYE]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JUSTICE JACKSON] This common responsibility, however, can only be applied to fundamental matters, it cannot be applied to details connected with other ministries or other responsible departments, for otherwise the entire discipline in the life of the State would be quite confused, and no one would ever know who is individually responsible in a particular sphere. This individual responsibility in one's own sphere must, at all events, be kept clear and distinct.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [TO THE COURT] The Tribunal finds that Speer is not guilty on Counts One and Two of the indictment, but is guilty under Counts Three and Four. In accordance with Article 27 of the Charter, the International Military Tribunal will now pronounce the sentences on the defendants convicted on this indictment: Defendant Albert Speer, on the Counts of the indictment on which you have been convicted, the Tribunal sentences you to twenty years' imprisonment.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER RETURNS TO HIS CELL AND GETS INTO BED; FLÄCHSNER STANDS, PACKS HIS PAPERS INTO HIS CASE AND MOVES TOWARDS ONE OF THE GARDEN BENCHES.]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In 1943 I told my client, the medic in Russia, to burn his photographs and tell no one what he had seen. And I didn't tell anybody either, not even my wife. It was the prudent thing do. Even I knew enough to know it would have been most unsafe to have seen such photographs.

[SLOW FADE TO BLACKOUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENE TAKES PLACE IN COMPLETE DARKNESS]

[RADIO/TV NEWS BROADCAST TO SET THE DATE (1ST SEPTEMBER 1981) FADES OUT TO BE REPLACED WITH THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING AND THEN AN ANSWER PHONE CLICKING IN.]

**JOURNALIST:** [VOICE ON ANSWER PHONE] Please leave a message after the tone.

[TONE ON ANSWER PHONE]

**OLD SPEER:** [OFF] Albert here, just for the day, talking to the BBC. I wanted to surprise you, shame, come to Germany and see us soon; we have a lot to talk about.

[PHONE IS PUT DOWN; LINE GOES DEAD, FADE UP SOUND OF AMBULANCE SIREN – THE NOISE OF A HOSPITAL, DOCTORS BEING PAGED ETC.]

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] What happened?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] A stroke.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] Who brought him in?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] They called an Ambulance at the Hotel. The trauma was massive.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] And the blonde.

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] His assistant, she says.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] She seems [BEAT] very upset.

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] She's just phoned his wife.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] What about his things?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] His daughter-in-law is flying in, in the morning.

[PHONE (GERMAN C.1980) RINGING EVENTUALLY MARGRET ANSWERS]

**JOURNALIST:** [OFF] Margret? What they're saying, on the news is it true?

[LONG PAUSE - SOUND OF A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR]

**MARGRET:** [OFF] He was in London [BEAT] He was with her.

[LIGHTS UP - LATE EVENING – THE SOUND OF KNOCKING STOPS - ENTER THE JOURNALIST FOLLOWED BY OLD SPEER]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I hope I am not disturbing you

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Not at all, please make yourself comfortable.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I wanted to thank you for your letter in person.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It's me who should be thanking you. It is about time somebody discredited Irving.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Still, I doubt it will be the end of the matter.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It's inconceivable. / To argue…

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / As long as there is no evidence of a direct order.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Many of Hitler's orders were only ever issued verbally. I should know, to even think that something of such magnitude could take place, and not just without an order but without his knowledge? It's laughable.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I'm sure you didn't invite me here to talk about Irving though.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Of course, you've come a long way; we should discuss your proposal.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I have to say I was surprised to see your name painted so prominently at the gate.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I think they would not let me disappear, even if I wanted to.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And the gates unlocked? I had read that the grounds were patrolled by dogs.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] A journalist should know better then to believe everything that's written in the papers.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Still, I could understand the temptation/

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Perhaps you should read this.

[SPEER HANDS THE JOURNALIST A PIECE OF PAPER. THERE IS A PAUSE WHILST THE JOURNALIST READS THE LETTER.]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] When did this arrive?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] This morning.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Have you called the Police?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Naturally, but there is little they can do.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And the signature?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The SS rank of captain. It was sent from Lincoln, Nebraska.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] If you don't mind me saying so, you don't seem very concerned.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You get used to it.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I don't see / how it is

[ENTER MARGRET, CARRYING A TRAY WITH A POT OF TEA, CUPS ETC.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / It isn't pleasant but what choice do I have? You get used to it. [BEAT] The truth is I hate being here.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Don't listen to a word, he doesn't mean it.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My wife, Margret. Margret, this is/

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER: COOLEY] / I know who this is. [TO THE JOURNALIST] You have already seen Albert's letter then?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] I should like to talk with you too, of course. Later perhaps, if that is okay?

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE AS MARGRET POURS TWO CUPS OF TEA. SHE HANDS ONE TO OLD ALBERT AND GIVES THE SECOND TO THE JOURNALIST]

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST: COLDLY] If you'll excuse me, I have things to do.

[MARGRET EXITS.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You must excuse my wife; she finds all this rather, [BEAT] difficult.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I understand.

[THE JOURNALIST PICKS UP A PHOTOGRAPH OF SPEER'S CHILDREN.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They are grown-up now of course, with children of their own.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Do you see them often?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They come to visit their mother. I weigh upon them; they don't want anything to do with what is past.

[PAUSE]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I think I should tell you that my feelings towards you are, ambivalent. I have read everything I could find about you. /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / And still you are undecided?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I thought we could try a different approach; get away from the same old questions.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The same old answers, you mean. Of course that's what they all say, but in the end ... [BEAT] You're not the first who's come to trap me.

[THE SOUND OF LIGHT CARPENTRY – HAMMERING SAWING ETC. CAN BE HEARD]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I like to think that I have come with an open mind.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] In my experience, there is no such thing.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Perhaps this is a bad idea.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It's late; there is a bed made-up for you in the spare room. We can talk in the morning.

[OLD SPEER OPENS THE DOOR FOR THE JOURNALIST WHO EXITS. OLD SPEER FOLLOWS AS IF TO LEAVE BUT NOTICES THE SOUND AND PAUSES TO WATCH AND LISTEN. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS ALONE ASLEEP ON THE BED. THE SOUND OF CARPENTRY GETS LOUDER. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER SITS UP, LISTENS FOR A MOMENT, GETS OUT OF BED AND PULLS THE CHAIR OUT AND STANDS ON IT TRYING TO PEER OUT OF A 'SMALL WINDOW' WHICH IS STILL SLIGHTLY TOO HIGH FOR HIM TO SEE OUT OF. EVENTUALLY MIDDLE-AGED SPEER GIVES UP AND RETURNS TO HIS BED WHERE HE WAITS FOR THE SOUND OF CONSTRUCTION TO STOP.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Ribbentrop!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Keitel!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Kaltenbrunner!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Rosenberg!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE. EXIT OLD SPEER DSR.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Frank!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Frick!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Streicher!

**HESS:** [ENTER HESS WITH MOP] Bravo Streicher!

[HESS BEGINS TO MOP THE NEUTRAL SPACE]

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Sauckel!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Jodl!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Seyss-Inquart!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS, FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER REMAINS SEATED THROUGHOUT THE ABOVE ROLL CALL WHICH SHOULD BE PERFORMED AT A PAINFULLY SLOW PACE. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER

COLLECTS HIS BUCKET AND MOP AND JOINS HESS CLEANING THE NEUTRAL SPACE. ENTER DR. GILBERT STAGE LEFT.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS] Keitel's last words were 'Alles für Deutschland. Deutschland über Alles'. Jodl, Ribbentrop, they all said something similar on the scaffold.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] Doctor.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS] I have come to say goodbye.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] You're leaving?

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The trial is over.

**HESS:** [TO DR. GILBERT] Will we be transferred soon?

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO HESS] That I do not know. [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Well, goodbye then. [TURNS TO GO]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] Dr. Gilbert, [BEAT] Thank you.

[DR. GILBERT SMILES THEN LEAVES]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It's a compulsion with you isn't it?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] He helped us, all of us, even Streicher.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He didn't help Ley.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] You can't help a man who doesn't want to live.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He's a Jew.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] They would have hanged Ley last night with the rest of them anyway.

[DURING THE ABOVE HITLER HAS MOVED FROM HIS TABLE DSL AND IS NOW STANDING BEHIND YOUNG SPEER WORKING AT HIS DRAWING BOARD.]

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Our buildings in Berlin and Nuremberg will make even the cathedrals look ridiculously small. Just imagine some little peasant coming into our great domed hall in Berlin. That will do more than take his breath away. From then on the man will know where he belongs. I tell you Speer, these buildings are more important than anything else. You must do everything you can to build them in my lifetime. Only if I have spoken in them and governed from them will they have the consecration they are going to need for my successors.

[DURING THE ABOVE THE JOURNALIST, MARGRET AND OLD SPEER HAVE ENTERED DSR AND ARE SAT IN THEIR CHAIRS. MARGRET IS SEWING.]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER: QUOTING FROM NOTES] For a commission to build a great building you would have sold your soul like Faust and in Hitler you found your Mephistopheles.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I said that once, didn't I?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Is that what it felt like, at the time?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] No, of course not. I admired him. I could see no fault.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I look into those unusually large and eloquent eyes and I see a man overwhelmed by the grandeur of his mission.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] After the trial the military described Hitler as given to raging uncontrollably and biting the rug on the slightest pretext. The guards even asked me if he foamed at the mouth when he spoke. That's what they had been told. It struck me as a dangerous course.

[HESS AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER FINISH THEIR CLEANING AND RETURN TO THEIR BENCH / DESK.]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] For whom?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] For us all. [BEAT] Here was our new leader, who as if by magic had already changed our country beyond recognition.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Everything in Germany is flourishing. The unemployed are back at work; there are project's everywhere. We live and breathe optimism.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We had come from the humiliation of Versailles, poverty, starvation, occupation, unemployment.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] He is our light, our hope, our saviour.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And personally?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Times were still hard.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] If I don't work I don't eat.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I had completed some renovations to Goebbels' flat in record time. Troost had been given the commission to rebuild the Reich Chancellor's apartment. Hitler remembered my work for Goebbels and gave order to Troost to include me on the team.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You must have made quite an impression.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It wasn't my commission, it was Troost's. But Troost knew little of the Berlin building scene, that's where I came in.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And Hitler?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Even on his noon-time inspections Hitler seemed oblivious to me; why shouldn't he?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I am nobody.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But those visits were still wonderful.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] Germany's most powerful man walking about the site without a care in the world. No standing to attention or 'Deutscher Gruss,' just a quick hello when he arrived.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He wasn't friendly exactly but a picture of modesty and the workers responded to this. I think it's fair to say his lack of affectation captivated me particularly. And then one day as he was leaving:

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER: STILL LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER] Come along to lunch.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Can you imagine that? Here I was; young, unknown and this great man, for whose attention, just for one glance our lives completed, had said to me: 'Come and have lunch'.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER: LOOKING AT DIRTY JACKET SLEEVE.] I have some plaster on my suit.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Don't worry about that. We'll fix it upstairs.

[YOUNG SPEER TAKES OFF HIS DIRTY JACKET AND REPLACES IT WITH ONE BELONGING TO HITLER]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Upstairs he took me into his private quarters and told his valet to get his dark blue suit jacket. And there I was walking back into the drawing room wearing Hitler's own jacket.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Goebbels' eyes look like they are about to pop right out of their sockets. 'What are you doing' he barks at me.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] He is wearing my jacket.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] He points to the seat next to him.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Sit down there.

[HITLER AND SPEER SIT SIDE BY SIDE AT THE TABLE.]

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] We met when I was fifteen, he was sixteen.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] We fell in love.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He fell in love, I was mainly curious. I came to love him, gradually.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I fell in love with her family as much as with her I think; they were a much simpler people than mine.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He means poorer, my father was a joiner.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But they were warm, very close. I felt very comfortable at their home.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] We walked the same way to school.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Margret was very, reserved; I counted myself lucky if I could share a few words.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Until he discovered we shared a love for the theatre.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] We travel regularly to Mannheim to see Wagner operas.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Egmont, Fidelio.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You can imagine my pleasure when she held my hand.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] His parents were furious.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They wouldn't come to the wedding.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] We were to be married seven years before I was welcome in that house.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] Those first years were happy years. [TO JOURNALIST] We went climbing, canoeing. We walked for days in silent, comfortable companionship. Even when we hiked for long hours we never talked. It was happiness for both of us.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] We talked a lot on those walks, he would tell me about his work at school, then later university. We discussed books he had read, poetry, but never his family, never his unhappiness. Already he had a wall around him.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] A year and a half after we met she was sent away to boarding school

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] And our life-time of letters began.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Only this time, I am the one who is sent away.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] But the letters are the same, not a hint of sentimentality, always that distance, the same schoolboy wordiness, that struggle to be understood.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] But not the Spanish letters, the Spanish letters/

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] Even the letters to the children/

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / they were full of humour.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] / they were full of lies.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] I wanted to reassure them.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] I barely recognised his family in those letters.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I told them how we met.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST, STANDING] Incredible really, when you think this is the man who never said a word to me.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST: MOVING TOWARDS THE TABLE DSC] Neither Margret nor I can pretend to be natural with each other, neither of us are actors.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE AGED SPEER: CROSSING AS IF TO SIT WITH MIDDLE-AGED SPEER MARGRET PAUSES AT THE BORDER BETWEEN OLD SPEER'S AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER'S WORLD] Most of the time we sit facing each other overwrought and depressed. [BEAT] The minutes pass painfully by.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] We should go to Paris; the old quarters give the city a feeling of complete distinction. You shall familiarise yourself with the grandeur of the great vistas there. Berlin must exceed it. One should always take the opportunity of learning; one sees the mistakes and seeks to do better. The Ring in Vienna would not exist without the Paris boulevards. [HITLER STANDS AND MOVES TO LOOK AT THE DRAWING BOARD] At present Berlin does not exist, but one day she shall be more beautiful than Paris.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: SITTING AT THE TABLE] Hettlage was right.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was not long after he joined me at the GBI. He watched us working on the model of Berlin

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] You know what you are? Hettlage says. You are Hitler's unhappy love.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] It must have made you feel uncomfortable?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Not at all.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I am happy.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I felt happy.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You were flattered?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Flattered? Dear God, I was ecstatic.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And when Mitscherlich, described your relationship with Hitler as 'erotic'?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] People raised their eyebrows; of course it is easily misinterpreted, but not entirely wrong.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Not sexual then?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] No, not sexual.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Needless to say, he does not mention me.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] What do you mean?

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] They have been working together hand in hand for nine months before he mentions to Hitler that he is married.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is difficult to explain.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But you had been married six years. Not once in nine months, during all those endless lunches/

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The subject just never comes up.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Perhaps I was put off by his treatment of Eva. I don't know. He hid her from all but his most intimate circle and even there denied her any social standing, it was painful to see.

**YOUNG SPEER**: [TO HITLER] She's a nice girl, young, shy, modest.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I liked her straight away. Whatever the reason, it didn't seem important then. What I felt was unfamiliar, confusing even, but it wasn't sexual. The idea is, [BEAT] it's absurd.

[HITLER RETURNS TO THE TABLE AND SITS OPPOSITE YOUNG SPEER]

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But it was more than admiration, they shared a vision.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] There were better architects, architects more admired than I. He loved to argue, as colleagues do. Sometimes he would provoke an argument simply for argument's sake, irrespective of whether he was right or wrong, and in the end he seemed happy to defer to me. In many ways he could be very modest.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It was all a game to him.

[HITLER BEGINS STARING AT YOUNG SPEER WHO NOTICES THIS AND STARTS TO STARE BACK AT HIM.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We are sitting across the table, at the Berghof some time in 1936. There are a lot of people present when suddenly he fixes me with his eyes.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And you accepted the challenge.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I make myself hold onto his gaze.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It feels such a long time.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I can hear the buzz of voices around us; feel the charge of the silence between us.

[HITLER AND YOUNG SPEER KEEP THIS UP FOR QUITE SOME TIME UNTIL EVENTUALLY HITLER LOOKS AWAY AND YOUNG SPEER RELAXES, ENJOYING HIS VICTORY.]

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] By then the attacks had started again, they came regularly, and often.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] It's a kind of claustrophobia.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I began to live in fear of them.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I go pale; my heart beats wildly, pins and needles in my hands. I feel faint, ice cold, I begin to panic.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But he makes himself hold on.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Nothing was found, nothing physical. They said it was overwork.

[MARGRET STANDS UP, AWKWARDLY TAKES HER LEAVE AND RETURNS TO HER CHAIR]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Through a small observation hole the iron door I watch as she hurries through the outer gate. Schirach's wife is divorcing him. He's not even allowed to see his lawyer.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Given what the world was still learning /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / There was a guard at Nuremberg, friendly, American. He told me about the birth of his first child with all the excitement of a child himself, a daughter.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] The guards treated you well then?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The world outside could comfort itself with talk of monsters, but the guards knew us as soldiers, husbands and fathers. It kept us all from going mad.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] This is when it hits me, the length of my sentence; I understood at that moment that this guard would come to me again one day to tell me of his daughter's wedding.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Some people felt that 20 years was not nearly enough.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I would have rather hanged.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The verdict offended him.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I was surprised.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He felt belittled. The allies didn't think that he was important enough to hang; in his own eyes that diminished him.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I had spent all my life working on one great project after another. What was I to do with 20 years? I hadn't prepared for that.

[ENTER DR. GILBERT DSC – MIDDLE-AGED SPEER DOES NOT NOTICE HIM AT FIRST]

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Albert? [HANDING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER A TELEGRAM]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] March 31st Stop. Ten p.m. stop. Father passed away gently in sleep stop. Mother stop.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I'm sorry.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] It's been almost two years since I saw him last; [TO DR. GILBERT] outside the house in Heidelberg. We shook hands. He had tears in his eyes; I pretended not to notice them.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You never spoke with your Father about how you felt?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was his way.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] Still, he was able to be with his grandchildren these last months. He will be a model for them, with his Westphalian perseverance; his steadfastness, his optimism.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My thoughts cling onto our last few moments together at the Heidelberg house.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] Our beautiful home.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Everything here reminds me of the miseries of my childhood. Only in mountains, when I leave this house, do I begin to breathe again.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But you return. And after Spandau it becomes your home again.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is his penance.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You never told the court about your childhood?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] He was indicted for War Crimes, not picking pockets!

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] You can't seriously / think that

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] / No, of course not /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was, after all, quite an ordinary start in life.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] / but still.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My Grandfather, on my mother's side, he was a modest, quiet, self made man, a great organiser. He could be very romantic.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Romantic?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He loved music, nature, he was the son of a forester; technocrats can be romantics too/

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] / And women?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] Too much, I think, is made of that aspect of a man's personality.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My grandmother was a pretentious woman; pretentious and mean. She counted the cubes of sugar in the kitchen, can you believe that? She had a lockable sugar tin. I didn't know my paternal grandparents; they died when my father was young.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] There are rumours that my grandfather committed suicide but it is never talked about.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] There was no money for my father to go to university, so he joined a firm of architects as an apprentice.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And yet in your books you describe your grandfather as a prosperous architect.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I never knew my paternal grandfather. My father became an architect, by the time he met my mother he was a successful architect.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But not successful enough.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My mothers' family grew up in Mainz a garrison city where they belonged to the social elite; there were balls and young officers galore. It was a glamorous world, compared to Mannheim or Heidelberg.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] My mother fell in love with a brilliant young officer who drove her, broken hearted, into the arms of my father. My father was a good man, but love was never part of the marriage contract.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My father was wealthy, my mother was rich. The apartment in Mannheim had fourteen rooms and she filled each room with French and Italian furniture, there were cooks in white, maids in black and white. There was a butler and footman dressed in purple liveries with silver buttons and a coat of arms, to which incidentally we were not entitled. This is what she made of her 'horrible little provincial nest'. It wasn't our means my mother lived beyond, rather her station.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And what about love?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] I love my father.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] He is keenest on Ernst. Ernst is impetuous and funny. My mother loves Hermann. I am twelve again.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] I was tired of the beatings my brothers give me.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I tried to escape by running to my father's office, his staff set up a table for me where I could sketch. His staff were very kind but I don't think my father even knew I was there.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Our governess understands.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I would have given anything to have him notice me there.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But surely they were proud of you eventually; you were the architect of the Reich.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] You've all gone completely mad.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Excuse me?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] That's what my father says.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO DR. GILBERT] When I show him the plans for Berlin.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And your mother?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Oh yes, she was proud, she was always proud. But as proud as my Mother was of me she was prouder still of herself. After all, if I was the architect of the Reich, she was the mother of the architect of the Reich.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Herman is nine, I am seven and Ernst is five. We file into the dining room as dessert is being served; Father and Mother are entertaining guests. Ernst immediately runs over to father who sweeps him up and sits him on his lap. Herman is ordered to come to mother's side.

**LUISE:** [ADDRESSING THE COURT FROM WITNESS BOX 2.] Herman will recite a poem that he has written especially for the occasion.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Herman and Ernst each receive a chocolate before returning to my side. We bow formally first to mother, then to the guests before taking our leave. We have left the dining room, crossed the hall and are just about to enter the kitchen when Herman trips me and I fall noisily into the kitchen door.

**LUISE:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Really Albert, can't you look where you are going.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] He swings the door back against me as I lie there on the floor.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] And the fainting starts. I'd suddenly feel terribly hot, then very, very cold and then boom, I'd be out. They would call it circulation then, later stress. But it never left me.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am the architect of the Reich who faints under stress.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] And what if they did respect me? Well who didn't respect me then? It would all change soon enough after Stalingrad.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Our generals make their old mistakes again. They always over-estimate the strength of the Russians. But they have lost too much blood. I've read the reports. They have no officers. An offensive can't be organised by amateurs. We know what it takes! In the short or the long run the Russians will simply run down. We'll throw in a few fresh divisions; that will put things right.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Ernst was a private in the sixth army caught at Stalingrad. There was little food, little water, no fuel and no ammunition; he was one man among two-hundred thousand.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] There will be no retreat. I will not let Stalingrad fall.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He writes letters from a field-hospital, a stable, no heating, legs swollen from jaundice they build walls out of the snow.

**LUISE:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] You can't do this to him.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO LUISE] You're asking the impossible.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Think of nothing except your own sphere of activity; there is no such thing as collective responsibility.

**LUISE:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] The Impossible? It is impossible that you, you of all people, can't do something to get him out.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Sick of lying amongst the bones of the unburied, his limbs swollen to twice there normal size, he drags himself back to his battalion. Already he feels better for being with his comrades.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I promise that he will be re-assigned to a construction battalion in the west at the end of this campaign.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] I have ordered that the serving of brandy and champagne be banned at HQ, in honour of the heroes of Stalingrad.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The Russians took one-hundred and eight thousand prisoners at Stalingrad. My parents received one final letter from Ernst; desperate about life, angry about death, bitter about me his brother.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I search amongst the few thousand rescued sick and wounded.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Ernst is now missing, presumed dead.

**DR. GILBERT:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: STANDING TO LEAVE] I'm very sorry. [DR. GILBERT EXITS, LEAVING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER SAT AT THE TABLE]

[PAUSE]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You lied to me, in there, in that that court. [BEAT – MIDDLE-AGED SPEER DOES NOT RESPOND. FLÄCHSNER CONTINUES, READING FROM HIS NOTES] Herr Speer, what do you know about the working conditions in subterranean factories? And your reply? /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] You have no business asking me that question.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] / The most modern equipment for the most modern weapons has been housed in subterranean factories. [MIDDLE-AGED SPEER STOPS READING HIS TELEGRAM BUT OTHERWISE DOES NOT RESPOND] This equipment requires perfect conditions to work.' That's what you told them, 'air which is dry and free from dust, good lighting facilities and big fresh air installations.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I know what I said.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Conditions comparable to those on a night shift in regular industry.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] You are supposed to be defending me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I am trying to.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I was a government minister; I didn't personally oversee every factory in the Reich.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But you knew, didn't you, you went there, you saw.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] The prosecution isn't after me; 'I am not claiming that you are personally responsible for these conditions' that's what Jackson said, you were there. 'Not personably responsible for matters outside my sphere', he said it in that court.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And collective responsibility?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] An act of contrition, not suicide.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Tell me about Dora.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Why? What good will it do?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I want to know what it felt like.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] What it felt like? It was the worst place I have ever seen. It was December 1943, the prisoners lived in the caves with the rockets, it was freezing cold, the slaves, you couldn't call them workers; they worked 18 hours a day. When there were no tools they used their bare hands, always the ammonia burning in their lungs.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I demand to see their sanitary provisions. There is no heat; no ventilation, no water to wash in, no water to drink. The toilets are barrels cut in half with planks laid across.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Later I found out that one of the guard's favourite jokes was to watch the slaves sit on the plank and push them in.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] They all have dysentery. They see daylight once a week at roll call. I demand to be shown their midday meal. The food is inedible. This time I see the bodies; thousands dead.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You testified that sickness only made up a very 'small percentage'. You told Jackson that the workers feigned illness; that the allies dropped leaflets -with instructions telling them how and that the workers feigned illness.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] He wants to use my testimony against Krupp. I will not incriminate the people who worked for me. I am not going to be used, not like that. Besides, Krupp's factories were different.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Different how?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] At Krupp's I am given the VIP tour.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: SARCASTICALLY] And at Dora you were outraged?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] [WRYLY] I never claimed I was a humanist. [BEAT] I objected. Time and time again I objected. I told them that maltreatment is the enemy of efficiency. [BEAT] It wasn't a moral issue for me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Do you know how many men were deported to Dora Albert? [BEAT] Sixty thousand.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I have ordered the building of a barracks camp, outside the cave.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And how many died?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I thought differently then.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Thirty thousand. Albert.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I am aware of the numbers.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And this means nothing to you?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Of course it means something; it means thirty thousand workers aren't working. It means deadlines aren't being met.

**END OF ACT 1**

## ACT 2

[MARGRET, OLD SPEER and THE JOURNALIST ARE SITTING IN THE SAME POSITIONS AS AT THE END OF ACT 1. MARGRET IS SEWING. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS SITTING ON HIS BED. HESS IS SITTING ON ONE OF THE BENCHES OUTSIDE MIDDLE-AGED SPEER'S CELL. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS ARE WEARING THEIR 1940'S CIVILIAN CLOTHS. YOUNG SPEER IS SITTING AT HIS DRAWING BOARD. HITLER IS SITTING AT THE TABLE LOOKING AT THE MODELS. FLÄCHSNER IS SITTING AT THE TABLE DSC READING THROUGH HIS DOCUMENTS.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We wait. It's the end of January and still we have not been transferred to Spandau. From my cell, some distance away, I notice Otto Saur. It amuses me to see the man who, in the end outmanoeuvred me in Hitler's favour, obeying the orders of a good-natured guard as he enthusiastically begins to mop the floor.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He was the type who owed his entire existence to the regime. Obedience and dynamism; it was a fearsome combination. In the last weeks of the war he obtained permission from Hitler to withdraw with his staff to Blankenburg. I had an invented text placed in his mail.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] 'Report from the British Broadcasting Corporation: we have learnt that Saur, the well known associate of Speer, has fled from our bombs to Blankenburg. Our airman will find him out there too.'

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Later I heard that gripped with panic, he had set up his headquarters in a nearby cave.

[THE SOUND OF DOORS BEING OPENED NOISILY, TIN CUPS BEING RATTLED WITH METAL SPOONS ETC. CAN BE HEARD.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Right. Let's be 'aving you, rise and shine, everybody up.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They wake us at four in the morning. [MIDDLE-AGED SPEER GETS UP AND IS JOINED BY HESS WAITING IN THE NEUTRAL AREA] A young lieutenant tells me what I can take with me. For an hour the seven of us stand surrounded by American soldiers.

[A RIFLE SHOT HESS AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER TAKE COVER BEHIND THE TABLE, SLOWLY THEY EMERGE TO CHECK THAT EVERYTHING IS OKAY.]

For a moment there is great excitement. It turns out that one of the Americans has accidentally shot himself in the foot while fussing with his rifle.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] [SMILING] How did we ever lose?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] When we finally leave each of us is handcuffed to a soldier and we are taken to the airport. We cross a small new bridge: The people are working, the country is alive! We circle over Berlin and I catch sight of the Olympic Stadium, the lawns still tended and my Chancellery, damaged but still imposing, still as beautiful as ever.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I remember the day I handed the building over to Hitler on his 50th Birthday; it was the day I gave my first public speech. The Führer was an electrifying speaker. He was a natural in front of the crowd and had got into the habit of preparing his responses while listening to the inevitable tributes showered upon him by the other speakers. Anyway, The Führer was scheduled to give his response immediately after my speech. Expecting, as was the custom, a lengthy eulogy, Hitler settled himself down to listen and plan a suitable reply.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER: STANDING] Mein Führer, I herewith report the completion of the East-West Axis. May the work speak for itself!

[HITLER LOOKS STARTLED, THEN BREAKS INTO HEARTY LAUGHTER]

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Two sentences indeed, Still, I have to admit, it was one of your better speeches. You got me there, you rascal.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] It sounds for all the world as if he is about to sweep me up and sit me on his lap.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The air feels somehow cleaner once we have left Nuremberg. I was back in my beloved Berlin. Of course, the feeling doesn't last long, once we arrive at Spandau.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The guards are ordered to take off our handcuffs and with a certain solemnity my guard, an American I think, shakes my hand.

[ENTER CUTHILL, VLAER, AND TWO GUARDS CARRYING ROUGH, THICK BLUE COTTON UNIFORMS]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We are asked to sit on a wooden bench from which, one by one, we are shown into a second room and told to strip.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS UNDRESS THEY PLACE THEIR CLOTHES ON THE TABLE AND THEY ARE REPLACED WITH THE UNIFORMS CARRIED IN BY THE GUARD.]

**CUTHILL:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS] They are the uniforms worn by the prisoners in your concentration camps.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] This point is emphasised; it is translated twice.

**HESS:** [TO HIMSELF] I feel faint.

[HESS TAKES A CHAIR AND SITS DOWN]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The rest of us remain standing.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And how did you feel?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I was wondering why they hadn't given us any underwear.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] The fact that you were being told to wear the uniforms of concentration camp victims meant nothing to you?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It meant many things, then. Now I think it was nothing more than a cheap piece of stage management. We had listened to the testimonies at Nuremberg, seen the photographs and watched the films.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I understand, I think, as much as one can ever understand who hasn't... But this?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Did they really think that dressing us up in their uniforms would make us feel something like they did?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But surely the fact that they were real /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] / makes no difference at all.

[VLAER TAKES OUT A PAIR OF SURGICAL GLOVES FROM HIS POCKET AND BEGINS PUTTING THEM ON.]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] No difference at all?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You could say the experience was made a little more gruesome, but to try and equate what I was going through with that? It cheapened us both.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] What happened then?

**VLAER:** [TO HESS] If you wouldn't mind?

**HESS:** [TO VLAER] I will not!

[THE TWO GUARDS FORCE HESS HANDS AND HEAD ONTO THE TABLE MAKING HIM BEND OVER]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We had a medical.

**HESS:** [TO AUDIENCE: STRAINING] A very thorough medical.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You were searched?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] After Ley's and Göring's suicide they were very careful.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You never considered/

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / It wasn't guilt you know, with Göring, it was defiance. Still, they made sure the search was thorough.

**CUTHILL:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS: DURING THE FOLLOWING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND HESS BEGIN TO DRESS.] You will each be assigned a number. You paint that number onto the fronts and backs of all your outer clothing. From this moment on you will be addressed by that number, and only by that number. You will spend your days working. You will be allowed to walk for 30 minutes in the prison garden every day. At all times you will maintain ten paces between yourself and the next prisoner. Conversation will not be tolerated. You will be allowed to see one family member for fifteen minutes every two months. No other visitors will be permitted. You will be allowed to receive and write one one-page letter every month. You may have paper with which to make notes, however anything you write will be collected each

evening. There is no prison library at Spandau. You will be allowed to order books from the Spandau public library. Any Questions? No? Good.

[EXIT CUTHILL, VLAER, AND THE GUARD CARRYING HESS'S AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER'S OLD CLOTHS. AS THEY ARE LEAVING HESS RETURNS TO HIS BENCH AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER RETURNS TO HIS CELL.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In my cell, that's when I understand; it was the blankets on my bed.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] The blankets?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Five grey woollen blankets stamped in large Black letters 'GBI'

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] They are blankets from a labour camp run by my department.

[LONG PAUSE]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You think that the outrage I felt at Dora was an affectation, don't you?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You did order the building of a barracks camp, outside the cave.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Something snapped, inside of me, after Dora. My body seemed to know what my mind was refusing to admit.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what was that?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] That I couldn't go on, at least not like that.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was less than a month after Dora when I collapsed.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Problems with your knee, bouts of anxiety, they were hardly anything new now, were they?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was more than that.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I was exhausted.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I can't get Dora out of my mind.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] At Rastenberg, Sauckel told Hitler he could find another four million workers for 1944. I told him that these workers could be found in Germany, but I was no longer the Führer's favourite. Bormann and his cohorts had seen to that.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] They rushed me into hospital.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But you continued to work?

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] In Hitler's Germany it was not advisable for a Minister to get ill; for one thing nobody believed you.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Hitler hated sacking people.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] If Hitler fired one of his higher officials it was invariably attributed to ill health. The trouble was if you really were ill… /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / you had to pretend to be well in order to avoid the rumours of impending dismissal.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I take over some rooms in the hospital and continue to work.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But you didn't get any better.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He began to have doubts about Dr Gebhardt.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He is Himmler's man.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] I took it for a sick man's fantasy, you know how it is: when one feels physically weak, the imagination begins to play tricks.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I can feel the hyenas at the door.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was convinced that Himmler felt that it would be better if I didn't recover.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] So we called in Professor Koch.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Later Gebhardt claimed that he had asked Koch for a second opinion.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] My temperature shoots up to 120º, my skin turns blue. I began to haemorrhage.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Koch took me outside and told me to prepare for the worst.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was euphoric. I felt myself smiling at Margret.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I have never been so happy in my life. I see the room from above the Doctors and Nurses; it looks like a silent dance. The white military wardrobes have changed into beautiful armoires, the plain white ceiling magnificently inlaid.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I remember wondering if Margret knew how warm I felt towards her at that moment, she looked so soft and slim, her face so small and pale.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] You see him smile at you?

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Of course not, it's all in his head.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I hear a voice

[HITLER NOW BEHIND YOUNG SPEER (WHO IS STILL AT HIS DRAWING BOARD) PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.]

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Not yet.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I feel something then I don't know how to describe. It isn't just sadness or disappointment, it is, [BEAT] it is loss.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Since then I have read a lot about other people's experiences. I am sure each is very different/

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / Yet you barely mention the incident in any of your books?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am Albert Speer

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am the architect of the Reich.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am the author of the definitive history of our time.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Do you really expect me to claim that I died and was reborn? [LAUGHING] I can imagine the fun the critics would have had with that.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Is that what you believe?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I have never been a religious man, not in the conventional sense.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] All I know is that I am no longer afraid.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is not important what I believe happened but what did happen.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You carried on.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I stood up as he entered the room.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] What a shock it was to notice for the first time.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] How could I not have noticed how ugly, how ill proportioned Hitler's face was?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] It is the first time we had met in ten weeks.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was the night before I was to leave the Hospital. I had thrown a party for the Hospital Staff, a piano recital given by Willhelm Kempft.

[HITLER APPROACHES YOUNG SPEER QUICKLY AND HOLDS OUT HIS HAND]

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER: SHAKING HITLER'S HAND] Even as I stretch out my hand I have this overwhelming sense of unfamiliarity. It is his face; that broad nose, that sallow skin. [THE TWO MEN PART] Who is this man?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] An hour or so later Margret overhears Hitler telling Bormann and Keitel that he didn't think that I would be able to fully recover.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Albert can be very stubborn.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I was determined.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] At Nuremberg they showed us photographs of the gates at Auschwitz bearing the slogan 'Work Makes Free'.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I go back to work.

[HITLER EXITS]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But you are still out of favour.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He refuses to even listen to my advice.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He had approved the building of six huge underground industrial sites, each over one million square feet. Aeroplane production was to be transferred there to escape the bombs. Dorsch had promised Hitler he would have them ready in six months.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [SHOUTING AFTER HITLER] It can't be done. It's ridiculous. We should be concentrating on reconstructing the bomb-damaged plants, workers housing.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I think it was the first time I had allowed myself to be openly defiant.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I hatched a plan to move Dorsch away from the project.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I didn't think it was possible to speak so openly, and when I found I could/

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Hitler was furious, rejected the proposal outright. He thought I was playing politics.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Weren't you?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Not in the way you think.

[DURING THE FOLLOWING THE OMINOUS SOUND OF AIRCRAFT OVERHEAD BEGINS TO FILL THE AUDITORIUM]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I wanted power; I'm not denying that. With power comes the authority to do the job.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I phoned Milch and asked him to tell the Führer that I was resigning. The news got round like wildfire. Göring phoned me to say that I couldn't do that.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Except, of course, for reasons of health.

[ENTER WALTER ROHLAND]

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Have you gone mad?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] Walter.

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] How dare you!

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] What are you / talking…

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] / You have a responsibility.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] I'm afraid I still have no idea/ what…

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] / It's not true then?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] Is what not true?

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Your resignation, have you or have you not resigned?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] Ahh.

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Then it is true.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] It's complicated Walter.

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] And you think that leaving industry in the hands of these barbarians will simplify matters? What about us? He will destroy everything.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO ROHLAND] This isn't Russia.

**ROHLAND:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] It doesn't have to be. [LOOKING UPWARDS] We've lost Albert. All we can do now is try and prevent the worst.

[THE SOUND OF THE AIRCRAFT CONTINUES TO INTENSIFY AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK – GRADUALLY THE SOUND OF THE AIR RAID IS REPLACED BY THAT OF A PHONE RINGING AS THE LIGHTS FADE BACK UP WE SEE ROHLAND HAS EXITED AND HITLER HAS RETURNED DSL – THE SOUND OF THE PHONE BEING PICKED UP]

**YOUNG SPEER:** [ANSWERING PHONE] Hello?

**MILCH:** [OFF] I have a message from the Führer.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Tell Speer I am as fond of him as ever.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] You can tell the Führer that the he can kiss / my

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] / You are not a big enough man to say this about the Führer, even as a joke.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I gave Milch my conditions.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Conditions?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] That Hitler restored my control over war production.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what about Dorsch's underground factory project!

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was only once Hitler signed the directive that I realised I had made a mistake.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I flew to the Obersalzberg immediately with a new proposal separating production and construction and proposing Dorsch as Inspector General for building so that I could concentrate on producing armaments.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] Minutes after I arrive, I receive an invitation to accompany Hitler on his afternoon walk to the teahouse.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was unprecedented but I refused. I said I needed to see Hitler officially and alone.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] Two hours later I am received formally.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Hitler was waiting for me on the steps of the Berghof, he greeted me as though I was a visitor from a foreign state.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] So you had won?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Hitler knew that no-one could fail to react to such a gesture of special regard, he wanted me back in his corner and he got me.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] You know I cannot entrust building to anyone else but you.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] He even makes it feel like a compliment when he refuses my request.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] From this moment on he approved anything I suggested for the building sector sight unseen.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Still he would blame you for not finishing his underground factories?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I didn't care. That night I sat in front of the fire with Eva at the tea gathering. He made his favour very clear.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I am home.

[PAUSE]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I try to picture my time here as a single day, twenty years crammed into twenty four hours. I begin my sentence on the stroke of midnight; every day another 12 seconds is served. I stare at my watch; the second hand ticks every second hour that passes. At midnight I will be free again.

[DURING THE ABOVE VLAER HAS CREPT ONTO THE STAGE AND IS NOW SITTING FACING THE AUDIENCE WITH HIS BACK TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER]

**VLAER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: WHISPERING] Psst! [BEAT] Psst!

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO VLAER: WHISPERING] Who's there?

**VLAER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] My name is Anton, you do not know me.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO VLAER] What do you want?

**VLAER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I was a conscript during the war. I worked in a Berlin armaments factory. When I fell ill I was taken to a special hospital for construction workers. I was well treated in your hospital.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Vlaer stayed in my hospital until the end of the war serving as an orderly in the operating room, Dr Heinz, the head of the hospital took him into his family like a son.

**VLAER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You write letters to your family; I'll make sure they get there.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] For the first time in two and a half years I have an uncensored connection with the outside world.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] So this is how the great literary career of Albert Speer began.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Who would have thought that toilet paper would become so important to me and my family?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I can scarcely sleep; I shall transform my cell into a scholar's den.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I had already sent Wolters a sketchy manuscript of memoirs from Nuremberg.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You sent your memoirs to another architect?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Wolters was more than just my architect; he wrote the department's chronicles, who better to fill in the gaps? Besides, I thought I was going to hang.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] But it's the thought of a biography of Hitler that keeps coming back to me now. How to go about it, what sort of structure should it take?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] That's what qualified me, not my position, but the ability to sort through all the material, to organise, to create meaning where there was only disorder.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I lie in my bed listening to the whisper of the falling snow and remember the many nights in the mountains when we were snowed in. These are my real loves, snow and water. If temperaments really do belong to specific elements then mine was water.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And Hitler's?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Fire. Hitler loved fire, not in its Promethean aspect; he loved its force.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I spoke of Hitler setting the world on fire. Already it was a cliché.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] But on a more basic level, quite literally he loved fire. London and Warsaw aflame, convoys exploding, I remember the rapture, the fascination with which he watched those films.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Towards the end of the war he described for us the destruction of New York in a hurricane of fire, skyscrapers turned into giant torches collapsing on top of one another; an exploding city illuminating the night sky. I don't think I ever saw him so animated. Immediately he ordered that Saur begin work on Messerschmitt's scheme for a four engine long range jet bomber.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Hitler hated the snow.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He has good reason.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Before Moscow, before the war even he could never understand when Eva, my wife and I set out on a ski tour. This cold, inanimate element was completely alien to his nature.

[ENTER CASALIS]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] May I have a word, Chaplain?

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] If you are here to complain, Herr Reader has already beaten you to it.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] I'm sorry, I didn't stay last week because I wanted to hear what they had to say, the opportunity might not have come again.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It wasn't my intention to cause any offence.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] Even so nothing else has been spoken about all week; the whole group has begun to refer to itself as the lepers; the lepers have to go to dinner now, lights out for the lepers.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I had no idea that my sermon would be taken so literally.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] You likened the legal prohibitions isolating lepers in Israel to a prison wall.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I said they were as insurmountable as a prison wall.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] Still, you should understand something about these men; to them the church is merely part of the scenery, a place for weddings and funerals; they will not thank you for meddling with questions of conscience.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And you disagree I presume?

[PAUSE]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] In The Brothers Karamazov, Grushenka tells the fable of the little onion. A vicious old woman dies and goes to hell, but her guardian angel, squeezing her memory, recalls that she once, only once, gave a beggar the gift of a little onion that she had dug up from her garden: the angel holds the little onion out to her, and as the old woman grasps it she is lifted out of the flames of hell.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Is that where you think you are, Herr Speer [BEAT] in Hell??

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] No, not Hell. It feels more like a dream.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] A dream?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS: SMILING] I have always been something of a dreamer.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And what do you dream about in Spandau?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] I dream that the Führer is still alive, he is here in Spandau; together we are prisoners. We argue about what went wrong.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You argue about the war?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] About architecture, the plans for the rebuilding of Berlin. My father is there.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Your father?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] He is just about to say something but we are interrupted by the guards, they want us to go the garden. Once we are in the garden. They tell us that Hitler has been sentenced to death and is to be buried alive. They give me a shovel and order me to dig the hole but I refuse. The guard then turns to Hitler and tells him that his life will be spared if he is willing to dig a hole for me. He looks at me and I know that he knows what I have done. He takes the shovel and begins to dig. I plead with him, with the guards but it makes no difference. Then, with the hole only half complete he is ordered to stop. Once again the guard tells me that Hitler has been sentenced to death and is to be buried alive. [BEAT] This time I take the shovel and I start to dig.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And this is what you wanted to talk about?

[PAUSE]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS: STANDING UP] I should go. They are calling the lepers to their lunch.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] There are some books I could recommend.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] Thank You.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER RETURNS TO CELL]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The administration offers to allow us to take our meals together; unanimously we turn the offer down. Who wants to create the illusion of community where no communication exists? We are happier alone. Besides, what is there to know?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Every conversation becomes a battle over Nuremberg. Even today Hitler is still their commander in chief, his orders binding. How else could a government run? They look at me now and all they see is ... /

**GÖRING:** [ADDRESSING THE COURT FROM THE GALLERY] Should Herr Speer be fortunate enough to escape a death sentence here, the Feme Court will surely assassinate him for treason.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It begins at the trial, Göring was their ringleader. He thought Speer was a traitor, most of them did.

**GÖRING:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I was hated and ordered shot by the Fuhrer. I had the right to denounce Hitler, not Speer, not his favourite.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was used to Göring's threats. They were a way of intimidating the others more than me.

**GÖRING:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] It's the principle of the thing. I swore my loyalty to Hitler. I cannot go back on that.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Göring understood. He knew that it would be easier for me to make the break from Hitler, in the end.

**GÖRING:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It has nothing to do with the individual. Do you think I have any personal love for that man?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] If nothing else Göring understood the true nature of complicity.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] If not loyalty.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I had told Göring in November 1944 that I would not obey Hitler's order to strip the food industry of its workers to provide manpower for armaments.

**GÖRING:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] My dear Speer, I do see your point, but where would Germany be if the habit for countermanding orders should prevail? These things have a tendency to spread. As long as you draw a salary as Hitler's minister you will obey the Führer's orders.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO GÖRING] And leave everyone west of the Rhine to starve? The war is lost.

**GÖRING:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Well then perhaps you had better resign, report sick, get out, go to Spain, I will transfer some money to you via Bernard.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO GÖRING] I can't do that.

**GÖRING:** [TO YOUNG SPEER: SHARPLY] Do what you must then, [BEAT – MORE CALMLY] nobody is going to hear about it from me. I am not an informer.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was impressed by that, it was elegant. Despite his dreadful decline that man had character and style. I never forgot that.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO GÖRING] You hypocrite.

**GÖRING:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] That doesn't give you the right to turn your back on him now.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] And here we get to the heart of it.

**GÖRING:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But no, you stand there and talk proudly of poison gas and bombs in suitcases; plots behind his back.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO GÖRING] What? You really believe that the German people will remember you more fondly for keeping your oath to Hitler?

**GÖRING:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Believe me I understand tradition better than you. It has not always been easy for German heroes but they kept their loyalty just the same.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO GÖRING] He betrayed you and he betrayed the German people.

**GÖRING:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Hitler was Germany. Germany was Hitler.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO GÖRING] And loyalty a rag, to cover our moral nakedness, our lack of resolution, the fear of responsibility. There is only one valid form of loyalty.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And when was it exactly that you developed this taste for luxuries?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] In Spandau with Göring gone, Hess takes his place.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] This fascination, this morbid pre-occupation, it's unhealthy. You should try to forget.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I tried.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] By all means create whatever conditions you need to survive, but not this.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Scenes from the past constantly replaying in my head.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You create motives where there was only ever action. You talk of good and evil when there is only ever the will to survive.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And prosper?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] We behaved like animals.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] We are animals. This is what keeps you awake in the night; the myth of humanity?

[THE SOUND OF THOUSANDS OF MEN MARCHING, THE CALL AND RESPONSE OF PARTY RALLY SPEECHES IN GERMAN, GROWS UNBEARABLY LOUD THEN CUTS SUDDENLY TO SILENCE. LONG PAUSE.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] It is 1931. Hitler has ordered all members of the SA and affiliated groups to come to Sportspalast for a roll call after the Stennes Putsch. As a member of the Motorist Association of the National Socialist's Party I am required to attend.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] No speeches are made. We stand silently hour after hour, waiting for Hitler. Eventually he enters the arena and begins to pace the columns.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Even now I am impressed by the courage he showed; to walk unprotected amongst the ranks which included the men who had rebelled against him only days before.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER: WHO IS BY NOW STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUNG SPEER] When eventually he comes to me I have the feeling that a pair of staring eyes had taken possession of me.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Later I reminded him of our first encounter.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] I know I remember you exactly

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] A question begins to form in my mind, I try to grasp it. No, not what did we see in him, what did he see in us?

[THE SOUND OF PRISON DOORS BEING UNLOCKED, VOICES OF GUARDS OFF CAN BE HEARD. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER PANICS AND BEGINS TO SCREW UP HIS NOTES AND STUFF THEM DOWN THE TOILET AND RETURNS TO HIS BED TRYING TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE. LONG PAUSE.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Hours pass, eventually I calm down, try to reconstruct what I had written, but it is hopeless. I begin again with Augsberg.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It is 1936.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I didn't know it at the time but Hitler and I were driving to the theatre there to discuss the rebuilding of the Opera house. I add the details as I remember them.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Waiting at Brückner's apartment, Hitler's annoyance at the crowds on our arrival, coffee and cake at the hotel lobby, his paternalistic concern that we eat more. He tells us now that he plans to build at least two theatre spaces in every city, opera houses mostly.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] The theatre is the standard by which the culture of a city or a civilisation is measured.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I skip six months to our second visit.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Hitler reveals his grand plans for the city, the party headquarters, the boulevard, the tower.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] The details of the second visit are hazier. What mood was he in? Was he in uniform? For all the glances impressed upon my memory so many more of the details are missing. I begin to question Hitler's preference for Augsburg. Could it be no more than Hitler's love of the medieval look and the history of this city?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I suspect he wanted to offend Munich. [BEAT] He often accused Munich of trying to turn Augsberg into a suburb.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I write what I can until I can write no more.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I look back and see the same things now that I saw then but I see them differently. They have changed, or I am changed, I am not sure which. I no longer trust what I see.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I ask myself whether the man I served, the man I revered for years, was capable of such sincere emotions as friendship, gratitude or loyalty. I remember Eva.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] She comes to me one day in the spring of 1939. She's distraught and tells me that Hitler has offered her the freedom to leave him and find another man.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] An act of generosity, perhaps?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] But his manner is so cold.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] She thinks of herself as Isolde to his Tristan.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Perhaps he had some insight as to the sacrifices she would have to make.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] None of us can see that far ahead.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And if you could?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] In the end she chose the bunker. She understood what it meant. / People tried to talk her out of it

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] / I tried to talk her out of it.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] He could do that; inspire love, no not love exactly, more than that, devotion. He inspired utter devotion.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I have to remind myself of that sometimes. She chose her part and played it faithfully to the end.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In the yard I overhear Dönitz and Schirach talk about Hitler. I realise how cold my words have become.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am his companion and friend. I owe him my position and my fame. I feel comfortable in his presence.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] At what point did I stop feeling any trace of loyalty to him?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Am I unconsciously dissembling the truth all this time?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Göring was right.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am a traitor.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I see things differently now.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am faithless.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I say so myself.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Hitler has forfeited all claims on my loyalty.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Loyalty to a monster cannot be.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Without loyalty you are nothing, there is nothing, only chaos. You think the world will trust you now?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] There is something inside of me/

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] / Some instinct to ride the prevailing current.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] / To succumb to the spirit of the times.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He tells me that his feelings of guilt at Nuremberg are sincere.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] And yet…

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I wish I could have felt them in 1942.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I would have more confidence in my own judgement today if at least from time to time I were in opposition to the Zeitgeist which totally condemns him.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I see the good in him, the streak of humanity that makes the monster a man once again.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Still, twenty years.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I renovate my cell; the yellow walls are painted a calming green. I paste photographs of my parents, my wife and our children above the desk. I hang reproductions of a bronze head by Polyclitus, Schinkel's sketch of the palace on the Acropolis and a classical frieze. The first thing I see from bed every morning is the Erechtheum on the Acropolis.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Spandau was my home.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] My weight fluctuates with every change of administration; gaining weight with the British, French and Americans, and losing it when the Russian take control. During the Russian month we are given, barley soup and bread in the morning and a watery sour soup with bread in the afternoon. In the evening we are given some unpalatable meat and mashed potatoes. Day after day without the slightest variation.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] When I complain about the monotony of the food a guard tells me … /

**GUARD:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / In Moscow the supplies for an expedition to the far north were assembled. On the approved list were a phonograph and fifty records. When the explorers in their tent wanted to hear music they unpacked the phonograph and discovered they had been sent fifty copies of the same record.

[THE GUARD SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND BOTH BEGIN TO LAUGH AT THE GUARD'S 'JOKE'. MARGRET STANDS AND WALKS OVER TO THE TABLE DSC.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] With the Berlin blockade over / …

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MARGRET: SITTING AT TABLE] … / It's the first time I have seen her in three years.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Will you be able to attend Albert's confirmation?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] I shall try to write.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Try?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I try to write but it becomes harder and harder to speak to him like a father. I no longer have the right tone towards him.

[MARGRET SLIDES A LETTER AND SOME PHOTOGRAPHS ACROSS THE TABLE]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] With each letter that arrives more photographs of the children.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Sometimes, in the course of my brooding I thought it would be better if I never came home again. What are they going to do with a sixty year old stranger?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF: PUZZLING OVER A PHOTOGRAPH] The forehead is obviously Fritz's, and the haircut suggests one of the boys, but the chin looks like Hilde's and the eyes are together like Margret's. Could it be Margret, after all with her hair cut short? I hope it doesn't turn out to be Ernst, only recently I mistook Ernst for Arnold.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I had a dream that afternoon. Margret and I are quarrelling. Angrily, she walks away from me. I follow her into the garden but only her eyes are there, full of tears.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I love you.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was the first time I had wept since my father's death.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: GETTING UP] Please, try to write something.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1] They will say later that only the worst survived.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I tried. I really did.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 2] The Special Squads helped the guards keep order in the Camps, they were prisoners too like us, but not like us also.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I want to write to Ernst about the story of the Christmas Day truce in 1914. About how the German soldiers erected trees and sang carols in the trenches.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] We worked the crematoria, pulling the gold from the mouths of the dead for a few extra rations.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [TO AUDIENCE] For a few extra months.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] How the British and German soldiers met in no mans land and shared a glass of whisky, perhaps some cigars.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [TO AUDIENCE] Until a new squad succeeds the old.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] We pull the gold from the mouths of the Squad we've replaced.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] How the guns fell silent. That a football match is played.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [TO AUDIENCE] The SS and the Special Squads play football against each other.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] We take the field to the cheers of the other prisoners.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [TO AUDIENCE] We place our bets as if, for all the world, the game is taking place on a village green, and not at the gates of hell.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] And how the match is abandoned when the ball is punctured on a piece of barbed wire.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [TO AUDIENCE] We could have killed ourselves, or got ourselves killed but we wanted to survive, to avenge ourselves, and bear witness.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] You mustn't think we are monsters, we are the same as you, only much more unhappy.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He should know that these things are possible.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I tried, I really did.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] That these islands of civility exits, even in war.

[THE SOUND OF PLANES RUMBLING OVERHEARD AND BOMBS FALLING IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE. GRADUALLY THE SOUND OF THE AIR RAID INTENSIFIES]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I just didn't know to speak to him like a father anymore.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] They will say later that only the worst survived.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] What does all this destruction really signify Speer? In Berlin alone you would have had to tear down eighty thousand buildings to complete our new building plans. Unfortunately the English do not carry out their work exactly according to our plans, but at least they have made a start at the project.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] He makes an effort to laugh at his own joke.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] We'll rebuild the cities more beautiful than they ever were before, we'll see to that. But first we must win the war. These air raids don't bother me. I laugh at them. The less the population has to lose, the more fanatically they will fight. We have seen it already with the English, even more so with the Russians. The man who has already lost everything, has everything to win, every advance they make, makes us stronger. The people will fight all the more frantically when the war is at their own doorsteps, even the

worst idiot realises that his house won't be rebuilt unless we win. There will be no revolution this time, I guarantee it. Providence tests men and gives her laurel to the one who remains undaunted, and for as long as I live we will withstand this testing. Remember this, it isn't technical superiority that proves decisive, we lost that long ago. I know that too, but the public, we will put out rumours of secret wonder-weapons and diplomatic agreements. We will have a press campaign entitled: 'We will never surrender' the people have to know that peace isn't an option. I haven't the slightest intension of surrendering; we are in November and November has always been my lucky month. I won't tolerate any opposition Speer, no talk of defeat, it is treason. When the war is over the people can vote for all I care, but anyone who disagrees now is straight for the gallows. If the German people are incapable of appreciating me then I'll fight this fight alone, let them go ahead and desert me. The reward comes from history alone, you should not expect anything from the people. They cheered me yesterday and will wave the white flag tomorrow. People know nothing of History. It is not the masses but great individuals that govern the course of History. My dear Speer, you mustn't let the destruction confuse you, and you mustn't be bothered by the whining of the people, it is their weakness that is responsible for this mess. All the good are dead now, or dying; only the worst remain. Victory belongs to the strong; if the German people are defeated they do not deserve to survive.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You were scared?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] By this time Goebbels and Ley had persuaded Hitler of the need to use two new combat gasses, Tabun and Sarin against the Russians. They were both extraordinarily effective. There was no respirator, no protection against them and they killed in seconds, minutes at most. We had three factories working at full capacity manufacturing the gasses.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] A last resort, to halt the Russian advance, should it prove necessary.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] We cannot continue like this. The basic ingredients, the cyanide and methanol are scarce enough. What little we have we need to reserve for the hospitals.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] You shall make the production of gas a priority.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] Mein Führer.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I simply ignored the order.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And the military?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They were as scared as I was.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Scared that Germany would come off worse if they started that kind of war?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] At that stage of the war, it was clear to me that under no circumstances should any international crimes be committed for which the German people could be held responsible after the war was lost.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what if you believed the war could still be won? What would your orders have been then?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The question is irrelevant.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Why, because the answer would have been different?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Because if Germany had won the war, it would have been the Russians in the dock.

[LONG PAUSE. ENTER LÜSCHEN]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And Hitler?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Would have remained Germany and Germany Hitler.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] But the war is lost.

[LÜSCHEN HANDS YOUNG SPEER A SLIP OF PAPER WHICH HE BEGINS TO READ]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Hitler becomes even more unreasonable after the defeat at Ardennes, more determined to enact his scorched earth policy.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF: READING THE PIECE OF PAPER] The task of diplomacy is to ensure that a nation does not historically perish, but that measures are taken to preserve it … /

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] … / Any means that achieves this purpose are entirely proper and any failure to pursue this end must be considered a criminal neglect of duty.

[LÜSCHEN HANDS SPEER A SECOND EXCERPT]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The Passages Lüschen hands me are taken directly from Mein Kampf.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Authority of the state cannot exist as an end in itself since otherwise every tyranny on earth would be sacred and unassailable. If, by means government has at its disposal, it leads its people to destruction, then the rebellion of every single member of such a nation is not only a right, but a duty.

[LÜSCHEN AND SPEER EXCHANGE 'A LOOK OF RECOGNITION' BEFORE LÜSCHEN EXITS.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] About a week later, I sat in the ministry shelter, during a particularly heavy raid on Berlin, with Dieter Stahl, my industrialist in charge of munitions. I asked him if he could get hold of some poison gas for me. He looked questioningly at me and I explain my plan.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You discussed the plan openly?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Stahl, had for a long time been deeply critical of Hitler, I personally intervened in his favour when he was charged by

the Potsdam Gestapo with making defeatist statements in public. He was neither surprised nor alarmed.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But why gas? Why not something less elaborate?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was convinced that I would have to kill Bormann, Goebbels and Lay as well, these three I thought, if it were possible, would have been even worse without Hitler.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I decide to target one of their frequent late night get-togethers and arrange for an inspection of the bunkers filtration system on the pretext that Hitler is complaining of bad air.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was only when I got there that I discovered that the ventilator shaft had been altered so that the air came in via a chimney like structure.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I was relieved.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was an impulse of despair.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I never would have done it, I know that now, I couldn't have.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was afraid, for my friends, for my family.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] There was my family to think about, but no, that isn't it.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I had spent a lot more time with Hitler during those past few weeks.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Preserving the illusion that everything was still normal.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I want to be near him.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Even at the end I could not stop myself returning to Berlin, to Hitler one last time.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Orders had been given to fight to the last. The bridges surrounding Berlin were to be destroyed. Many of the generals supported the plan. Ryman did.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] But not all of them. The day before the Russian offensive began, Heinrici and I persuaded Ryman to keep all vital road and rail arteries into Berlin intact, on the pretext that without them not only Berlin but the war would be lost.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The defence was to be based along the east west canal system, of course the bridges there would go but with the main arteries still intact Berlin would fall quickly.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The next day, as we began our retreat, I drafted a surrender speech instructing the army to protect by force and not destroy the industrial infrastructure of Germany, to surrender political prisoners unharmed and to prohibit gorilla activity.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I showed the speech to Heinrici in Hamburg.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He tries to persuade me to stay in Hamburg but I have a situation meeting with Hitler in Berlin on the 19th.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But by this time Bormann has already told Hitler that you have been disobeying his orders?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Defeat is only a matter of days away but Hitler is adamant: Berlin will be defended to the last. It is Stalingrad all over again.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I showed my speeches to Kaufmann who takes me to a radio station to record them. Afterwards I gave the recordings to Kaufmann with strict conditions that they were not to be broadcast without my authorisation or unless I had been murdered by my political enemies.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You thought these things were possible, probable even?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Possible yes, on some level I must have done.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But still you flew back to Berlin?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Flying wasn't really a problem, there was little Russian presence in the air during the day-time, and you could still just about drive out of Berlin at night, if you knew the back roads.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Even so, once you had arrived there was still Bormann.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was more concerned with the reception I would receive from Hitler; I had asked a few people who had recently left the bunker about the mood there; I was pretty sure I would have been warned if there was any danger.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I was not tired of life, like so many were at that time; at least I think I wanted to survive, in as much as I thought about such things then. It wasn't some kind of heroic last gesture.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] There is no rational reason as to why I went back.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Not love, not now.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But I hadn't learned how to hate him by then either.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Still the romance of the gesture appealed to you.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I feel like a thief returning to the scene of a crime.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Then you are already thinking of yourself as a criminal?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] As we approach Berlin, I see the destruction.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But not a war-criminal, not then.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The term was becoming familiar from the British and American broadcasts; I thought I would be called to

account for my part in prolonging the war, but no, I didn't think of myself in those terms.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] They seem surprised, I had phoned ahead, but still they seem surprised, pleased if anything.

[ENTER BORMANN]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Eva was over the moon, not just for herself, but for Hitler, she knew what it would mean for Hitler.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO AUDIENCE] And Bormann?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Bormann was unusually polite; he met me at the foot of the steps on the deepest level of the bunker.

**BORMANN:** [TO YOUNG SPEAR] When you speak with the Führer he'll certainly raise the question of whether we ought to stay in Berlin or fly to Berchtesgarden. It's high time we took over the command in Southern Germany, in a few hours it will no longer be possible to leave Berlin. You will persuade him to fly out won't you?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Only three weeks earlier he had spoken to the functionaries of the party of the need to overcome weakness, to win victory or die at their posts. If there was anyone in the bunker still attached to his life it was certainly Bormann.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO BORMANN] Of course, I will do my best.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] And finally there I am, face to face with Hitler one last time; the extravagant Herr Speer seeking absolution from the devil himself.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Except that I don't confess, at least not like that. There is no absolution.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And the account of this meeting created by Georges Blond?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Pure fantasy and exaggeration, there were no hosts of Russian fighter planes in the air, no understanding or forgiveness beneath the ground.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] There is no talk of personal matters at all.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Herr Speer, I would value your opinion concerning Admiral Dönitz's approach to his job.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I got the impression he was not asking about Dönitz by chance, that he was preparing to name him his successor.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] He is an honest man and a patriot.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It could have been anyone as long as it wasn't me /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] /or Bormann.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Or Bormann.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] Our conversation follows a familiar path; Hitler speaks about the past, his hopes, his dreams and disappointments. It's the tone that is different.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Regret, remorse maybe?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Regret perhaps, not remorse, you should not think it was remorse. It wasn't. If there was any regret it was that he had failed.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] They want me to fly to Bavaria; it is all they talk about now. What do you think? Should I fly to Berchtesgarden?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] If it must be, I think perhaps it would be better that you end it all in Berlin. If Berlin is lost/

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] / that is my feeling, but I wanted to hear your view too. I shall not fight personally. I have given orders that my body is to be cremated. Believe me Speer it is easy for me to end my life. One brief moment and I am freed of everything, liberated from this painful existence.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE: SOFTLY] In a low voice I tell him that I had not carried out the demolitions, that I had prevented them. For a moment I think I see his eyes fill with tears.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Looking back I am not so sure. These questions which had once seemed so important to him … /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] … / Now there is only emptiness and distance. I falter out an offer to stay with him. He does not answer; he just stares at me absently. Perhaps he senses that I don't mean it.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] What I am saying; there was never any tears. I am worse than Blond.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And the offer to stay?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It comes later, that evening perhaps. The details are … /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / … unimportant?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I leave around 3 in the morning. There is no emotion as I make my farewells.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER: COLDLY] So, you are leaving? Good. Auf Wiedersehen.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER: SHAKING HANDS] His hands are as cold as his words. There are no regards to my family, no thanks, and no wishes. For a moment I lose my composure and I say something about coming back.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Given all that we had said it was absurd.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You sound surprised by the lack of feeling?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I disappoint you? It was mad what I did, but I am glad I went to see him. It was right. I still think it was right.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But there is no great confession.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] No, not the way Blond imagined it. Even if we had wanted it we were far more apart than anyone on the outside could have imagined.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] There was no confession at all, you say so yourself in that first draft written from Spandau:

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The details … /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / … I know they aren't important. Of course there was no confession, you weren't crazy, and besides, what would be the point? Bormann had already informed Hitler a month earlier. I have it here, the letter to Wolters from Spandau. Read it:

[HANDING LETTER TO OLD SPEER]

**OLD SPEER:** [READING FROM LETTER] What would you do if you discovered that your patron/

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / Further down.

**OLD SPEER:** [READING FROM LETTER] Anyway to put it briefly, [looks up]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Go on.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] To put it briefly, to this day I cannot account for going on that last trip to Berlin, and I must therefore disabuse the French psychologist who wrote about 'L'Extravagant, Monsieur Speer' in Carrefour. It is essential for me to 'de-heroise' this last trip of mine to Berlin. Neither Hitler nor I spoke one word about our personal relationship. There can be no question of a touching scene or, even more than that of a confession such as the Frenchman reported.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] There can be no question of a confession.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Such as the Frenchman reported.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what does that mean?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] November 18th 1952 one of the guards brings with him a copy of the magazine Carrefour. In it the psychiatrist George Blond reports on, in the form of a fictional dialogue, my last visit to Hitler on April 23, 1945.

[PICKS UP A MAGAZINE AND TAKES IT OVER TO HESS]

[TO HESS: HANDING HIM THE MAGAZINE] One of these days the episode will make a good Technicolor movie.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: LAUGHING] You will have to demand a guarantee that the actor who plays your part wears a halo.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We suggest to each other dramatic touches for the sentimental reconciliation scene twenty meters underground. Laughing loudly, we make up more and more movie scenes. Hess is the only one who feels sympathy for my melodramatic return to

Berlin that day, perhaps the idea of saying goodbye comes closest to his romantic notions of honourable behaviour.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] This is your explanation; you wanted to say goodbye?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was Hess's answer. For Blond, I was seeking absolution.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And your answer?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is fifteen years after I wrote that letter to Wolters and finally it is time to write my book. And I think why not? 'Of course Speer returned because he wanted to be forgiven' they say. The people already believe in Blond's account. And perhaps I did. The pieces fit; Blond's interpretation makes sense. It is better than any of the half-hearted explanations I come up with. So that is what I wrote.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You were writing the history of the Reich, not fairy tales.

[DURING THE ABOVE CASALIS ENTERS STAGE RIGHT CARRYING A SUITCASE.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] I wanted to return these books before... [BEAT] You really are leaving then?

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It's been three years

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] Where will you go?

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] They have offered me a position in Strasbourg.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] I wish [BEAT] I'm sorry, I've let you down.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It takes time.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] I'm not sure I can do it on my own.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You're not on your own.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] No, never alone.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The past is a part of who you are, and it's a part of who you will become. Nothing can change that Albert.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] There must be so many questions, something you want to ask me before you go?

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I didn't come here to interrogate you.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] An admission of guilt, you said.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] If it is real.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] Not Göring, not Hess; they'll never forgive me. Not in here. Not them, not anybody. I betrayed them. I lied to them.

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I know.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO CASALIS] I lied to you.

[BEAT]

**CASALIS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I know.

**END OF ACT 2**

## ACT 3

[OLD SPEER, MARGRET AND THE JOURNALIST ARE SEATED IN THEIR CHAIRS IN THE SITTING ROOM STAGE RIGHT. YOUNG SPEER IS SITTING AT HIS DESK AND HITLER AT HIS TABLE IN THE OFFICE AREA STAGE LEFT. HESS AND SCHIRACH ARE SEATED ON ONE OF THE GARDEN BENCHES AND HESS ON THE OTHER STAGE CENTRE. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS BUILDING A ROCK-GARDEN; BESIDE HIM IS A WHEELBARROW FULL OF STONE.]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You don't think it strange that you barely mention the departure of Casalis in your diary? You barely mention him at all. After all, this is the man you call the most important person in your life?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Of course I was sad to see him go, but at the time I really thought that he had given me the strength to see it through on my own.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Listen to him. On his own he says. He was never on his own. He may have chosen not to write about his depression to me but he was never on his own.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I build a greenhouse for the vegetables. I work alternately as a mason, a carpenter, a glazier and director of operations.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I keep what I can, the discipline of reading, my education. I never lose the conviction that there is more to life than intelligence and logic.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He chose not to confide in me but I could see the changes in him all the same. I know him better than he knows himself. He developed for himself a programme of survival in Spandau. [TO OLD SPEER] He was his old self again.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] For the first time in my life I am doing physical work for most of the day.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He works to the point of exhaustion.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The evening my back and legs ache. I am knocked out but content.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Hard work was nothing new.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] It's like a drug. I need it. Even during my brief vacations I drive long hours from city to city, looking at more and more cathedrals, museums, temples to reach that state of evening exhaustion. I am an addict.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And later, as Minister?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I become even more involved. To make up for my inexperience I threw myself at the job. The more I work the more energy I find.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I loved it. In this I was very different from Hitler. He regarded the constant activity imposed upon him by the war as a terrible burden.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Albert welcomed the burden of war.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In the garden the lawn has turned green, the chestnut buds are breaking, the lupines I have planted begin to flower. I decide that I will build a sunken rock garden much to Hess's amusement.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Well it's the first time I have ever seen anybody carting bricks into a garden.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] When I lie on the grass the brick walls begin to look like those of a small city. [BEAT] I am sick of writing, of always having to smuggle out what I have created as soon as it is finished, nothing tangible ever remains. Before every beginning there is again that same blank page, the same emptiness. But this garden, this ridiculous architecture in brick remains and is waiting for me every morning.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I can see the use in radishes, peas, onions, strawberries. Dönitz has become quite the expert with tomatoes; he has vines with forty or fifty fruits.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He was delighted if you counted them in his presence.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But personally I can't take any pleasure in this rock garden; it reminds me of the outside.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] One of the American guards takes great delight in eating the newly ripened strawberries. We colour several of the green strawberries red with a smuggled in lipstick. He stands there spitting and cursing but when he sees that even his fellow guards are laughing, he eventually joins in.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He becomes obsessed with peas.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I noticed that it didn't matter which way the eye is facing when I plant them, they always grow towards the surface.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He begins to devise experiments.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] It isn't sunlight or heat they are responding to, they seem to oppose gravity itself.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Now he moves onto beans.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] It is as I suspect, no such instinct can be ascribed to beans. Still it is fascinating to think such different behaviour can be found in such closely related plants.

**HESS:** [TO JOURNALIST] The guards call it Speer's Garden of Eden.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They called it a paradise, it was too. In 1953 I counted eight hundred strawberry bushes, one hundred lilac trees, another hundred chestnut and fifty hazelnut trees.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER STARTS TO WALK QUICKLY IN A CIRCUIT AROUND THE GARDEN]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What are you doing?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Collecting kilometres. One circuit is eight hundred and seventy steps; there are thirty one centimetres per step which makes every circuit two hundred and seventy meters. I write down how many kilometres I've walked every day. Every week I add up the kilometres and work out the average. If I don't do forty nine kilometres every week I have to make up the shortfall the following week. I've been doing it for ten days.

**HESS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Well, if we weren't all a little mad we'd end up going crazy.

[SPEER STOPS AND SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH NEXT TO HESS]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] As you are sitting here anyway, would you mind keeping count of the number of circuits I do. You could draw a line in sand.

[HESS PUTS A HAND IN HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT THIRTY BEANS.]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Put these in your left pocket, every time you complete a lap take one out and put it in your right pocket. At night, just count the number of beans in your right pocket.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It began quite modestly. I imagined my circuits as a walk from Berlin to my home town of Heidelberg.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] After reaching Heidelberg I just keep going up into the mountains of Italy.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I studied maps, tourist guides and art history books from the library.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] As I walk I try to imagine the different landscapes, when I come to a city I think of the churches, and museums, the great buildings and works of art. I calculate a route that would take me around the world in just under forty thousand kilometres.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Forty thousand kilometres!

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] In a manner of speaking, Rudi Wolters accompanied me on these walks. He advised me in his letters on distances and natural barriers. He even sent me descriptions of the wonders I would encounter.

[THE SOUND OF A TRAIN IS HEARD, IMAGES OF SIBERIA ARE SHOWN ON THE SCREENS.]

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: FROM WITNESS BOX 2] I am well acquainted with the Altai. It is a huge mountain chain near Novosibirsk. A famous mountain excursion is the Bjelucha, it is the goal of all Siberian climbers, as is the Elbrus. Do you think you will you have time to climb them? You may remember I sent you a detailed map of the huge coal mining part of the region at the beginning of the Russian campaign. I would strongly advise you to be kind to yourself and take the train through Siberia. It will save

time as you can do it at night, but don't sleep too much. It would be a crime to miss seeing these unending snowy mountain chains. If you open the top slat of your compartment window, you can smell the purity of the air, even in your sleeper. Be careful though, if you expose your face too long, your mouth and nose will freeze. Remember Dnepropetrovsk? The Ukraine is the tropics by comparison with the Siberia you are now meeting.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I suspected Wolters of shortening the distances to make things easier for me.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Not Calcutta again.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] You told me that Delhi to Calcutta was fourteen hundred kilometres; my travel books said it is eighteen hundred and twenty.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It was an honest mistake.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] On the day of my last walk, the 29th of September 1966, I had completed thirty one thousand, nine hundred and thirty six kilometres.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] Another addiction.

**NEURATH:** [OFF] Where are my clothes? What right have the Russians to clear out my locker?

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The guards have confiscated Neurath's cloths.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Later he notices that his books have been taken away as well.

**NEURATH:** [OFF] What right have they?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was eleven o'clock. I was heading back to my cell after having a bath. In the corridor the guard gives me a sign but I don't understand what he means.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] While I am standing there, the guard enters Neurath's cell. I see the old man in his armchair slowly raise his head and the guard whispers something in his ear.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And he's gone

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] That was it. No ceremony, no farewell, not even a handshake.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I never would have thought it possible.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The next day the new Chaplain passed on a message: It grieves Neurath that he is unable to say goodbye.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We read in the newspapers about Neurath's release. He appears disorientated and worriedly asks one journalist what will become of the garden. To calm myself down I walk twenty four point one kilometres today.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I suppose you want to be a postman when you are released?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My right knee was so swollen the Doctor had to put my leg in splints.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I haven't had any trouble with my knee for two years now.

**DOCTOR:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: FROM WITNESS BOX 1.] Actually it is five years … /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DOCTOR] **…** / Five years?

**DOCTOR:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You shouldn't worry; it's not uncommon for prisoners to lose sense of time. In Auschwitz we used to say that a day was longer than a week.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Five years?

**DOCTOR:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Strictly speaking, where there are no events, there is no time.

[BEAT]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Tell me more about Wolters?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Wolters was my lifeline in Spandau, my guardian angel.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We knew each other from University.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He is one of my principal architects, whenever I need him he comes, from the GBI to the ministry; Wolters is always by my side.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] He was a member of the party then?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Not a very good one I'm afraid.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] How so?

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST FROM WITNESS BOX 2] He means Marion.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] There are several half-Jews under our protection at the GBI.

**WOLTERS:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Hitler was right to insist that there should be no-exceptions when it came to enforcing the race laws.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We all know that one good Jew for whom we are willing to make an exception.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] For me it was Marion. It was more common than you would image.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Wolters was not that much of a Nazi you see.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] With Albert Speer's help you can do anything.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] It is only after the war … /

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / You blame Hitler for everything.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] I blame myself for following him.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You call him a criminal.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] He was a criminal.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And in the beginning?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We understand nothing in the beginning.

**WOLTERS:** [TO OLD SPEER] That is Nuremberg talking.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Of course we understand. He has a vision; he wants to dominate the world.

**WOLTERS:** [TO OLD SPEER] And at the time we asked for nothing better. That was the point of the buildings. They would have been grotesque if Hitler had stayed in Germany. We wanted this man to dominate the globe.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] To admit such a thing at Nuremberg would have been a death sentence.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] These are the words that are lost. Somewhere between the letters you send and publication these words go missing.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] We have been judged and found guilty.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Of course I understand that a man in prison, a man desperately searching for release will adopt the attitude of the times; whatever serves him best. But you, you have a responsibility.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Wolters wanted to know if I blamed the German people for the war.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] Not Germany. I blame Hitler.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Hitler was Germany.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] I will not be responsible for another Versailles.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You think that such a childish over-simplification will prevent another Versailles? You think that painting Hitler into the devil will prevent this? What comes next, the devil's generals, the devil's doctors, [BEAT] the devil's architect? You think this will free the German people of blame?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I never claimed he was the devil.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] We can smell the rotten stench of Speer's treachery even in Spandau.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Sometimes I envy the other prisoners unbroken relationship with the past, it must make life, [BEAT] easier for them. Now when I approach they fall silent and turn away.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: READING PAPER] It appears to me as though you have backed the wrong horse.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The papers are full of accounts to the effect that the U.N. cannot decide whether the Nuremberg principles are to be acknowledged as a basis for international law.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Didn't we tell you that the trial was a sham? Where were the trials of the British, the Japanese, the Americans and Russians? You think international laws can be based on universal principles when they aren't universally applied? There is and will always be the weak and the strong, nothing more.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] What could I do in the face of such provocation except keep my silence?

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] When eventually Speer's memoirs are published I can not help but admire the structure of the book, but I cannot, I will not accept his admission of guilt.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] Our guilt.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] From the tone of the book one would be forgiven for believing that Speer now walks through life wearing a hairshirt, distributing his fortune to the victims of National Socialism.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] For me at least the success of the book eclipses all criticism.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] And then there is the interview with Eric Norden.

[BOTH READING/WRITING LETTERS]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] Your reaction, it is true dismays me… /

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / What on earth is the matter with you? Even after the unending admissions of guilt in your reminiscences you can't stop representing yourself ever more radically as a criminal for whom twenty years in prison was 'too little'! … /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] … / And I realise that given your position in this matter from the start, it was perhaps inevitable.

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / If you are really convinced that 'there can't be any atonement in this lifetime for sins of such huge dimensions', then there appears to be a vast and incomprehensible discrepancy between your humble confessions and your present way of life … /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] … / But to claim that my moral attitude is incompatible with my way of life is denying the fact that one can quite legitimately lead a good life despite, or indeed because of, such an attitude. … /

**WOLTERS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / And what are your friends to say when you describe yourself as 'morally fatally contaminated'? Always only you and always only in the restricted context of

Germany. You never, never take issue with the present wars and acts of horror being committed in the near and Far East. Your defence of the victor's court at Nuremberg must seem extravagant even to the former prosecutors of that show trial. But I can well understand. If you rejected Nuremberg, your crime thesis would collapse, and then what? I hope and think that the day will come when you no longer find it necessary to confess your sins to all and sundry in order to persuade yourself of your virtue … /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO WOLTERS] … / I should be very glad if you decide one day to pull down the barrier you have now put up between us. I'm sure you will understand that this move cannot now come from me.

[PAUSE]

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] It is 1938, a few days before the opening of the annual exhibition in the Haus der Deutschen Kunst and a small group of us are sitting in Hitler's favourite Italian restaurant, the Osteria Bavaria in Munich. Adolf Wagner, the Gauleiter of Bavaria begins to inform us that he has recently discovered a Communist proclamation that has been signed by a large number of artists. Among the signatures is that of Josef Thorak.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] The Sculptor?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Thorak is more or less my sculptor now. In the last year he has created for me a group of figures for the German pavilion at the Paris World Fair.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Such a man could not be allowed to decorate the great buildings for the Nuremberg Party Rally.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You were worried?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I thought Thorak would be lost to me now.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And for yourself?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] He has occupied my party office.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] You know I don't take any of that seriously. We should never judge artists by their political views. The imagination they need for their work deprives them of the ability to think in realistic terms.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I know that Hitler is answering Wagner, but at the same time … /

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] … / Let's keep Thorak on. Artists are simple hearted souls. Today they sign this, tomorrow that; they don't even look to see what it is, so long as it seems to them well-meaning.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I wondered then if Hitler ever realised that before I became a cabinet minister I had never uttered so much as one political phrase.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Speer finishes his memoirs on December 29th 1954; it takes him just a few days short of two years. The end comes rather abruptly with Hitler's death.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] My arrest, trial and conviction are really an epilogue. It seems to me that the Spandau years belong not at the end of that period in my life, but at the beginning of a new one.

**WOLTERS:** [TO JOURNALIST] The manuscript comes to some eleven hundred typewritten pages.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE: WALKING AGAIN] Shimmering heat waves over the puszta as I cover the stretch from Budapest to Belgrade, I am only a few kilometres away from the Danube. The roads are sandy and there is seldom even a single tree to offer any shade and the flies are a plague.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] There is little left for me now, beside the garden and my walk.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Nearby I hear the sound of tugs, no I decide they are ships. I pick a stem of lemon balm from our herb garden and crush the leaves between my fingers. The strong odour helps me imagine foreign places. There is little left but walking and dreams of freedom.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] In Moscow Adenauer has negotiated the return of all captive Germans, including the generals and party functionaries sentenced to maximum penalties. The guards are saying that they heard on the radio that the Russians have no objections, in principle, to the release of Spandau prisoners.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I cannot sleep at night.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] When Reader is released he is told that he is completely free and may go wherever he wants. He tells them that he wants to go back to cellblock.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He says he has to hand over the library to his successor. His request is refused. He sends his regards by way of the medical aide.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] So much for freedom.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I set out new strawberry beds in the garden.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] For whom exactly are you planting strawberries?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Hess knows the plants will not be ready to harvest for another two years.

**SURVIVOR #3:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1.] There are Germans in the Ghetto, many Germans. We hear noises, people speaking very loudly. My mother takes some things and begins to dress me. I am five years old. She dresses me in my good dress. I say to her: 'Mummy, why are you dressing me in that dress, I don't want to wear a Sabbath dress.' She tells me 'they have come to take us to work'.

[ENTER FRITZ RUNNING. FRITZ SEES MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND STOPS AND STARES. MARGRET AND FRITZ SIT AT THE TABLE AND WAIT FOR MIDDLE AGED SPEER TO JOIN THEM.]

A lorry arrives; they open a gate and tell us to get on. Those who are strong enough climb up, those who are not are thrown on like geese. When the first lorry is full another arrives. We are in one of the last to leave. Those who have arrived before us are already naked. I won't let her undress me, I say to her: 'Let's run away, they're killing us, why should we stand here?' I push her back; 'why do they stand here and not run away, why do they stand?' I ask. 'Where do you think we are going to run to?' she replies. There are many Germans guarding us, not only the soldiers, but the townsfolk too. My Grandfather does not want to undress so they beat him until he falls to the ground. We start begging him to take his clothes off. Because of his stubbornness, they beat us all. I see the gun held tight to the base of my father's skull; my grandmother falling. My mother is beautiful, but nothing helps. They tell her to put me down, she wants to but I won't let her. I hide my head so as not see what is being done. A soldier takes her. He shoots, or he doesn't shoot, I neither see nor hear. I am falling.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER JOINS MARGRET AND FRITZ AT THE TABLE]

I'm lying in the pit and I feel something. I think I am dead and that the dead can feel, but it is not like that. I am suffocating. There are corpses pilled on top of me, there were 500 of us. I twist, the pit is full of blood, I raise my arm a little, but the weight of all those corpses. [BEAT] By the morning the corpses have settled, it is a little easier for me to lift myself up. I don't know where I find the strength to get out but I do. At the edge of the pit I begin to crawl on all fours. [BEAT] Mama was right; I have no idea where I am going to run to.

[FRITZ IS EMBARRASSED, MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS IRRITATED. THEY SIT IN SILENCE FOR SOME TIME.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FRITZ] Your mother tells me that you are well?

[FRITZ NODS HIS HEAD]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FRITZ] And your brothers and sisters, they are also well?

[FRITZ NODS HIS HEAD AGAIN]

[TO MARGRET] He answers my questions like a well-brought up child speaking to a stranger.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You might ask him how his plans for the bicycle tour of the Black Forrest are coming along or whether or not he has made up with his girlfriend.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] We have been told to make a list of our belongings. We have three days. I'm worried about the foreword and epilogue of my memoirs.

[BEAT. MARGRET AND FRITZ EXIT. CUTHILL AND A GUARD ENTER.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Funk became weak with excitement; Hess began to clean his cell.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] At ten o'clock Cuthill appears accompanied by one of the guards and posts himself in turn at each cell door.

**CUTHILL:** [TO GUARD] Go ahead.

**GUARD:** [TO THE PRISONERS] Number one. We hear that you have been entertaining hopes. The requested lists are purely an administrative measure. All anticipations that you will soon be released are absolutely unfounded.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The scene is repeated five more times.

**GUARD:** [TO THE PRISONERS] Number two. We hear that you have been entertaining hopes.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Throughout the rest of the day not a word is spoken. [EXIT CUTHILL AND GUARD] Funk sits on his stool with his arms dangling feebly by his side sobbing, Schirach sits staring into space shaking his head suddenly looking like an old man. I sit at my desk with a blank piece of paper searching for thoughts.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] He is thinking about his family again.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Some months ago I drafted a petition for leniency

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] Look at those sad eyes.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Today I hand it in.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The old hypocrite.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE: WALKING AGAIN] This morning I left Europe and crossed the pontoon bridge to Asia. I have trouble picturing the magnificent panorama: mosques and minarets in the midst of a tangle of small houses. How many towers does Hagia Sofia have? I keep confusing the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus.

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] They have replaced the wooden watchtowers with stone towers.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Each of us relives Cuthill's scene. Weeks go by without an entry in my journal. Is it worth mentioning that Dönitz has a favourite broom and is furious if anyone else uses it? I am tired, too slack to make any more decisions.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Dönitz will be the next to be released.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] He has offered to help petition for our release once he is a free man.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But given the stance you have taken.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] A spider has spun a web between two trees in the garden. Schirach spends half the morning trying to find another spider to place on the web. When he eventually finds one he can not bring himself to pick it up. Instead he throws moths and watches as the spider skilfully stuns and fastens them to the web.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Each of us develops his own particular craze; you twitch your mouth when you walk. [BEAT] There is something I'd like to ask you before I am released.

[MOVING TOWARDS THE GARDEN BENCH]

You once told me that during your last visit in the Führer's bunker you recommended me to Hitler as his successor. You said there was a discussion of his testament and my appointment.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DÖNITZ] Not quite, Hitler asked me about how I thought you were doing as his deputy in the north. I said you were doing very well indeed.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But you knew what he had in mind.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DÖNITZ] I was fairly certain. When Goring was deposed a few hours later I had the feeling that now your turn was coming, who else was left? But it wasn't I that proposed you.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It is just that when the time comes for me to write my memoirs I shall need to know clearly how my appointment came about.

[THE TWO SIT IN SILENCE]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I tried to picture that final scene in the bunker but I couldn't.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: STANDING ANGRILY] I don't know why I expected that a man with your track record should tell the truth now. It is because of you I have lost these eleven years. I was Navy, what did I have to do with the politics? Because of you I was indicted like a common criminal.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DÖNITZ] I never … /

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / Who else could have suggested making me Chief of State? All my men have commands again now. Look at me, my career is in tatters. [PAUSE, REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE.] One last question; Kranzbühler is leading the operation on behalf of those condemned for war crimes. He often sees Adenauer, I have some influence … /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DÖNITZ] No.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And that is your last word? After my release instead of 'let the four in Spandau go free', I am to say 'let three go free?'

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DÖNITZ] Fifteen million dead and your last words in Spandau are your career?

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What are you saying, that you don't want to be free, is that it? I know that isn't true.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO DÖNITZ] What I am saying is that I don't want anything from you, or from Kranzbühler.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] How dare you? You whore, you faithless whore. How dare you look down at me? How dare you lecture me, look at me, look me in the eye and tell me you don't want to be rid of this place.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO DÖNITZ] Forget it, his daughter is already petitioning for an early release, he feels he has a better chance on his own.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Dönitz is to be released at midnight. At ten the guard asks him for his glasses, his request for the light to remain on is denied. We can hear him pacing up and down in the darkness in his cell. [ENTER CUTHILL] At twenty to twelve Cuthill has the cell door opened.

**DÖNITZ:** [TO CUTHILL] Is my wife already here? Can I go now?

**CUTHILL:** [TO DÖNITZ] A few more minutes, be patient number two, a few more minutes.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The two wait silently for some time, Cuthill occasionally looking at his watch.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Everything in Spandau is done by the rules.

**CUTHILL:** [TO DÖNITZ] Sign here number two. [DÖNITZ SIGNS A RELEASE FORM ON CUTHILL'S CLIPBOARD; CUTHILL CHECKS THE FORM IS IN ORDER.] So Admiral Dönitz, that ends that. [BEAT] The time has come. [EXIT CUTHILL AND DÖNITZ.]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] We read in the paper that Dönitz has held a press conference in Düsseldorf, but most of the papers are full of the Russian occupation of Hungary, and of the British and French landing in Egypt.

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] How can they keep on holding us here?

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Didn't I hear somewhere that wars of aggression had been outlawed?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] A few years ago the events in Budapest and Suez might have given us hope. Now we are all resigned; the world has other things to worry about besides a few forgotten Nazis. What is more we are an embarrassment, any discussion can only provoke the question: Why only these four? Why not Bulganin? Why not Eden? Why not Mollet? [MIDDLE-AGED SPEER BEGINS TO WALK IN CIRCLES AGAIN.] Today I am 353 kilometres from Kabul. If no snowstorms intervene I should arrive by the middle of January. After visiting the Capital of Afghanistan the next stop is Calcutta.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER CONTINUES TO WALK. HESS IS SITTING ON THE GARDEN BENCH. LONG SILENCE.]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Tell me, Schirach has just mentioned a Herr Leitgen. Who is that again?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Herr Leitgen was your adjutant of course.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: SHAKING HIS HEAD] This is dreadful; I no longer know even that? For heaven's sake how is such

a thing possible? My Adjutant? Really? Then I must have lost my memory!

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] You shouldn't worry about it Herr Hess. In Nuremberg, during the trial you also lost your memory. After the trial it soon came back.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What's that you say?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] It comes and then it goes away again. The same thing happens to me.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What, to you too? What don't you know?

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Well for one thing I simply can not remember who you are, why you are here and why I am even talking to you.

[BEAT. FIRST HESS THEN SPEER BEGINS TO LAUGH.]

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] So, it appears Hess has decided to lose his memory again. Surely he does not believe that he … /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] /… Hess becomes like a child at times, he pretends he can remember nothing, he refuses to do his share of the work, but he is not the only one.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Five days in isolation because I refused to clean the tables in the corridor and the washroom, and no sooner am I released and then what happens?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Schirach runs to guards and tells them that Number Seven hasn't cleaned the washroom today. Funk evades his strict diabetic diet, and fills his cup with sugar each night before his urine sample is taken. The French Doctor detects a swollen liver.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] His Jaundice is coming back

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The Russian Director told Funk to stop playacting.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] When Funk breaks down and begins to sob, the Director merely responds by telling him that he is a prisoner with a life sentence and must continue to behave like one. Funk pursues his sugar cure for three months.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Half a cup of sugar at every meal.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] By April he is bed ridden, his bladder inflamed, his liver swollen. All traces of humour from the former clown have disappeared. Now he is merely a sick man who knows his end is nearing. And yet he poisons himself, on the slight chance of seeing home one last time.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He is like a dog that wants to die in its familiar corner.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In May he is released.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what about you?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I continue to walk. There is talk of Hess being transferred to a mental hospital, Schirach and me to Tegal.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I begin to panic, I feel faint. In the afternoon I plant a small lilac bush in the rock garden. It will not bloom for three or four years.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And of all the prisoners, you are left with Schirach and Hess.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We take to walking a few rounds together.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS JOINED BY HESS AND SCHIRACH WALKING IN THE GARDEN]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] But it is difficult.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I was afraid that Schirach's depressions might prove contagious. I was full of reservations about him; often I found myself disagreeing not with his arguments, but with him as a person.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Nevertheless I persuade myself to join them every day.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And Hess?

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The doctors have decided I am suffering from hysterical disturbances but that they are insufficiently serious to warrant a transfer.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Actually you are wrong; it wasn't Hitler's vanity or his conceit that prevented him seeing how he was being deceived.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] Then what?

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Hitler's credulity was romantic; it was the same thing we tried to systematically cultivate in the Hitler Youth. We set up the idea of a sworn community; we believed in loyalty and sincerity and Hitler believed most of all. He was inclined to poeticise reality. You look surprised, you disagree?

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] It wasn't just Hitler; there was Göring with his mania for costume, Himmler with his obsession with folklore.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] To say nothing of his young architect and his fondness for ruins.

[HESS AND SCHIRACH BEGIN TO LAUGH.]

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Bormann has given me a report on your conference with the Rhur Gauleiters. [BEAT] You pressed them not to carry out my orders and declared the war is lost. [BEAT] Are you aware of what must follow from that? [BEAT. TURNING TO FACE SPEER] If you were not my architect I would take the measures that are called for in such a case.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] You must take whatever measures you think are necessary and grant no consideration to me as an individual.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] You are overworked and ill. I have therefore decided that you are to go on leave at once. Someone else will run your Ministry as your deputy.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I'm not going on leave. I feel perfectly well. If you no longer want me as your minister you must dismiss me from my post.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] I don't want to dismiss you, but I must insist you begin your sick leave immediately.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] I will not keep the responsibility of a minister while another man is acting in my name. [BEAT] I cannot Mein Führer.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] You have no choice. It, it is impossible for me to dismiss you. [BEAT] There are reasons. I cannot make exceptions.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] As long as I am in office I must conduct the affairs of the ministry. I am not sick.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER: BOTH MEN SITTING DOWN] Speer, if you can convince yourself that the war is not lost you can continue to run your office.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] You know I cannot be convinced of that, the war is lost.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] Do you think I intend to surrender? If the war is lost, the people will be lost also. It is not necessary for you to worry about what the German people will need for survival. On the contrary it is for the best that we destroy such things. The nation has proved to be weak, and the future belongs only to the strong. Only the worst will remain after this struggle; all the good will be dead. [BEAT] If you could believe that war can still be won, if you could at least have faith in that, all would be well.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] With the best will in the world I do not want to be one of the swine in your entourage who tell you that they still believe in victory when they don't. I cannot.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] One must believe that all will turn out well. Do you still hope for a successful continuance of the war, or is your faith entirely shattered? [BEAT] You must certainly be able to hope. If you could at least hope that we have not lost, that would be enough.

[BEAT]

You have twenty four hours to think it over. Tomorrow you will tell me whether or not you hope the war can still be won.

[BLACKOUT 10 SECONDS. THEN AS BEFORE.]

Well?

[BEAT]

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HITLER] Mein Fuhrer, I stand unreservedly behind you.

[BEAT]

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER: SHAKING HIS HAND.] Then all is well.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Work begins on repairing the prison roof. The builders can see into our garden from where they work so we are no longer allowed into the Garden before six in the afternoon.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What do they think the builders might see?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Perhaps the absence of horns and tails.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Perhaps three old men walking, sitting, gardening is not the image the world wants to have of Spandau.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We were never given reasons in Spandau but there were compensations. For the first time in ten years I was experiencing the evenings in the open air. A fresh breeze blows from the Berlin lakes.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I see colours that I had forgotten I knew: greens become stronger, the blues and reds of the flowers livelier. The garden seems much bigger. I begin to dream that once, just once I could go walking in the moonlight.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] Reader is creating a legend of Spandau.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] You have managed to get a copy of his memoirs?

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He speaks fondly of his friendship with Dönitz and Neurath during his time here.

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] But he could barely bring himself to speak with Dönitz!

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] It was me that cheered him through his depression, me that helped him when he was ill.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] You who petitioned for his release during his illness.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] It appears that a Grand Admiral and a diplomat are more useful to him on the outside; A foreign minister and a naval chief are in his class so to speak; the rest of us, mere convicts. That is how it is. As soon as someone is outside, he puts as much distance as possible between himself and those he left behind.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But these were not the only lies about Spandau.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] Funk and his friends have told horror stories; that the rule of silence is strictly enforced and that there are daily personal searches.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Schirach comes out of the articles rather badly.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Of course you come out of it all rather well.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] 'Schirach, in my opinion richly deserves every year he was sentenced to' says Telford Taylor, The American Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] 'I would be inclined to favour the release of Speer. [BEAT] Speer is the man who long ago deserved his release.'

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Three hundred birthday messages were sent to me after the articles are published. Of course I did not receive them.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Last night I dream I am in Spandau, but not as a prisoner. Rather I was the one who gave the orders. Impatiently I telephone the German Embassy in Moscow to insist on my release. The operator connected me with the person in charge of the matter. In an unpleasant tinny voice he replied tersely. 'We can do nothing for you.' I went on talking but there was no reply. [BEAT - TO HESS] I have been keeping a journal for sometime now, but I now have nothing left to say.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Now is not the time for keeping diaries. When we were in Hitler's entourage we should have kept diaries.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] There was talk, at the time in the chancellery or at Obersalzberg that someone ought to do it.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Not that it would make for pleasant reading for you today.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Your new friends would certainly not enjoy it; all those little things you no longer want to admit.

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] And still he places Hitler at the side of Napoleon.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] And claims that we only discover the truth once it is too late.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] What I mean to say is we only understand the truth once it is too late.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] I take it you have read Dönitz's memoirs?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] He speaks [BEAT] interestingly of the military operations and of armaments; of the mistakes which lost the war.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And what of National Socialism?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] All the rest he wraps in silence and sailor's anecdotes.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And the Führer?

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] He claims Speer proposed him as Hitler's successor.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I read a sentence by Karl Jaspers today; there cannot be any such thing as objective truth. Not even for the historian who undertakes to set down historical events dispassionately.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Then there is some hope for us yet.

[LONG PAUSE]

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] They think I have been using the detergent to produce my stomach cramps.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] You have lost a lot of weight recently.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] 14 kilos in the last two months

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] You caused quite a commotion yesterday. They put Schirach and I back in our cells for most of the day.

[HESS PULLS BACK THE SLEEVES OF HIS JACKET AND SHOWS SPEER HIS BANDAGED WRISTS.]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] While you were in the garden I smashed my glass and used a broken piece to open up a vein in my wrist. For three hours nobody noticed a thing. But then from far away I heard a noise.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The soviet medical colonel on his rounds.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Admit it. I have always been unlucky.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Congratulations, Number Two. [SHAKING HANDS] To bad luck.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Thank you Number Five. You know I do believe I am hungry.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Well then I shall instruct my contacts to call off the Red Cross.

[THEY LAUGH.]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The guards walk round as though on eggshells.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] They are scared; two millimetres deeper and you would have robbed them of a job for life. You have become quite the treasure.

[LONG PAUSE. BIRDSONG]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Like Paradise. [BEAT] I shall miss the evenness and flow of days here. I think of us as monks in a monastery in the middle ages. The thought of spending the rest of my life here no-longer frightens me. It gives me great peace.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER: STANDING UP] Forgive me if I appear rude Number Five, but what you have just said strikes me as the kind of sentimental claptrap that can only be spoken by someone who knows that one day, come what may, he will be free.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I'm sorry I … /

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / Perhaps you would be as good as to inform the guards that they shall only have jobs for the duration of my life, not theirs. [STARTS TO LEAVE THEN PAUSES. WITHOUT TURNING BACK.] Schirach tells me that in mental hospitals they usually set the feeble minded to gardening.

**HITLER:** [TO YOUNG SPEER] I think I shall stop coming to the mountains in the winter. The snow alone depresses me. [BEAT] You know that I always wanted to be an architect but the first world war and the November Revolution prevented that. [BEAT] I might have been Germany's foremost architect, as you are now, but for the Jews. Even then. They organised the munitions strike too. In my regiment alone, hundreds of men lost their lives. It was the Jews that made me go into politics. [BEAT] Just think what we would have made of Berlin. I wanted to create Germany anew, with you Speer erecting the buildings. The most beautiful country in the world. [BEAT] They thought I was easily frightened, they thought that of me. They read my offers a signs of weakness. But we'll get hold of them and settle some accounts. They'll find out who I am. I've always been too lenient. But no more. This time no-one will escape.

[DURING THE ABOVE FLÄCHSNER AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER MOVE TO SIT AT THE TABLE DOWNSTAGE CENTRE.]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Albert, Albert. Pay attention. The Eichmann case is a problem.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I'm sorry?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Eichmann. It does not help your petition. The world is remembering the crimes of the Reich once again.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] It's of no matter.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Look, if you don't want to be released … /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] … / Of course I want to be released.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Are you sure?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Perhaps you want me to start talking about the injustice of it all, like Dönitz and Reader did? Or to pretend I have lost my memory like Hess, or to manufacture an illness like Funk.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Of course not.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] Then what?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You must begin to think like someone who deserves to be released. That is what I want.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] Better for him to suffer this punishment than to escape it; it sustains man's inward being.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You want to discuss Plato? Fine we'll discuss Plato. But how about first we take a look at the world outside these four walls.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] How can I?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You read the papers. You can see what's been going on. You weren't the first, and you won't be the last.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] What do you expect me to say, there is nothing I can say for myself when a name like Eichmann is mentioned.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] We are not talking about Eichmann. We are talking about you.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I served a leading position in a regime whose true energies were devoted to extermination.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] About which you have nothing to say.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I took responsibility.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You pleaded innocent.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] How can I make this clear?

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You were convicted for your part in the slave labour programme. If there were any hint, even now. [BEAT] There will be more trials Albert, Eichmann won't be the last. You are an architect remember that.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] All the talk about rebuilding Germany, greatness, it meant nothing in the end you know.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] To whom, Hitler?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] To any of us.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Albert, you're not just talking to Schirach or Hess now, the whole world is listening.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] No, I am talking to my wife and children. Very well, tell them that I want to get out. But make them understand there is also a meaning in my being here.

[BEAT]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You are keeping well?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I am still walking if that is what you mean.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And the garden?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO FLÄCHSNER] I'm extending the north-south boulevard to northern end of the garden. I decided to keep the roads strictly horizontal which means I have to raise the extension a meter and a half above ground level. Hess and Schirach think I am mad. The work is hard but it keeps me healthy.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] It's like the walls of Nineveh.

**HESS:** [TO SCHIRACH] Or a party rally area for garden gnomes.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER STANDS AND REJOINS HESS AND SCHIRACH IN THE GARDEN. AND BEGINS TO WALK.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I dreamt of escaping. I swing myself athletically over the high prison wall and find myself in the midst of a wonderful landscape garden with great vistas of roses, flower beds and fountains. I had never expected to find such a garden on the other side of the wall. As morning dawns I want to return to the prison but I become lost in a series of corridors and suddenly I find myself on the outside completely unobserved. I try to find my way back into the prison but I keep getting lost. I begin to panic and I start running. Eventually I come to the wall but it is insurmountable.

[WALKING IN THE GARDEN]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Kennedy has ordered the total blockade of Cuba. He has 100,000 troops stationed in American ports.

[PAUSE]

Only another hour to Bering Strait. In twenty minutes we should be able to see the coast

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Another hour to Bering Strait. In twenty minutes we should be able to see the coast. [BEAT] I'll give you a clue; beans.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] What are you talking about?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] The beans. In my pockets, to help me keep count of the laps. Right now we are in the middle of my 78,514th lap, and there in the mist we can already see the Bering Strait.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You mean to say you've kept that up all this time?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Eight years, five months and ten days. 21,201 kilometres.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] My respects, my respects.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] My only regret is that if I had started earlier I would have had enough time to walk the equator.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Doesn't all this worry you? You know it really is a kind of mania.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Have you ever read the biography of Elizabeth of Austria.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] No.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] In it there is a tale that tells us that Ludwig II would often go to his stables in the evening and order his adjunct to reckon out the distance say from Munich to Lindeholf Palace, and the king would mount one of his favourite hoses and ride around the track all night. While he was riding the adjunct would have to keep calling out to him: 'Now your majesty is in Muranu, now in Oberammergau.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO HESS] If it is mania, then at least it is a royal one.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] If that is how you look at it, very well, but haven't you forgotten something?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] What is that?

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Ludwig II went crazy.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Ah, but not until a full year later!

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And you have been doing this for how long exactly?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] Eight years

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] How do you feel?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH AND HESS: LAUGHING] Let the crossing begin! [SPEER CONTINUES WALKING HESS REMAINS STILL.]

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Congratulations, Your Majesty.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I received a telegram yesterday from Albert, my son. He has won first prize in an architecture competition for planning a satellite town

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You will be getting Nadysev the sack.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] He gave me an invitation to a lecture he was giving and some photos of the model. Wolters says they will have to begin applying antimonopoly laws against him he is winning so much.

**SCHIRACH:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You're jealous.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO SCHIRACH] I told Hitler that once the war was over I wanted to return to my role as an architect. Since the Russians tore down the Chancellery, what's left of me now? I'll tell you what's left, Lampposts.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Lampposts?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I designed the lampposts along the east-west axis in Berlin.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Surely … /

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] … / Of course there was the Party Rally, – 150 searchlights – a palace of light.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] A cathedral of ice.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Ironic isn't it; that the most successful architectural creation of my life should have no tangible form. [BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] But now, with Apel and Pipenburg both dead.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You have other friends on the outside.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I'm too old, to set up a practice on my own. I am pleased for my son. He has so much to carry.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Too much importance is placed on names. Hitler, Hess, Speer. They are words, nothing more.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] You don't really believe that.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] No, of course not. But let me ask you this. Do you think you are imprisoned because of your name?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] And the Goebbels' children?

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] They loved their children

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] They killed their children. I spoke to Helga, I told her, I understood, but not the children. I had made arrangements.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You knew her loyalty to Hitler.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] It had nothing to do with loyalty. There was never any order to commit suicide, the order was to leave Berlin, to survive, not kill our children. What was the point of killing the children then, if not to preserve a name? It wasn't loyalty, it was an epidemic.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] You have some nerve to talk about loyalty.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I never sought Hitler out, we met by chance.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And yet how quickly you gave up everything you claim was important to you; a private life with your family, your principles of architecture.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] That wasn't disloyalty; it was liberation, intensification. I was coming into my proper self.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Hitler gave you your triumphs, your dynamism and imagination, your power and fame.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] Not my name.

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] He gave us all our names.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] I was already an architect before / I met

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / And you think you would have been happy as some quiet respected city architect in Augsberg or Gottingen, a house in the suburbs, two or three decent buildings done a year, vacations with the family with Hahnenklee or Norderney?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HESS] If I had been granted just one building, just one as perfect as the Pantheon or the dome of St Peter's. I told Hitler that once the war was over … /

**HESS:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / of course, once the war was over. We all had plans once the war was over.

**SURVIVOR #4:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 3] We were twenty nurses, two male nurses and eighteen girls. The hospital

was on two levels. We performed lots of operations there, complicated ones, and also a lot of abortions. Nobody was allowed to give birth to babies. The women who found themselves pregnant, even from arriving pregnant into the ghetto, or became pregnant from their husbands while they were still with their husbands, had to have their pregnancies terminated. So we had quite a lot of abortions. It so happens that one Latvian Jewish woman gave birth to a little boy who was called Ben Ghetto. The Germans found out - I mean the Kommandantur; when I say now the Germans it was the Kommandantur where the SS were sitting, they found out about it, and this baby and the mother were brought to our hospital. First of all there were SS men put in front of the room where the mother and the baby were, and at a certain time the baby had to be killed.

**SURVIVOR #5:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1] All I remember is just being on my own, walking out of that station and walking through Prague on my own. I remember that, and just realising that… it was all somehow different, very different. A lot of Russian soldiers, and a lot of strangers all of a sudden. And, of course the first thing I did was to go back to where I used to live. I don't know what I was expecting, but obviously there was no one there because I knew they were all dead. And then I went back to where we lived last, and I went there because we were friends with a concierge there, and she said we could hide all our belongings in the cellar, and we had carpets and china and, you know, valuable things, and furniture. And when I came back and I asked about those things she said the Germans came and took it all. But I saw some of the things in her flat. But I was too inexperienced in those things to do anything about it, so I just left and never went back there, but… I had a very low opinion of that. Of course if it was now I would say something; I would say this is mine, and this is mine, but I was too young I think to know how to cope with it. I know I spent a few nights at the hostel, roaming around Prague you know, and just feeling desperately lonely, because I suddenly realised there was nobody there.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I have just arrived in Heidelberg, I take a few steps into the garden and fix my mind on the familiar; the house with the low gables, the oaks and beeches on the slope and the river far below. A low rumbling noise starts from somewhere, and suddenly, while the sky turns abruptly black, deafening thunder passes over us. A stream of red hot lava pours down the valley from the vicinity of Hohler Kästenbaum. A second stream is rolling towards Heidelberg. Despite the distance I feel the heat on my face. Trees burn like torches, the ground begins to sway but I stand on my mountain outside the house and I feel safe. All around me I see houses collapsing and people fleeing. The spectacle holds my senses enthralled, but my emotions are cold. I feel the catastrophe reaching out towards my mountain. The leaves turn brown and wilt. Tree trunks explode and crack. The heat at my back becomes unbearable. Sweat pours from my body. I know it is my parent's home, the one to which I am on the point of returning, that is going up in flames.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER RETURNS TO HIS CELL AND PACKS HIS FEW BELONGINGS INTO A CASE. FLÄCHSNER AND MARGRET STAND TOGETHER WAITING. SLOW FADE VIA BLACKOUT. A CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT. AS BEFORE.]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I arrive at the prison with Margret in a Black Mercedes lent to Speer by Herr Mommsen. The street is lit by huge TV spotlights; it feels like the middle of the day. In my pocket there

is a gold watch Albert had asked me to buy as gift for Margret. At midnight the prison doors are opened and out walks Speer and Schirach surrounded by British soldiers. Margret runs up the steps.

**MARGRET:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] We stood facing each other; Flächsner by my side, a black Mercedes waiting to take us away.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER AND MARGRET SHAKE HANDS]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] He shakes her hand. I was furious.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] When we get the car, instinctively I go to sit in the front with the driver.

**MARGRET:** [TO AUDIENCE] There is that silence once again.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I said: Herr Speer, it isn't only that you were away from your family for twenty-one years, but you were hardly with them before that either. In those years, a lifetime really – your wife has brought up six children on her own, helping them to become people capable of counting for something in life. You need to keep remembering that.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] When we get to the hotel I address the assembled journalists. Ladies and Gentleman, I say, you will understand that I can only be brief tonight, this evening belongs to my wife.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Twenty-one years and he gives her one evening!

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I dream more frequently nowadays. Often I have dreams like this: I return to Spandau in order to visit Hess, the Guards and directors receive me kindly, like someone they have been missing. With alarm I see the neglected garden and untended paths. Everyday I walk my rounds, read in my cell, or make the signal flap drop. When I want to go home after a few days, it is politely conveyed to me that I must stay. I am told that my release was a mistake. I tell them that I served my twenty years to the day but the guards simply shrug and say 'Stay, we can't do anything about it'. A general comes for inspection but I do not mention that I am being held by mistake. I tell him that the treatment is satisfactory. The general smiles and continues his rounds.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You imagined things would be easier after Spandau?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I had admitted responsibility, confessed my guilt, served my sentence.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But nobody cares about collective responsibility anymore.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They thought it was a gesture, a token act to save me from the gallows.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Now they want the truth.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] About the Jews?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] About the Posen Conference.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] It is the 6th October 1943, I am to give a speech to the assembled ministers, officers and industrialists.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Hitler wanted to make sure that his supporters were all implicated in the catastrophe he had brought down on Germany. The Allies had already announced their intention to proceed against war-crimes. Himmler's orders were to draw in the net; to tell the truth.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I am to demonstrate to the heads of industry the need to concentrate our efforts totally towards the war. The transfer of millions of workers into armaments.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But the industrialists cried blue murder.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] They knew it would mean the end of their most profitable industries.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But that's not what was concerning them, was it?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I backed my case with solid facts and figures, the evidence was all there. There could be no argument.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] The manner in which some of the 'Gauleiters' have hitherto obstructed the shutdown of consumer goods will no longer be tolerated… I can assure you that I am prepared to apply the authority of the Reich government at any cost. I have discussed this with the Richsführer SS Himmler, and from now on districts that do not carry out within two weeks the measures I request will be dealt with firmly.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They were furious by the end.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You were threatening them with concentration camps!

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I asked Bormann to let me retake the platform and explain, but he told me there was no need. He had found a way at last to undermine my standing with Hitler.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But all of this was soon forgotten, after Himmler's speech that evening.

**HIMMLER:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 2] I want to speak now, in this most restricted circle, about a matter which you, my party comrades have accepted as a matter of course, but which for me has become the heaviest burden of my life – the matter of the Jews.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You see, I was in Posen the day of that speech, I addressed the industrialist that morning, but I can not for the life of me remember hearing Himmler's speech.

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] You will all accept happily the obvious fact that there are no more Jews in your province. All Germans, with very few exceptions, realise perfectly well that we couldn't have lasted through the bombs and the stresses of the fourth, perhaps in the future the fifth and even sixth year of the war, if this destructive pestilence were still present within our body politic. The brief sentence 'The Jews must be exterminated' is easy to pronounce, but the demands on those who

have put it into practice are the hardest and most difficult in the world.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I immediately looked it up in the official archives and it is true; he had given that speech. And yet I still could not remember hearing it.

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] You see, of course they are Jews; obviously, they are only Jews. But think for a moment how many people – including party comrades – have addressed one of those famous petitions to us in which was written that of course all Jews are pigs, but so-and-so is a decent Jew who should be exempted from whatever was being done. I daresay that according to the number of such petitions there must have been more decent Jews in Germany than there were Jews altogether. I'm only mentioning this because you will know, each one of you, that in your own province there are good respectable National Socialists each of whom knows one decent Jew.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] And then there was Goldhagen's article, he tried to prove I was there, not just on that day, but in the evening, I was there at Himmler's speech.

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I ask that you only listen but never speak of what I am saying to you here today. We, you see, were faced with the question 'What about the women and children?' And I decided, here too, to find an unequivocal solution. For I did not think that I was justified in exterminating – meaning kill or order to have killed – the men, but to leave their children to grow up and take revenge on our sons and grandchildren. The hard decision had to be taken to have this people disappear from the face of the earth.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But you see I could not have been there, I do not remember, how could I not remember if I had really been there?

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I think I can say that it has been carried out without damaging the minds and spirits of our men and our leaders. The danger was great and ever present. For the difference between two possibilities; to become cruel and heartless and no longer respect human life, or to become soft and succumb to weakness and nervous breakdowns, the way between Scylla and Charybdis is appallingly narrow.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] For two days I thought I had gone out of my mind. Goldhagen's article was devastating. I kept thinking; was I mad?

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I considered it my duty to speak to you, who are the highest dignitaries of the party, for once quite openly about this question. By the end of this year, the matter of the Jews will have been dealt with in the countries under our occupation. You will not doubt that the economic aspect presented many great difficulties, above all with the clearing of the ghettos: in Warsaw we fought street battles for four weeks in the ghetto, four weeks of clearing seven hundred bunkers, one after the other. Because that ghetto produced fur coats and textiles, we were prevented from taking it over when it would have been easy; we were told we were interfering with essential production. 'Halt' they called, 'This is war production'.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] But you see I really wasn't there, I spoke to a friend, Walter Rohland, a steel magnet. I told him I was having this

trouble and he said to me 'But you weren't there don't you remember? You left with me immediately after your speech, before lunch, and we drove to see Hitler at Rastenburg.'

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Of course this has nothing to do with party comrade Speer: it wasn't your doing. It is precisely this kind of so called war production enterprise which party comrade Speer and I will clean out together over the next weeks. We will do this just as unsentimentally as things must be done in this fifth year of the war: unsentimentally but from the bottom of our hearts, for Germany

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] 'It wasn't your doing', that 'your', Goldhagen had a field day with that. He claimed that it proved I was there, that Himmler was addressing me personally. It proves nothing; everyone knew how short sighted Himmler was. He may have thought I was there, but it proves nothing.

**HIMMLER:** [TO AUDIENCE] And with this I want to finish about the matter of the Jews, you are now informed, and you will keep the knowledge to yourselves. Later perhaps we can consider whether the German people should be told about this. But I think it better that we – we together –carry for our people the responsibility, the responsibility for an achievement, not just an idea, and take the secret with us to our graves.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] In the end it didn't matter. Goldhagen was discredited. [HANDING THE JOURNALIST A PIECE OF PAPER.] Read this:

**GOLDHAGEN:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1] Speer is not one of the pro-Jewish obstructionists of the Final Solution. He and I together will tear the last Jew alive on Polish ground out of the hands of the army generals, send them to their death and thereby close the chapter of Polish Jewry.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Goldhagen added that to the end of Himmler's speech, in quotation marks because he knew there was no proof against me.

**GOLDHAGEN:** [TO AUDIENCE] Of course the quotation marks were unfortunate. It is true that I made some comments, some clarifications within the text, the quotation marks were added by my editor, I just never got around to correcting them. It was a simple oversight.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It didn't matter though, I had my statement from Rohland and later, Harry Siegmund, the organiser of the conference. Siegmund wrote to me confirming that I had left shortly after lunch. They signed two formal affidavits, witnessed, under oath.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But still the questions remain: Why leave then? Why is there no record of you meeting that night with Hitler?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] If we wanted to see Hitler that night we had to leave then. It was a long drive.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Why not fly there, after the conference had finished?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I couldn't go by air; the airport at Rastenburg wasn't equipped for night landings.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But they had temporary lighting: Hans Baur, Hitler's personal pilot – and I quote: 'I won't say it was easy, because it wasn't. But I certainly flew into Rastenburg at night.'

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We drove, what does it matter why?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And that there is no record of your meeting with Hitler?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] That there is no record does not mean the meeting didn't take place, check Linge's appointments list, there were plenty of spaces for a brief informal meeting.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Except Linge's list isn't an appointment list is it? It is the record of the day, written up immediately after the Führer retired and Linge doesn't record your presence until the following evening.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Still, it proves nothing just like I can not prove that I wasn't at the conference, you can not prove a negative. 'I remember clearly that Speer left in his car shortly after lunch… As I was responsible for the organisation and protocol; I was in constant touch with the hotel's director to make sure everything would go off smoothly. I was therefore informed about all arrivals and departures.' The only things that matter are the statements volunteered by Rohland and Sigmund.

**SIEGMUND:** [TO JOURNALIST FROM WITNESS BOX 2] Volunteer? I didn't volunteer anything. [BEAT] Speer pursued me with, … I don't know how many phone calls. Finally I gave him what he wanted.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] 'I declare on oath that the preceding statement, made from the best of my recollection, is the truth.'

**JOURNALIST:** [TO SIGMUND] And Rohland

**SIEGMUND:** [TO JOURNALIST] He was a good friend to Speer.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Tell me about the Berlin Jews

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In 1941 I employed about 30,000 in the armaments plants in the city.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Employed?

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] They had been compulsorily enlisted because of their special skills in precision engineering.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what happened to the Berlin Jews.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Hitler wanted Berlin cleared, the Jews were to be evacuated and their flats made available as emergency accommodation, in the event of air-raid damage.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Or indeed the rebuilding measures.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I argue against resettlement for the skilled workers; it will result in a significant drop in production.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And what did you argue for the unskilled workers? [BEAT] The truth is you needed their flats for Germans made homeless by the demolitions required in your grand design for the rebuilding Berlin.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Goebbels and Eichmann feel the resettlement is taking too long. Eventually they hand over the process to the SS and the Gestapo.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Within two years 75,000 Jews had been relocated, Berlin had been officially cleared. And you never thought to ask where?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was an administrative matter; it was not the responsibility of my department.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But you knew.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] During my daily drive to the office I see crowds of people on the platform of the Nikolasse railway station.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I knew that they must be the Berlin Jews being evacuated. I am sure I must have felt a sense of unease as I drove past, a sense of foreboding. I must have felt something. After all, I did know that the Jews were a special problem.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] Were a special problem?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] For Hitler. You're right; I should say they had a special problem.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] But to sense, you cannot sense in a void; to sense is to acknowledge, if you sensed you knew.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I write two numbers on a piece of paper.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] You tell me that one plus one equals two, and instinctively I know that this is true,

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] But when I look at the paper all I see is two numbers. Nothing is proved. It takes an act of will to complete the sum, until that point there is only a pair of ones.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And the Departmental Chronicle, was that not an act of will?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The Chronicle was Wolters' responsibility.

**WOLTERS:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1] In 1941, in view of the increasing responsibilities of the Ministry, I suggested that an official Chronicle should be kept recording all the major events in the department.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Of course I give my approval and instruct my departmental heads to supply Wolters with all the necessary information.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Naturally the papers bear my signature, I was supposed to approve each entry, but in the end, I trusted Wolters.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] By the end of the war there were still a few copies of the entries for 1942 and 1943 but there was only one complete version.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] When I was released from Spandau Wolters gave me a complete transcript of the Chronicle along with copies of my letters and memoirs.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] I had added an index and made a few stylistic changes, nothing important.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] After all, he was the author; he had every right to make whatever changes that he saw fit. I had a photocopy made and passed it onto the Federal Archive in Koblenz.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] By this time a copy of the original entries for 1943 had found its way into the Imperial War Museum in London, and when it was compared to the official edition in Koblenz. [BEAT] Questions were asked.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] That was when you wrote to Wolters suggesting he cleared the matter up by replacing the edited text in Koblenz with an unedited version.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] It was 1964 when I edited the text, another round of trials had just begun, the evacuation of the Berlin Jews had not been cited at Nuremberg and I was afraid that Albert might be arraigned again. So I removed any mention of the Berlin Jews from the Chronicle. I told Albert to inform the Federal Archive that I refused to part with the original.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER: QUOTING FROM A LETTER] My Dear Wolters, I suggest then that the pages in question no longer exist. It will be seen as entirely legitimate that you have omitted a few pages from a series of documents, I hope that, in spite of the swaths of mist surrounding this house, I have expressed myself clearly enough.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It was perhaps a mistake to trust that Wolters would destroy the document; I should have insisted he give the original to the Federal Archive.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] But the questions kept coming, and Speer insisted on continuing with his penitential attitude. Even in 1979 with Matthias Schmidt, he could not help himself. And when Speer himself suggested he contacted me! I was sick, old and tired, sick and tired, of his arrogance, his superiority. So I showed Schmidt the original Chronicle.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I didn't know at the time what Schmidt was trying to prove, his PhD, the whole thesis was designed to demonstrate that I knew about the Jews all along.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] And when Schmidt returns to Speer and tells him what he had seen, Speer denied it all. He has never heard of the original Chronicle, there was no correspondence between us, no plan to deceive the Federal Archive. Schmidt tells him that he intends to use the deleted passages and asks if Speer would take legal steps to block the publication. Speer even has the gall to say he will not.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is obvious now that Schmidt is just a tool of Wolter's revenge; he had never forgiven me for my stand at Nuremberg. No matter, the entries carry my signature.

**WOLTERS:** [TO AUDIENCE] Now he is contesting the copyright: trying to deny me all rights of access to what he is now calling his private and official papers. Well Schmidt has lawyers to.

[LONG PAUSE. A SMALL CARRIAGE-CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.]

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is getting late.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER AND MARGRET: STANDING] Thank you both. I should have more than enough to be getting on with, perhaps we could continue this one day when we all have more time.

[PAUSE]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] There is something else I think you should read.

[OLD SPEER EXITS]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] Surely he must realise that whatever happens the world will hear what Schmidt has to say. The publicity surrounding such a trial alone will see to that.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] My husband is a very stubborn man. He isn't stupid.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] I meant what I said earlier. I would very much like to interview you as well. We could talk privately if you prefer.

[BEAT. OLD SPEER RETURNS WITH A SEALED ENVELOPE WHICH HE HANDS OVER TO THE JOURNALIST.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Here it is.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] What is this?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Take it, Read it. It will answer any remaining questions. Do with it what you will and let us speak of it no more.

[THE JOURNALIST OPENS IS MOUTH AS IF TO CONTINUE THE CONVERSATION BUT BEFORE HE CAN SAY ANYTHING...]

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] I'll see you to the door.

[THE JOURNALIST AND OLD SPEER SHAKE HANDS. EXIT MARGRET AND THE JOURNALIST AND OLD SPEER.]

**FEMALE FAN:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1] 'Dear Albert, although I was born in Germany, I am married, live and have brought up two children in England. Being German I have experienced some difficulties and feel, at times quite alone in such a reserved environment. My unhappiness has vanished however since reading your wonderful diary. It is the most moving book I have ever read. It made me so happy I cried and I wanted you to know that.'

[OLD SPEER RETURNS DURING THE ABOVE PUTTING ON A TIE, GETTING READY TO GO OUT.]

**OLD SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE: FACING THE AUDIENCE AND DOING UP THE TIE.] Naturally I invited her to Heidelberg, should she ever find herself in Germany. It is not a casual invitation to be politely dismissed, such as the English make so I was not surprised when finally she came. She was, I admit, much younger than I. I felt like a school-boy again.

[ENTER MARGRET]

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] When do you leave for London?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] Tonight.

[BEAT]

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] Will she be there?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] She has a name.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] You haven't answered my question

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] Yes, she will be there.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] Albert … /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] … / I had hoped you would be pleased for me.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] Pleased? We've been married for more than 30 years. Don't you think it is a little bit ridiculous; having an affair at your age?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] At my age?

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] You're 75 years old.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] I'm happy.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] What has happiness got to do with anything? Do you think I was happy when you were in Spandau, an hour here, an hour there, for twenty years Albert, and before that, an hour here an hour there. You spent more time with Hitler and his cronies than you did with your own family. And when finally you were released, what then, we welcomed you back, we welcomed you a stranger, into our house.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] You don't understand … /

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] … / Understand? How could I understand, to the world you offered explanations, excuses, what did I get? A gold bloody watch, that's what I got. And anyway, what is there to understand, I was there; at the Berghof, at the dinners. You think I should understand better if I read one of your books? I understand all right, I understand that you've turned your back on everyone who has ever helped you.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] Exactly, you were there, she wasn't.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] And you think that makes her love you?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] She believes in me.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] And how long do you think that will last, when Schmidt publishes … /

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] … / he can't …/

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] … / but he will, eventually he will, and if not him then someone else. Do you really think the courts will protect you again? You would have hung at Nuremburg for less. If you take it to the courts the whole world will buy his book.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] This isn't Nuremburg.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] Sooner or later she will start to ask questions. [BEAT] I love you.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] I have her letter, she believes in me.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] GOES TO SIDEBOARD AND PULLS OUT A SHEET OF PAPER AND READS] 'To this day I still consider my main guilt to be my tacit acceptance of the persecution and the murder of millions of Jews.' It is part of the record; all it takes is an act of will.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] They were trying to deny it all, they had written books, they called the holocaust a hoax. I had to say something.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] A sworn affidavit, part of the record. You're even giving copies to the press now. Do with it what you wish - that's what you said.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] I thought he was different.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] He was a journalist. You never should have agreed to testify in the first place. I told you this would happen.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] It was a trial. For that purpose, for those people, I couldn't hedge.

**MARGRET:** [TO OLD SPEER] And you have served your sentence. You have paid your debt.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO MARGRET] I'm late.

[HE KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK BEFORE PICKING UP OVERNIGHT BAG AND LEAVING.]

**MARGRET:** [AFTER OLD SPEER] You will lose her Albert. You cannot help yourself.

[ENTER JOURNALIST]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] I meant what I said.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] About what?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] About talking with you, in private.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] And what is there to say that you don't already know?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] The truth?

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] The truth? You know what happened.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] Of course I know *what* happened…

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] And now you want to know what it means?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] I want to know if he really changed, after Nuremburg, after Spandau; was he different?

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] He tried.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] The story is meaningless unless /

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] The story?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MARGRET] What should I write?

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] You should write that he died in the arms of his mistress. [EXIT MARGRET]

[PAUSE]

**CASALIS:** [ADDRESSING THE JOURNALIST FROM WITNESS BOX 2] I was the Chaplain at Spandau for three years.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And before Spandau?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Before Spandau, I fought in The Resistance in France.

**MARGRET:** [TO JOURNALIST] What do you mean, the Story?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS: IGNORING MARGRET] And it was here that you met Speer for the first time?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] I spoke with all the prisoners during my time at Spandau, with the exception of Hess. Hess refused to see me. Speer was the only prisoner who, after every service asked to see me.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And what did the prisoners speak of?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Their families mostly, Neurath and Dönitz spoke of their innocence, Schirach and Funk questioned their own morality.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And Speer?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Speer was the most distraught man I have ever met, behind that wall of self composure, it was odd, he was charming, he could basically get on with everybody, but not his co-prisoners; not while I was there at least. They feared him, despised him even. After my first service he asked me if I would help him become a different man.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] What did he mean?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Speer was a man of great ability, but few real qualities. He wanted me to help him to learn, to think and study.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And what did you teach him?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] I taught him, what I tried to teach every prisoner … /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] … / which is?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] That the power of morality is stronger than the morality of power.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And you felt that you were successful?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] In the context of prison life it is by no means easy.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] Were you surprised when you discovered that Speer didn't mention his work with you in his diaries? After all, you did work together for three years.

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] I am not sure, perhaps this work was too important, or perhaps, it was because I failed him.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] Failed him?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Because of him I should have stayed another three or four years.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] You believed him?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Prisoners are always an ambivalent entity; one lives with them in a perpetual state of half truths or half reality. It is their defence and they can not give it up, even to someone they come to trust. Everything they show is always only partly really open, partially really true. I believe he felt a profound sense of guilt; about the Jews, but to admit that? I do not see how he could admit to that and remain alive. No, I did not always believe him, but I believed in him.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And the lies did not bother you?

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] I saw it as part of my task to help him confront the truth and deal with it, but above all, having done so, to remain alive. He was a sinner, very much one of the sinners but he wanted to repent. You see an admission of guilt, if it is real and true … /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] Indeed, as you say; if it is real and true.

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Before Spandau I was sent to Auschwitz to help identify the bodies of the dead. I have spoken with the survivors. I have read their books, heard their stories. I think it was Levi who said 'The aims of life are the best defence against death: and not only in the Lager.'

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] And Améry who said: 'Anyone who has suffered torture never again will be able to be at ease in the world.'

**CASALIS:** [TO JOURNALIST] Améry killed himself.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO CASALIS] So did Levi.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] They give me a pen and some paper and I start to write. It feels like trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle without the picture. What is that? A bit of Sky? A straight edge here, a corner there. Piece by piece I order the words until eventually … /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] … / You complete the puzzle, what do you see? / …

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] … / the picture is wrong, the words all fit but the picture is wrong.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] And so you start again, from the beginning.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] A bit of sea here a block of colour there. I start again, the same words, different order. This time a different picture. I start again. Each time the same words, new order, new picture. And then it hits me, I don't know why I don't see it before. All these words, all these pieces, and there never was any pattern to follow, any scene to re-create. Words don't reveal pictures they create them. This is what I understand, the world isn't made visible through language, it is created by language. All this time, all these pages of history and the facts remain the facts but what do they mean? Not too few answers, too many. And the more I try and explain, what is that? A bit of sea, a bit of sky, a straight edge here, a corner there?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Except the picture wasn't wrong was it Albert? After the trial, at Nuremberg, at Spandau that first picture, what was it? What did you see?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I dream, about a girl, a young Jewish girl, I think. In my dream I decide to write a story about her. She has arrived at the camp disorientated, the sealed train, the selection, the stripping, the entry into the chamber from which no one comes out alive. The special squad, performing their horrendous everyday work sorts out the tangled corpses, washing them with hoses, transporting them to the crematorium. On the floor they find the young girl. She is alive. This has never happened before, it is a miracle.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 2] This is a true story.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Perhaps the bodies around her formed a barrier, a seal. There remained a pocket of air that was breathable. Whatever the reason, the men are confused, death is their trade, it is their habit, but this girl is alive. And men are transformed, they no longer have before them an anonymous mass, a flood of the frightened and stunned. They have a person and a spark of humanity awakes in these slaves, who have for so long been debased by the daily slaughter. The men hide her, warm her, and give her their broth. She is resurrected.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] She is their very own little onion.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] This is the story that I write in my dream.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But the story doesn't end there.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO HIMSELF] I wake up.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] Back in the camp Mushfeld, the camp commandant arrives.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] I wipe the sleep from my eyes.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] 'She will remember. She will bear witness' he says.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO AUDIENCE] And my eyes adjust to the light of cell.

**SURVIVOR #2:** [TO AUDIENCE] In keeping with the manner of the time he does not kill her with his own hands.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The story is a fraud.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] It is a true Story.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] The girl is killed

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [TO MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] But what about the men, something happens to them.

**SURVIVOR #1:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 1] The Guards whisper in our ears at night: There will be suspicions, research by historians, but there will be no certainties. We will destroy the evidence together with you. And even if some proof should remain, people will say that the events you describe are too monstrous to be believed. We will be the ones to dictate the history of the Lagers.

[DURING THE ABOVE ENTER OLD SPEER]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I spoke with Margret.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Really?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] She is, [BEAT] she's very angry.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Can you blame her?

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] She thinks you've betrayed her, / just …

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] … / just like all the rest. She's wrong.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You haven't changed at all, have you?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I never lied to Margret.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] I beg your pardon!

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] I said / …

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] … / I heard what you said.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] A different approach you said, we could try a different approach. I should have known; you had read everything you could find after all.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] An open mind, that's all I ever promised.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Proof, that's all you wanted, just like all the rest**.**

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] The facts are the facts, they speak for themselves.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] No, they don't. They need you for that.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] You're wrong.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Am I? Then tell me, why all this, what are you doing here?

[LONG PAUSE]

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] This is no ending.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Perhaps, but still you have an article to write, and besides I already have my ending, not the ending I would have chosen myself you understand /…

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / What use is that to me?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] We are not so very different you and I. We make sense of this chaos by ordering the world into a text, the facts are the facts, you are right but in the end we both know that some stories, some words are simply more powerful than others. [BEAT] Do not make the mistake of confusing order with the truth. Perhaps if we had more words … /

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] / … Then what, I would understand? Then answer me this: If you knew then what you know now, about Hitler, about the system he created; would you have behaved any differently?

[LONG PAUSE]

I didn't think so.

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] The question is not what I would do though is it? [BEAT] Flächsner understood; it's why he chose to defend me, in the end. [BEAT] He hated my buildings you know. He scolded me once; he told me that man was the measure of all things.

**JOURNALIST:** [TO OLD SPEER] And you disagree?

**OLD SPEER:** [TO JOURNALIST] Language is the measure of all things. I am a ghost, a figment of your imagination. It is my punishment; to be described and re-described endlessly. Perhaps there is no end, not for me at least, just more words. [BEAT] You haven't answered my question.

[PAUSE]

Of course you don't know; you think you do, you hope you do but for all your insight into me you still see nothing of yourself. How could you? We must put our faith in the vision of others, always the vision of others. That is the way of the world, is it not?

[LONG PAUSE]

You must send me a copy of your article; let me know what you decide.

[EXIT OLD SPEER]

[A RADIO/TV NEWS BROADCAST (AS BEFORE) FADES IN THEN OUT TO BE REPLACED WITH THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING. AND THEN THE SOUND OF AN ANSWER PHONE CLICKING IN. DURING THE BELOW A SLOW FADE LEAVING ONLY A SPOTLIGHT ON WITNESS BOX 2 AND YOUNG SPEER'S OFFICE AREA. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER REMAINS AT HIS DESK WITH HIS JIGSAW, YOUNG SPEER AT HIS DRAWING BOARD]

**JOURNALIST:** Please leave a message after the tone.

[TONE ON ANSWER PHONE]

**OLD SPEER:** [OFF] Albert here, just for the day, talking to the BBC. I wanted to surprise you, shame, come to Germany and see us soon; we have a lot to talk about.

[PHONE IS PUT DOWN, LINE GOES DEAD, FADE UP SOUND OF AMBULANCE SIREN – THE NOISE OF A HOSPITAL, DOCTORS BEING PAGED ETC.]

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] What happened?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] A stroke.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] Who brought him in him?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] They called an Ambulance at the Hotel. The trauma was massive.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] And the blonde?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] His assistant, she says.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] She seems [BEAT] very upset.

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] She's just phoned the wife.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] What about his things?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] His daughter-in-law is flying in, in the morning.

[THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING. THE PHONE KEEPS RINGING UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING]

**SURVIVOR #2:** [ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE FROM WITNESS BOX 2] More often and more insistently, as that time recedes we are asked by the young who our torturers were. What twisted individuals, what ill-born sadists, what murderous devils chose that uniform? From what cloth were they cut? [YOUNG SPEER GETS UP AND TAKES A DRAWING OVER TO SHOW HITLER] But they were made of our same cloth. They were average human beings, averagely intelligent, averagely wicked and, save for a few notable exceptions, they were not monsters; they had the same faces that we had. They were

followers and functionaries, the fanatical and the indifferent, the fearful, the ambitious and the obedient, the educated and the illiterate, the curious and the ignorant, the weak and the strong. The Hitlers and the Himmlers we can rid ourselves of. Our torturers were bureaucrats and technicians and this is their age.

**END**

## Part 3: Afterword

## Why Theory?

> I'm rarely one to theorise and when I try, I tend to get myself in the most awful tangle and have doubtless confused many more would be authors or aspiring directors than I've managed to help. I see both activities as purely practical ones that can never in the strict sense be 'taught'. They both rely ultimately on a spontaneity and instinct that defies theory. (Ayckbourne, 2002, p.ix)

As the pun in Alan Ayckbourne's title *The Crafty Art of Playmaking* suggests creative writing is still thought of and taught largely as a craft. To be more precise, creative writing is often not taught at all and certainly not through theoretical discourse. Rather, budding authors are guided, not by critics and textbooks, but by writer/mentors in 'handbooks', 'manuals' and 'workshops'.

This attitude is beginning to change, however, and authors and teachers like Julia Bell and Paul Magrs have worked hard to dismiss assertions like Ayckbourne's that creative writing cannot be taught:

> There remains in circulation a myth that writing can't be taught. That despite the proliferation of writing courses, creative writing is something esoteric, unpindownable, something inspired by muses and shaped by genius. You've either got it or you haven't so there's little point in trying to teach it. The success of the writing courses at UAE and elsewhere belies this myth. (Bell and Magrs, 2001, p.xi)

And while Bell and Magrs acknowledge in *The Creative Writing Coursebook* that there is still something of an uncomfortable relationship between writing and academia:

> …the literary food chain from writer to critic does not always create a happy environment within which to work. (Bell and Magrs, 2001, p.xii)

they do see some light at the end of this tunnel:

> Many of the critical questions more often associated with literature seminars are now being asked in writing seminars, as students investigate the process of writing a text… Asking students to investigate these issues through the production of their own writing increases their understanding and confidence in their critical abilities… Perhaps the real question is not whether writing has a positive effect on criticism, but whether such a close proximity to one's own dissection has anything useful to offer a writer. This book, we believe is proof that it does. Here are writers who can anatomize and explain their own practice, who can offer rigorous advice and examples. This is more than simple common sense; it is a product of the relationship between a critical and creative discourse. (Bell and Magrs, 2001, p.xii)

I have chosen to highlight the positions proposed by Ayckbourne, Bell and Magrs because they are indicative of the two most common attitudes towards creative writing as a practice based craft. I believe, however, that when working from within the specific framework of postmodern narratology the relationship between theory and practice is entwined even more closely than in Bell and Magrs' model of the self-reflexive practitioner. Theory, therefore, is not just 'useful', it is essential and unavoidable.

Postmodernism proposes a world view that is inherently textual and by extension intertextual and in this world the author/critic and theory/fiction dichotomies have little relevance. After all 'There are no more critics, only writers.' (Barthes 1973; cited in Currie, 1998, p.49)

> …the export of critical expertise into the novel is not only a way of disseminating theory more widely. It is a way of giving the novel a critical function, the ability to explore the logic and the philosophy of narrative without recourse to metalanguage: it renders fiction theoretical. (Currie, 1998, p.52)

In postmodernism narrative form and subject are indivisible to the extent that the subject of every postmodern text (in part at least) is its form. A text that aspires to engage with the postmodern world is one that aspires to be simultaneously creative and critical, it is a text which is highly aware not only of its position relative to the external world but also of its need to negotiate its position within the textual world. In

postmodern texts therefore, theorem is not the preserve of the critic, but an essential tool in the armoury of the creative practitioner.

On a more fundamental level, however, it has always been the role of the writer to engage with his/her perception of an external reality and the process of writing a means of engaging with that reality:

> We write things in order to make sense of the world… in writing, we are attempting – in a fairly modest way or perhaps in a sweeping, grandiose way – to impose a pattern on life… To get a character in your piece of writing from A to Z you can think up the most outrageously improbable means… The Challenge, then, is to take that grid, that map of events, and to make it convincing and real. (Bell and Magrs, 2001, p.227-230)

In the above quotation there is the assumption that writing involves making a connection with an 'external reality', both as a source of subject material and as the benchmark against which the sense or meaning of the fiction is judged. This assumption I believe is correct. I also believe that the function of a postmodern text is to question any pre-existing assumptions regarding the nature of 'reality' while defining its own terms for any new interpretation of that 'reality'.

> It has become more or less accepted in the world of literary and cultural studies that the postmodern novel is a philosophical novel, much better qualified than traditional discursive philosophy to address

> the question of the knowability of the past because it is stuck in the orbit of fiction and narrative. (Currie, 1998, p.65)

An understanding of theory becomes essential to the author once the author acknowledges that both the position from which the author is looking, and the benchmarks from which judgements are made, are not ideologically or theoretically neutral but rather they are constructed. A postmodern text is philosophical precisely because it acknowledges and takes part in the process of negotiating how the terms of the real are constructed. It is no longer viable to talk of form arising naturally and exclusively out of subject. Through postmodernism the subject is not only found but also shaped by, and explored through, an understanding of form.

Which is not to say that postmodernism provides a fixed template or set of rules for authors working within this form; "those rules and categories are what the work itself is looking for" (Lyotard 1984; cited in Hutcheon, 1998, p.15). In other words the rules are written anew with every text. Furthermore these 'rules' make no transcendental claims beyond the text to which they are attached and indeed may be unique and specific to that text.

This afterword is an exploration of how the specific play text of *Sculpting in Ice* has defined its own rules through a theoretical understanding of form. It is a thesis that also proposes that creative writing within a postmodern context cannot be viewed purely, or even predominantly, as a practical exercise. Writing within a postmodern context requires that theory be embedded into the creative process, not only at the secondary level of self-reflexive critical practice, but also at the more fundamental

level of how the written text defines and legitimises its terms of reference and narrative form.

## End Note

The concern of this thesis is therefore to demonstrate in action the process by which *Sculpting in Ice* develops what Patricia Waugh terms "a theory of fiction through the writing of fiction." (Waugh, 1984; cited in Currie, 1998, p.54). The primary focus of this thesis is to explore the relationship between writing and theory and to render explicit the particular 'theory of fiction' created during the writing of *Sculpting in Ice.*

It is not, however, the remit of this project to explore the development of *Sculpting in Ice* from a practical, craft based perspective. Discussion of the drafting process therefore is of only marginal significance and limited, in this particular thesis, to areas relating to theoretical developments.

This is of course not to say that drafting and practical craft based considerations did not play a significant part in the development of the script for *Sculpting in Ice,* only that considerations such as these exist beyond the scope of this thesis.

Included in Appendix 1 are three drafts which highlight many of the formal narratological developments resulting from the plays symbiotic relationship with the 'theory of fiction' outlined in this thesis.

## Eco, Currie and Hutcheon: Postmodern Narratives

What then are some of the generic characteristics of a postmodern narrative and how did they come to form the basis of a new reading Albert Speer's life? According to Eco's postscript to *The Name of the Rose* it is a form of narrative that avoids 'false innocence', a narrative that is aware of its own construction (as well as the constructed nature of other textual experiences). Mark Currie in *Postmodern Narrative Theory* describes this lack of innocence as "narratological or historiographical self-consciousness" (Currie, 1998, p.53), and whilst he acknowledges that "Nobody could argue that these are new games in literature." (Currie, 1998, p.53) he also goes on to point out that:

> …nothing described as postmodern can also be described as new. Newness was the leading value of literary modernism, whereas postmodern literature obsessively revisits itself and rereads its own past. (Currie, 1998, p.53)

Whilst it can be argued that narratological self-consciousness is not unique to postmodernism, its roots "in an intense sense of dissatisfaction or loss of faith in the forms of representation … associated with Modernism and modernity" (Waugh, 1992, p.3) are. This has resulted in what Patricia Waugh terms, "A theory of fiction through the writing of fiction." (Waugh, 1984; cited in Currie, 1998, p.54)

In *Postmodern Narrative Theory* Currie implies that there is a broad consensus amongst commentators to the effect that self-consciousness is "the definitive

characteristic of the postmodern novel" (Currie, 1998, p.53) resulting in a theoretical fiction anxious to explore the limits of its own form.

Linda Hutcheon in *A Poetics of Postmodernism* develops this definition by returning to the issue of 'newness' and postmodernity's relationship with history and the past. Hutcheon describes postmodernism's "very newness" as lying in its "historical parody" but qualifies this by explaining that "this is not a nostalgic return; it is a critical revisiting, an ironic dialogue with the past of both art and society." (Hutcheon, 1998, p.4) If this sounds familiar then it is only because it returns us to Eco's postscript to *The Name of the Rose*:

> The Postmodern reply to the modern consists of recognising that the past, since it cannot really be destroyed, because its destruction leads to silence, must be revisited: but with irony, not innocently. (Eco, 1992, p.227)

This is what Hutcheon calls '*historiographic metafiction'* and what Currie describes as "a new kind of experimental writing which is uniquely capable of fulfilling the poetics of postmodernism precisely because it is epistemological: it raises issues about knowledge of the past and the bearing that narrative has on that knowledge." (Currie, 1998, p.53)

> The common denominator among historiographic metafictions is that they explore the paradox of history as at the same time real and discursive. Some have seen this paradox as the outcome of the structuralist model of history. When structuralist narratology turned its

> attention to historical narratives, as for example in Hayden White's *Metahistory*, it reproduced the logic of an ongoing critique of fictional realism, which can be summarised as a challenge to the objectivity of realist narratives. One of the key narratological functions of historiographic metafiction is to foreground the subjectivity of historical novels. (Currie, 1998, p.66)

For Currie therefore, the principle function of historiographic metafiction is to expose and then disentangle the associations between objectivity, reality, truth and realist narrative. An association that requires disentanglement because:

> …one of the functions of narrativity, where historical events tell their own story, is to disguise the moral argument of a historical chronicle. To narrativise history is, for White, a process of imposing structural principles on the chaos of historical experience. (Currie, 1998, p.67)

Singled out for particular attention by Currie are Hayden White's observations concerning narrative closure:

> The demand for closure in the historical story is a demand, I suggest, for moral meaning, a demand that sequences of real events be assessed as to their significance in a moral drama. (White, 1981; cited in Currie, 1998, p.67)

It is White's assertion that the narrativisation of history frames and closes the historical chronicle artificially so that history is read in same way as a realist narrative

and therefore that historical truth can be said to be constructed according to the same rules and with the same caveats as fictional narratives.

Currie argues that historiographic metafiction carries on the 'modernist experiment of open-endedness' in order to:

> … draw attention to the normally subtle moralising in which an ending partakes, to highlight the ideological package that linear narrative and closure deliver to us, and therefore to explore the ideological function of narrativity in the presentation of the past. (Currie, 1998, p.68)

It is therefore not the reality of the past that is attacked within a postmodern narrative but the packaging of the past within the disguise of a supposedly ideological unbiased (for which read 'truthful') realist narrative.

Which is not to say that postmodern texts destroy linearity in narrative, they cannot. Linearity persists, even in the postmodern world at the level of the story/factual chronicle. Linearity also persists at the level of the story's reception; the play begins (as an event) at time *a,* and ends some time later at time *b*. Linearity is after all, a condition of how we as human beings perceive and experience time, and as such it persists as the cornerstone of the 'objective' and 'self-evidently truthful' realist narrative. For postmodernism linearity and its associated realist forms fulfil another function, that of the benchmark from which non-realist narrative forms are compared. Just as postmodernism cannot avoid the contradiction of theorising about limits of theory or declaiming as a truism that the truth isn't what it seems, postmodern texts enjoy what can be described as an uncomfortably symbiotic (some might say

parasitic) relationship between themselves and their objects of criticism. As Linda Hutcheon points out, critics like Christopher Norris have argued that declaring the end of meta-narratives is a meta-narrative itself, and view this as an inherent weakness within the argument. Hutcheon argues, however, that it is this very contradiction that gives the postmodern text its power:

> Most postmodern theory, however, realizes this paradox or contradiction. Rorty, Baudrillard, Foucault, Lyotard, and others seem to imply that any knowledge cannot escape complicity with some meta-narrative, with the fictions that render possible any claim to "truth," however provisional. What they add, however, is that no narrative can be a natural "master" narrative: there are no natural hierarchies; there are only those we construct. It is this kind of self-implicating questioning that should allow postmodernist theorizing to challenge narratives that do presume to "master" status, without necessarily assuming that status for itself… The contradictions of both postmodern theory and practice are positioned within the system and yet work to allow its premises to be seen as fictions or as ideological structures. This does not necessarily destroy their "truth" value, but it does define the conditions of that "truth." Such a process reveals rather than conceals the tracks of the signifying systems that constitute our world - that is, systems constructed by us in answer to our needs. However important these systems are, they are not natural, given, or universal. The very limitations imposed by the postmodern view are also perhaps ways of opening new doors: perhaps now we can better

> study the interrelations of social, aesthetic, philosophical, and ideological constructs. (Hutcheon, 1998, p.13)

These doors Hutcheon refers to are doors that open into a postmodern world in which meaningful texts can still be produced albeit only from within the limitations of their own narratological self-awareness.

The question for me in writing *Sculpting in Ice* was not how to completely destroy the linear chronology and realist story model adopted by Speer's biographers but to set up a series of non-realist counterpoints within the narrative thereby presenting alternative sceptical viewpoints. Once the constituent events had been established and the historical chronology identified, the drafting process was one in which I sought to introduce dissonance into the narrative form.

The postmodern narrative form is not simply a set of generic non-realist elements within the text but the interaction or dialogue between the realist and non-realist elements. The individuality of the postmodern micro-narrative as presented within each particular creative text derives from the matching of appropriate non-realist elements with the specific issues and contexts arising out of the individual subject. In *Sculpting in Ice* the subject at issue is the textual presentation of the life of Albert Speer.

## White: History, Truth, Objectivity and the Postmodernism Critique

The association between the forms of narrative and the construction of historical truth is problematic for many historians.

In *The Postmodern History Reader* Keith Jenkins describes the current dominant historical model, history in the lowercase, as seeing itself as being both objective and ideologically neutral. Jenkins cites Peter Novick's *That Nobel Dream: The "Objectivity Question" and the American Historical Profession* to illustrate the enduring methodology of what historians working in the lower case call 'proper history'.

> The Assumptions on which it [objectivism] rests include a commitment to the reality of the past, and to truth as correspondence to that reality… Whatever patterns exist in history are "found", not "made"… The objective historian's role is that of a neutral, or disinterested, judge; it must never degenerate into that of advocate or, even worse, propagandist. (Novick, 1988; cited in Jenkins, 1997, p.11)

For historians like Novick history takes a realist form because objectivism assumes that there is no difference between the past as reality and the recreation of the past just as long as that recreation 'corresponds' to that reality. The past/'realist' recreation of the past is meaningful therefore because we understand that there is a causal relationship revealed through the natural ordering of events.

> The axiom that everything has a cause is a condition of our capacity to understand what is going on around us. (Carr, 1990, p.94)

Novick's definition of the historian's role, however, rests to some extent on what we understand 'correspond to reality' to mean, a turn of phrase that even when taken at its most literal is problematic.

Imagine, if you will, that a married friend comes to you and confesses that he is having an affair, some weeks later he returns and informs you that he thinks his marriage is over. Naturally you recognise that the marriage has failed because the man has had an affair. But suppose that your friend came to you first and told you that he thinks his marriage is over, and then some weeks later he tells you that he has met somebody new and is having an affair. Would you not just as easily conclude that the man is having the affair because his marriage is over?

Novick might argue that the real problem here is not the notion of causality, but the imprecision of the chronology. What is required is to ascertain beyond doubt which came first; the chicken or the egg. Here a second problem arises; the significance of the event. A chronology is relatively easy to establish when the cause and event are established through physical action, in our example the articulation of doubt concerning the marriage and the affair. But how can we be so certain that such decisions are accompanied by actions or events of appropriate magnitude: is it not possible that our married friend decided his marriage was over some months before he chose to articulate the fact to you? And is it not possible that this decision was

accompanied by no more than a slight frown of recognition[1] as he continued with the washing-up?

In 'reality' the situation is likely to be much more complicated. There is likely to be more than one cause, the parties involved will probably disagree as to the relative significance of these various causes and the events that embody them. Yet it is impossible to escape the fact that the conclusions we draw (moral or otherwise) from a series of events is not only governed by the events themselves but the order in which we read them.

> …the search for causalities in history is impossible without reference to values… behind the search for causalities there always lies, directly or indirectly, the search for values. (Carr, 1990, p.107)

Carr presents us here with an argument that returns us to what Jenkins calls history in the uppercase, the cultural and ideological reading of history underpinned with modernism's belief in progress.

Despite the ideological differences presented by Carr and Novick both historians in the uppercase and the lowercase share a common faith in the 'realist' representation of the past, for Novick because it is natural, for Carr because it is useful, for both because it is meaningful:

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[1] Notice how hard it is to describe the situation without linking the recognition to external physical moment of signification!

> Just as from the infinite ocean of facts the historian selects those which are significant for his purposes, so from the multiplicity of sequences of cause and effect he extracts those, and only those, which are historically significant; and the standard of historical significance is his ability to fit them into his pattern of rational explanation and interpretation. Other sequences of cause and effect have to be rejected as accidental, not because the relation between cause and effect is different, but because the sequence itself is irrelevant. The historian can do nothing with it; it is not amenable to rational interpretation and has no meaning either for the past or for the future. (Carr, 1990, p.105)

While this argument seems at face value perfectly reasonable it is in itself incomplete, for to accept it we have to assume that the 'pattern of rational explanation' is self evident and independent of the historian's purpose or position intellectually, culturally, ideologically and morally.

As with Novick, for Carr the historian is somewhat like a judge sitting impartially over the empirical evidence, selecting the significant and passing sentence for the good of society. The postmodern historian, however, would point out that the law, the basis for our judgement as to what gives meaning, what is rational and what is moral, is not natural but constructed ideologically and culturally by language. And just as the judge makes judgements mediated through the textual world of the law, so the historian mediates his judgements through the textual world of narrative. Furthermore, just as judgements in law make reference to precedent, so does history. History is in other words, intertextual.

In both cases the analogy of the historian as judge highlights the fact that historical evidence is both selected, presented and interpreted from within a narratological framework.

For other historians critical of the stance of postmodernity, the real problem is a fear that once evidential 'facts' (which are selected) and narratological 'meaning' (which is constructed) are separated, postmodernists will feel free to ignore, distort or destroy the 'truth'. It seems that when 'proper' historians defend history (in the lowercase) against postmodern theory that they do so because they misunderstand the stance of postmodern historians like Hayden White. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in Gertrude Himmelfarb's *Telling It As You Like It: Postmodernist History And The Flight From Fact.* Himmelfarb accuses White of presenting 'an anarchic view of History', pure relativism, and that in postmodern historiography 'anything goes' because, "What the historian sees as an event that actually occurred in the past, the postmodernist sees as a text that exists only in the present". (Himmelfarb, 1992; cited in Jenkins, 1997, p.162) This switching of 'event' into 'text' is perceived by Himmelfarb as being most dangerous and particularly insidious when it comes to "what may be the hardest case in modern history" (Himmelfarb, 1992; cited in Jenkins, 1997, p.164) because a postmodern philosophy of history provides "the ammunition for revisionist sceptics" who deny "the evidence" and "the reality" of the Holocaust. (Himmelfarb, 1992; cited in Jenkins, 1997, p.164)

Finally, Himmelfarb accuses White's historiography of resulting in the down-grading and denigrating of History by its reclassification in some quarters as a literary sub-genre.

> Where the late Arnaldo Momigliano deplored the "widespread tendency", as he saw it, to treat historiography as "another genre of fiction," the postmodernist applauds this tendency. White's "metahistory" has now been redefined as "historiographic metafiction". (Himmelfarb, 1992; cited in Jenkins, 1997, p.165)

The implication being the apparently axiomatic assertion that because fiction (a text) is 'not true' at the level of the archaeology, it is either incapable of, or uninterested in, pursuing 'the truth'.

The case for the defence of history (in the lowercase) would seem to rest on the inseparability of historical facts or events and historical meaning. The logic runs that if White (as he does) problematizes historical meaning he can only do so through a 'flight from fact'. But of course this is an oversimplification of the postmodern position.

> Nothing is more offensive in the postmodern sensibility than a statement like Paul de Man's that 'the bases for historical knowledge are not empirical facts but written texts, even if these texts masquerade in the guise of wars or revolutions' or Baudrillard's notorious claims that the Gulf War was a hyperreal media event. But such statements are only offensive when they are misunderstood as claims that wars and revolutions are mere texts, mere representations, appearances and not things in themselves, from within the position that stories and writing are external to politics. (Currie, 1998, p.90)

This oversimplification is confronted in more detail by Keith Jenkins in *Why History? Ethics and Postmodernity*:

> White has never argued that past events, persons, institutions, social processes, etc. (i.e. the past *per se*) did not exist, did not happen, and did not happen in exactly the way it did. In fact he insists on this. Nor has White ever argued that *everything* is language or discourse, or that we cannot refer to and represent extra-discursive entities; indeed, he again insists that historical discourse refers to a world outside itself. (Jenkins, 1999, p.116)

White's position is not that past events are evidentially unknowable but that the unearthing and verifying of historical facts and the interpretation of these facts (the generation of historical meaning) are in fact two separate processes. Moreover:

> … it is *counter-intuitive* to argue that historians cannot construct from the *same* historical traces, from the *same* subject mater/material, and from the *same* well-attested phenomena that occurred in the past (phenomena simple or complex), a range of different narratives (not stories but narratives). These narratives confer on such materials/phenomena entirely different meanings, significances and thus interpretations/readings that are *not* mutually contradictory, *not* mutually exclusive, *not logically* entailed, *not* ever definitive and thus they come from (as aesthetic, shaping/styling appropriations) from a

> different place from the phenomena that actually occurred. (Jenkins, 1999, p.116)

White's argument is that the role of the Historian is two fold: s/he is both the archaeologist of the past events *and* also the author of a historical text interpreting these events. What is at stake is not the switching of an (objective) past event for a (subjective) present text but their separation. The objective past of observable fact is not erased but at the same time the past is impossible to recreate from any other interpretative position than that of a subjective textual present. However, the separation of the archaeology and the writing of history is not merely a distinction of historical process, it is also epistemological:

> There is very precisely an 'inexpungeable relativity in every representation', a relativity, White adds, that is a function of the language used to describe and thereby constitute past events not – and this needs to underlined repeatedly – not to constitute them in the sense that until so constituted such 'events' didn't actually once take place but to constitute them so that they become 'possible objects of explanation and understanding'. (Jenkins, 1999, p.116-117)

In White's world there is an important distinction between historical truth (the establishment and recording of observable facts) and historical meaning/understanding (the emplotment of historical truths in narrative):

> Crucial for White's approach to historical writing is the idea that we endow the past with meaning because 'in itself' it has none. The

> historical writer must form the past into a narrative because the past is formless, or at least it does not have the rhetorical forms that alone make it meaningful in communication. (Roth, 1995; cited in Jenkins, 1999, p.117)

It is only in this second stage (the emplotment of historical truths in narrative) that history becomes a second-order fiction; a "*literary artefact whose content is as much imagined as found,* a phenomenon totally in and of language." (Jenkins, 1999, p.117) and once this is understood White's argument no longer provides Himmelfarb's 'ammunition for revisionist sceptics'. What is at stake is not the truth of 'the event or statement', for 'the event/statement' has no truth-value beyond that of the binary 'true' or 'false' of factuality. What is at stake, what does become relativistic, is truth at the level of meaning/understanding.

For myself, a writer interested in the fictionalisation of the historical and the biographical, Jenkins' reading of White re-enforced my idea that a writer must not only engage with the post-modern through history, but that history could also be addressed through the exploration of post-modern narrative. Furthermore, a self-consciously post-modern fictionalisation of history/biography need not (and furthermore should not) distort history in the first stage (that of the established and recorded world of past events).

As White points out in *Time and Narrative Volume 1* historians do not have access to a time machine (and history cannot provide a metaphorical one); historians and biographers therefore cannot witness first hand the events of history. What remains is an incomplete set of textual fragments unearthed during the archaeology of historical

process. Even the autobiographer, who witnesses some of the events of history first hand, is forced into the archaeological when attempting to construct and contextualise his/her story within the larger historical picture. What is more, before the historian's selection has taken place there has been a process of (un)natural selection and wastage. When the historian begins the work of his/her selection the process of narrativisation has already begun, any process of (un)natural selection resulting in a shift from story (the linear sequence of events in 'real time') to plot (the selection and ordering of events and hence a primitive form of narrative). Similarly the more refined process of selection by the historian in creating his/her rough chronology is not less a form of narrativisation for as we have seen even a realist narrative is not culturally and ideologically neutral. Which is not to say that empirical fact is destroyed at the point of archaeology, simply that it is imperfect and primitive, a point we shall return to later in discussing the work of Paul Ricoeur.

In essence, White's ideas liberate any writer who is interested in writing about history from the constraints of a realist narrative form. In other words, it is possible for the writer to write meaningfully about history from within a non-realistic narrative framework.

Furthermore it is White's ideas that go some way to explain why there are three versions of the Speer biography which essentially all agree on the first stage of historical evidence (the established facts) and yet draw radically different interpretations as to their meaning - meanings informed by the philosophical and ideological positions of the biographer whilst remaining faithful at the objective empirical level of observable fact.

Indeed the very tone and conclusion of the each biography demonstrates the interplay of the historical and objective (but fundamentally formless and hence meaningless) gathering of evidence and its subsequent ideologically loaded emplotment and comparison to a prefigured extra-historical moral masterplot (what might be loosely called a Christian redemption story). This comparison results in the following range of conclusions from fundamentally the same historical evidence:

> For absolution in the Christian sense, however, a full confession, true contrition and atonement by penance are required. On the historical evidence presented here, Albert Speer fulfilled only the last of these requirements. In the freely chosen role in his later life of public penitent number one, he did not tell the truth, certainly not the whole truth, and therefore he did not repent because he could not. In fact on mature reflection, he thought he had done rather well in life after all. He therefore does not qualify for the absolution of history. (Van Der Vat, 1997, p.368)

> Unforgiven by so many for having served Hitler, he elected to spend the rest of his life in confrontation with this past, unforgiving of himself for having so nearly loved a monster… I came to understand and value Speer's battle with himself and saw in it the re-emergence of the intrinsic morality he manifested as a boy and youth. It seemed to me it was some kind of victory that this man – just this man – weighed down by intolerable and unimaginable guilt, with the help of a Protestant chaplain, a Catholic Monk and a Jewish rabbi, tried to become a different man. (Sereny, 1996, p.719-720)

> A postscript should be added. Speer once remarked that he had always expected things to be easier after the years of imprisonment. After all, he had admitted responsibility, confessed his guilt and served his sentence. But he had been wrong. Perhaps he had never been more wrong as on this question. For the burden had not become any lighter and at times it seemed to him that everything he had so arduously strived for was completely futile. Maybe it all amounted to a pointless effort, like so much of his life… That too, he added, was one of the questions for which he had no answer. (Fest, 2002, p.356)

My goal with *Sculpting in Ice* is to explore the possibility of creating a text that combines the world of 'fact' and 'fiction' but resists closure at the level of expectation; a text that acknowledges the subjectivity and plurality of possible meanings that can be drawn from factual evidence through a self-conscious (non-innocent) retelling of Speer's story that highlights the presence of and ways in which masterplots ideologically frame narratives. In doing so *Sculpting in Ice* highlights our inability to create a definitive or objective historical account of Speer's motivations and character.

## Frosh: Psychology, Modernity and the Self

Although it is not the remit of this thesis to interrogate psychoanalytic theory, and whilst it is not my intention to present a reading of Speer's life and actions predicated on an (unqualified) clinical diagnosis of psychosis; the theories presented in Stephen Frosh's *Identity Crisis: Modernity, Psychoanalysis and the Self* were very influential in shaping the construction of the character(s) of Albert Speer in *Sculpting In Ice.*

In *Identity Crisis: Modernity, Psychoanalysis and the Self*, Frosh explores the following argument:

> …people are not really structured in stable, integrated ways but are, by nature, full of fluidity, contradiction, impulse and frustration, psychological processes brought together only to make coherence within the domains of rationality seem attainable. For that matter, rationality is itself an ideological fiction, imposed upon the irrationalities of psychological reality; intellect subordinating emotion, repression constraining desire. Under such circumstances, the formation of a self is solely a defensive manoeuvre; it may seem like mental health, but it is actually a way of limiting the subversive power of the unconscious.
>
> Read like this, psychosis is not the ultimate breakdown, but the one true way to a breakthrough of desire. (Frosh, 1991, p.3-4)

There are striking similarities in the way that Frosh describes the established assumption that there is a correlation between psychological coherence and mental health as being an ideological construction and White's description of Historical objectivity as ideological construction. Both rely on the fictionalisation of the subject (the self/history) through the observation, interpretation and ultimately the narrativisation by a third party:

> 'I' am myself, but I can know myself by reflection and observation; on the one hand, under most conditions I cannot know myself fully (because I am in myself); that is why I need the psychoanalytic dialogue, in which I see myself from the vantage point of the other. So another can get closer to myself than I can myself, even though I am embedded within it and am the only one who has direct access to it. And how does that other, the psychoanalyst know anything about the inner workings of my self? Because the analyst hears what I say, sees what I do, and can make a judgement about the nature of the structure from which these things arise. Thus, the analyst can only reason myself into being; she or he can never observe it directly; I on the other hand, am too close to it to see it at all. (Frosh, 1991, p.2)

For Frosh the 'irrationalities of psychological reality' or the incoherent self is natural in that it is the internal reflection of modernity:

> …whatever the self is, all selves are thrown into confusion when faced with the contradictions and multiplicities of modernity. Indeed,

> perhaps the most generally accepted characterisation of the modern state of mind is that it is a condition in which 'the struggle to be a self' is nearly impossible… Here is the real terror and attraction of the modern experience. The only stable state of being is instability – openness to change, revolutionary transformation, catastrophic discontinuity. The real turmoil in the outside world is mirrored internally, as it must be if there is any link between the two orders. (Frosh, 1991, p.5-6)

What Frosh presents, however, is not a shift from one understanding of the self to another, better understanding but an impasse; an irresolvable contradiction between the observation that:

> The high standards which psychoanalysis sets, combined with the particularly unsettling nature of contemporary life, seem to make asseveration of the importance of construction of a stable self academic: however important it might be, it does not seem possible to achieve it. (Frosh, 1991, p.190)

and that

> …each of us has some inner awareness of our own fragmentary, deconstructed state, and seeks refuge from this awareness in the illusion of wholeness. The closer to awareness we are, it seems, the

> more extreme and desperate are our attempts to cling on to the self. (Frosh, 1991, p.13)

What is presented by Frosh is a fractured and unstable self attempting to find solace in the illusion of wholeness. This illusion of wholeness, is a theme echoed in Lyotard's description of the postmodern as being the expression of:

> That which, in the modern puts forward the unpresentable in presentation itself; that which denies itself the solace of good forms… that which searches for new presentations, not in order to enjoy them but in order to impart a stronger sense of the unpresentable. (Lyotard, 1979; cited in Frosh, 1991, p.22)

We return here to the problem posited at the beginning of the thesis that one of the central themes of postmodernism is that truth cannot exist independently or outside of language and while the 'solace of good forms' may not be available to a postmodern author at the level of the metalanguage:

> …the text he writes, the work he produces are not in principle governed by preestablished rules. (Lyotard, 1984; cited in Hutcheon, 1988, p.15)

A structure of understanding, a micro-narratological constant; "those rules and categories are what the work of art itself is looking for." (Lyotard, 1984; cited in Hutcheon, 1988, p.15)

In Frosh's arguments there seemed to be a number of ideas and parallels which might help me to understand the readings of Speer's life offered by his biographers and also help me to construct a reading of my own.

The first important idea is that of the dialogue between the self (as subject) and the psychiatrist (as observer). What is interesting to me in the analogy of the psychiatrist as 'other' is that it directly parallels the relationship between Speer and his biographers. Psychiatrists, much like Speer's biographers, have no direct access to the historical past, they can only 'reason' Speer 'into being,' and yet Speer on his own is 'too close to see it all'. It is the frustration of this 'reasoning into being' that I sought to dramatise in *Sculpting in Ice,* not only through the character of the Journalist but also in a very real sense through every character in the play. In *Sculpting in Ice* every character forms a unique 'other' from which Speer is reflected and observed. It appears to me also that it is not only the self/subject that lacks the 'solace of good forms' but also the psychiatrist/biographer. Just as the historian/biographer has lost the solace of the realist narrative so the psychiatrist/biographer has lost the ability to talk about character as 'complete', 'consistent' or comprising of a 'true nature'. And much as history can no longer see itself as progressive neither can the development of character.

The second important idea which I took from Frosh's writing is the idea of the 'self' constructed as an ideological fiction; a place of refuge from the awareness of the illusion of wholeness.

In this sense Speer's constant re-authoring of himself, a battle in which his own inability to know himself fully (because he was in himself), can be read as a demonstration of Speer's inner awareness (limited though this might be) of his own fragmentary, deconstructed state, and his desire to seek refuge from this awareness of the illusion of wholeness produced within the consistency of his own autobiographies.

It is not only Speer's re-authoring which comes into question but also that of his biographers whose failure to reach a consensus (stable judgements drawn from the historical evidence) is not characteristic of historical uncertainty or inaccuracy at the level of archaeological fact, but the false assumption within the narratological construction of 'the self' (as a site of historical study) as a consistent and unified whole.

What is interesting to me about Speer's biographies is not any discrepancy between historical fact and Speer's self-awareness concerning his complicity in these events (because under most conditions I cannot know myself fully) but that towards the end of his life he appears to abandon his desire to cling to a unified and consistent self.

Speer's life can be characterised by his love/hate relationship with his dependency on the perspectives of and dialogues with the outsider in order to know himself more fully and his frustration with the inconsistencies of their reflections of himself and his own perception of himself.

In essence Speer is caught in the hall of mirrors of the public and private gaze and is being asked to choose which reflection is the more accurate. What is interesting, however, is that in the end he appears to accept the fragmented and inconsistent multiplicity of reflections over the search for the single consistent self.

Speer is presented by Sereny in her biography as a man desperate to confront his 'true nature'. Speer's testimony in support of the South African (Jewish) Board of Deputies' legal action against of the publishers and distributors of the pamphlet *Did Six million Die? The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* and in particular the sentence:

> However, to this day I still consider my main guilt to be my tacit acceptance [Billigung] of the persecution and the murder of millions of Jews. (Sereny, 1996, p.707)

is singled out by Sereny to be the decisive evidence of the genuine nature of this confrontation. What Sereny acknowledges, but ultimately fails to incorporate into her reading of Speer, is the anger in his letter to Sereny protesting about her interpretation and (in his eyes) the over emphasis she had placed on this admission of guilt. A letter which also says:

> What I wanted to tell you…was that after all I think I haven't done so badly. After all, I *was* Hitler's architect, I *was* his Minister of Armaments and Production; I *did* serve twenty years in Spandau and, coming out, did make another good career. Not bad after all, was it? (Sereny, 1996, p.711)

Sereny explains this episode as an act of self-preservation by a man who is desperate to protect his affair with a woman who had written to Speer explaining the importance of his earlier prison diary. Speer, it is assumed, felt that such an explicit statement of guilt might undermine a relationship founded upon a much earlier and more modest examination of his own complicity. This, however, does not fit comfortably into her summation of Speer as 'weighed down by intolerable and unimaginable guilt'.

While Sereny has never (to my knowledge) stated explicitly that she thinks of Speer as a complete 'self', indeed she goes to great length to explain his emotional/empathetic deficiencies, and while she also acknowledges that Speer's 'victory' was that he 'tried to become a different man' and not that he succeeded, the very notion of changing from one thing into another implies fluidity as either a method of change from, or a transitional state between two stable points and not as Frosh argues, fluidity as the natural psychological response to modernity.

Nor is Sereny alone in this line of argument. Van Der Vat's argument that:

> In the freely chosen role in his later life of public penitent number one, he [Speer] did not tell the truth, certainly not the whole truth, and therefore he did not repent because he could not. (Van Der Vat, 1997, p.368)

constructs Speer as a duplicitous (and as such psychologically consistent) 'self' interested only in the appearance of confession and contrition. Like Sereny, Van Der

Vat downplays Speer's conflicted nature in order to present a conclusion in which Speer appears as a character complete unto himself.

Whilst it would be disingenuous to claim that either biographer started their examination of Speer with the intention of proving a pre-established thesis it can be argued that the process of drawing conclusions (the process of narrative closure) retrospectively assigns a narratological cohesion to the presentation of historical evidence from which the ideological position of the author can be inferred.

> The demand for closure in the historical story is a demand, I suggest, for moral meaning, a demand that sequences of real events be assessed as to their significance in a moral drama. (White 1981; cited in Currie, 1998, p.67)

Moreover, this narratological cohesion is predicated on a system of representation that assumes not only a causal linkage between events but also the psychological cohesion of the protagonists because:

> The meaning of real human lives, whether of individuals or collectives, is the meaning of plots, quasiplots, or failed plots by which the events that those lives compromise are endowed with the aspect of stories having a discernable beginning, middle and end. A meaningful life is one that aspires to the coherency of a story with a plot. (White, 1987, p.173)

The presentation of events (including those deemed historically factual) is coloured by the process of narrativisation, essential and unavoidable if we are to assign meaning, but also linked to, and limited by, its dependence on pre-existing narrative forms and conventions. In this sense narrative (including historical narrative) can be seen as a dialogue between what we are attempting to understand/explain and that which has previously been understood and accepted as an explanation.

It could be argued that this dialogue is reflected in the conflict between the duplicitous Speer and the redemptive Speer found in the despondent and nihilistic tone of Joachim Fest's conclusion in which "everything he [Speer] had so arduously strived for was completely futile. Maybe it all amounted to a pointless effort, like so much of his life. That too, he added, was one of the questions for which he had no answer." (Fest, 2002, p.356) It is certainly closer to the 'radical uncertainty' which critics of postmodernity cite as the unpalatable logical conclusion of postmodernity.

It should be acknowledged, however, that the futility of Speer's efforts cited by Fest (like those described by Van Der Vat) refer to Speer's inability to complete his transformation into 'The Good Nazi' (although Fest at least does acknowledge the effort). In this sense the transformation is being judged on the assumption that the character of the 'The Good Nazi' is something more than a narratological construction; in other words something that could exist independently as a 'natural self'. If, however, one reinstates fluidity as the natural state of the self, Speer's struggle might remain futile but it is no longer a question for which '*we* have no answer'. In this sense an open narrative, one which is conscious of the fragility and

multiplicity of the self, can engage with historical fact, remain meaningful and at the same time engage with a postmodern narratological sensibility.

### The Many Faces of Albert Speer:

Albert Speer appears simultaneously on stage at three points in his life which roughly correspond with the three physical areas of set: Old Speer, from 1966 to 1981, Middle Aged Speer from 1946 to 1966 and Young Speer from early childhood up until 1946. There are a number of reasons for this; to reinforce the idea established by the staging that past and present coexist in a state of mutual-dependency and reflection; to disrupt the traditional notion of character development being temporally governed, linear and by implication causal; to show how the historical subject is both found and created; to show the intertextual (and at times contradictory) nature of historical discourse.

What is presented through the appearance of the three Speers is a fractured set of incomplete personalities in a state of constant dialogue, a dialogue in which Speer continually negotiates and renegotiates a series of positions. What is demonstrated in this dialogue is the destruction not only of the idea of a complete self but even the idea of progress towards the notion of an idealised complete self. Each Speer, although informed from different historical time/spaces, remains a voice within and part of the continuing dialogue of the present. Speer exists as a constant state of flux between incomplete personalities without ever becoming one. This is not presented as a form of psychosis, however, but rather a natural response to the (post)modern world.

## Ricoeur: Time and Narrative

The influence of Paul Ricoeur's work on narrative is perhaps the most obvious within the drafting process of the play as it informs the most visibly distinct characteristic of the play, and marks the most dramatic change in the development of the play between drafts two and three (see Appendix 1).

In particular, what attracted me to Ricoeur was his description of the relationship between time and narrative and his interpretation of St Augustine's explanation of time as human time.

> The world unfolded by every narrative work is always a temporal world… Time becomes human time to the extent that it is organized after the manner of a narrative; narrative in turn, is meaningful to the extent that it portrays the features of temporal existence. (Ricoeur, 1984, p.3)

Ricoeur sees the relationship between time and narrative as a 'healthy circle' or as Karl Simms points out in *Paul Ricoeur*, more accurately 'a spiral'. Before going on to explain how this 'spiral' works, Ricoeur begins by demonstrating the problems or gaps in the understanding of time resulting from Aristotelian theory, (time as a series of 'nows') by explaining that the present cannot be isolated as a 'now' because as soon as any attempt to isolate the present is made it has already become a part of the past; "in mathematical terminology, the now-point of the present 'lacks extension'; it

is an infinitely small point." (Simms, 2003. p.82) According to Ricoeur this results in a paradox whereby:

> We cannot point to the present and say '*this* point in time *is*, it *exists*'… In fact the same is true of the past and of the future: the future does not exist, because it has not happened yet; the past does not exist because it is not happening *now*; and *now* does not exist because it is never *now*. (Simms, 2003, p.82)

In order to overcome this paradox Ricoeur adopts from St Augustine the notion of the 'threefold present' whereby:

> The past and the future exist in the mind, through memory on the one hand and expectation on the other. To conceive of the past and of the future the mind must be stretched – distended – and Augustine's neat formula is that the lack of *extension* of the present is overcome by the *distension* of the mind. In fact that is what thinking consists of… a continuous stretching of the present mediated by memory of the past and expectation of the future. The continuous present contains the past and future within it, so long as the mind is distended in this way, and a thinking mind is always distended in this way, since it is what thinking consists of. (Simms, 2003, p.82)

For me the idea of the threefold present became a key structural element within the play – it allowed me to abandon the strictly chronological 'beginning, middle and end' approach to realistic/historical narrative and replace it with a 'threefold distended present' which contains (alongside the distended present of 'play-time' and the audience's 'now') the historical past of Speer's life story and the expectation of an historical future as perceived from points of earlier historical past. By being able to present the past-present, present-present, and future-present simultaneously and interactively from all three perspectives at once allowed me to highlight and question the positional/historical bias towards realistic narrative among the existing biographies and autobiographies of Albert Speer. Whereas the realist narrative assumes progress from one point to another, the simultaneous presentation of each of Speer's three stages of life allowed me to present Speer's life not as linear/progressive but fluid and open ended.

## Staging the Threefold Present

The set for *Sculpting in Ice* is divided into a number of distinct but overlapping areas. The overall impression should be that of a fluid, single performing space.

Area one is a reception/living-room in a respectable suburban house in Germany, c.1978-1981. The area should be sparsely but attractively set. There are formal seats, a standing lamp and a side table. This is Albert Speer's family home in Heidelberg and where Old Speer, Margret and the Journalist spend most of their stage time.

Area two is that of a Nazi Party office and is the shared 'home' of Young Speer and Hitler. The office should contain a large table, chairs and Young Speer's drawing board. On the table is an architect's model of Speer's proposed plans for rebuilding Berlin.

Area three is that of Speer's Cell, first at Nuremberg and then later at Spandau. The prison cell should contain a single bed, a small writing desk, a chair and a toilet. Close by there is also a separate interview table and chairs.

Winding its way between and merging into and out of the three areas listed above, is a garden area. It is the Garden at Spandau Prison and should contain a number of benches where Speer and his fellow prisoners may sit and a path on which Middle-Aged Speer can take his walk around the world.

Surrounding the main performance area is a courtroom comprising of three witness boxes/lecterns from which witnesses and members of the court can give evidence and make statements. There are two gallery areas where witnesses and members of the court may wait to give their evidence. The occupants of these witness boxes are visible to the audience throughout the play.

The set should also have one or more projection screens onto which videos and/or photographs may be projected, particularly when illustrating witness testimony.

Although the different performance spaces roughly correspond to different time frames and are, for the most part, inhabited by one of the three Speers more than any

other, period should be acknowledged but not slavishly recreated. There are a number of reasons for this. Although each area has origins in specific places the time span covered is fairly broad: The events which take place in Speer's family house at Heidelberg take place between Speer's release from Spandau in 1966 and continue up until his death in 1981. The events that take place in the Nazi Party office include events from Speer's early childhood up until the end of the war in 1945. The events that take place in the garden and the prison cell roughly span the period from the beginning of the Nuremberg trial in 1946 and end with Speer's release from Spandau in 1966. Although much (but not all) of the early evidence given is that which was presented at Nuremberg, the scope of the 'theatrical trial' extends beyond that of Nuremberg in both time and space.

We can see from the periods involved that recreating a specific setting would be illogical. This said it is also important that, with broad strokes, the passing of time and difference of place be indicated. On a metaphorical level the set represents the idea that the past cannot exist independently of the present. That is not to say that the past did not exist, but that it cannot be recreated independently from the present. The past is a creation that exists not as a self-contained independent artefact but as the visual representation of a permanent state of the intertextual, temporal and spatial flux of both past and present. The set therefore, and its creation should not seek to destroy the notion of past and present but rather blur and blend their presence. In this respect the set is never fixed. The set should be built/created in front of the audience as the play progresses (paralleling the self-consciously constructed nature of historical discourse), and more importantly, it should also be taken apart and re-constructed reflecting key moments of narrative indeterminacy within the play. The set may contain key objects

as indicated in the script, (a drawing board for Young Speer for instance) much as History contains 'singular statements' and 'historical referents' but the staging as a whole should reflect the play's preoccupation with fluidity.

## Mimesis 1, 2, 3.

As well as providing the above definition of time Ricoeur also highlights the relationship between time and narrative or more specifically how mimesis (the imitation of action) plus Time equals narrative. Narrative is described by Ricoeur as being the key to understanding because it is not only an interpretation of the 'real world' ("to the extent that it portrays the features of temporal existence". (Ricoeur, 1984, p.3)) but also because it constitutes the human construction of the real world through language ("time becomes human time to the extent that it is organised after the manner of a narrative." (Ricoeur, 1984, p.3))

In *Time and Narrative* Ricoeur divides emplotment into the following three components of mimesis: $Mimesis_1$ (prefiguration): Our understanding of the world before reading a new narrative (understood within the form(s) of narrative and including previously experienced narratives). $Mimesis_2$ (configuration): The emplotment of a new narrative (the causal connection and ordering of events and incidents into plot). $Mimesis_3$ (refiguration): Our understanding of the world after reading a new narrative (understood within the form(s) of narrative and including previously experienced narratives and encompassing the new narrative in $Mimesis_2$).

And of course $Mimesis_3$ becomes $Mimesis_1$, our starting point for subsequent narrative understanding hence the analogy of the 'healthy hermeneutic cycle/spiral'.

Whilst acknowledging that historical and fictional narrative have something in common in that they both require 'narrative competence' (Simms, 2003, p.87), initially Ricoeur is keen to distinguish between the two.

As far as history is concerned the key distinguishing feature is the historian's emphasis on the fidelity of the "warrants" of "documentary proof" (Ricoeur, 1984, p.175) and "the truth claim it makes under $Mimesis_3$: in history, we reconfigure a world that we know to be 'true' in the sense that the actions explained really did happen and the explanations for them are plausible" (Simms, 2003, p.89-90). History, according to Ricoeur makes an autonomous break from the "self-explanatory" character of narrative through the processes of "conceptualization", the search for objectivity, and critical re-examination. (Ricoeur, 1984, p.175)

For fiction, on the other hand, the chief distinguishing feature is within the area of $Mimesis_2$ and the way "fictional narrative 'enriches' the concept of emplotment in a way historical narrative does not" (Simms, 2003, p.90), and in particular its self-reflexivity.

However, despite these distinctions, according to Ricoeur historical narrative and fictional narrative interweave in a number of important ways. In distinguishing the reality of the historical past we must, according to Ricoeur, acknowledge that the

historical past is made up of incomplete fragments surviving in 'traces'; documents, witness-accounts etc:

> History is, precisely the reworking of these traces into a re-presentation of the past in our present... Many historians would see themselves as *constructing* history in their writings, but in this work of construction they are also *reconstructing* the reality of the past. (Simms, 2003, p.95)

Here Ricoeur returns us to the discussion began at the end of my chapter on Hayden White. Whilst as writers and historians we must continue to emphasise that the traces of the past are real, our understanding of historical archaeology is one of re-construction. The reality of History, as the reader of history receives it, is that History is a reconstruction, part fact, part narrative.

> History borrows two things from fiction. First it makes use of techniques of composition (operating at the level of configuration): 'history imitates in its own writing the types of emplotment handed down by our narrative tradition' (Ricoeur 1988: 185). But second, and more importantly, history also involves something at the level of refiguration, and that is what Ricoeur (1988: 185) calls 'the representative function of the historical imagination. We learn to see a given series of events *as* tragic, *as* comic, and so on… When this is the case, says Ricoeur, a complicity develops between the narrative voice and the implied reader…as Ricoeur (1988: 186) puts it, we succumb 'to the hallucination of presence'. (Simms, 2003, p.97)

The result of this complicit relationship between narrative voice and the reader, the 'hallucination of presence' as Ricoeur calls it, is the common currency of historical meaning. The hallucination of presence is the very historical purpose Carr argued resulted from the objectivity and rational understanding of the historian working within the neutral framework of realist narrative. Whilst the use of the term 'hallucination' might be objected to by historians like Himmelfard, the hallucination referred to is that which insists that the 'presence' history is afforded as rational and meaningful, is anything other than a result of 'historical imagination'.

> But there is another way in which history is fictionalised. That is when history tells of 'epoch-making' events, that is, events which a community holds to define their origin… when those events are close to us, history takes on a new ethical purpose. That purpose is to convey admiration or, more importantly, in the case of events that have victims, horror (Auschwitz being a case in point). It is the duty of history (to the victims) to convey the horror of epoch-making events, and yet horror is not itself a category of history, but of fiction: Ricoeur (1988: 188) says, 'fiction gives eyes to the horrified narrator'. (Simms, 2003, p.97)

If, as Himmelfard insists, acknowledging the role narrative plays in the construction of history provides ammunition for revisionist sceptics to deny the Holocaust, without it Ricoeur argues, the victims of the Holocaust would be helpless to give voice to the real horror of such events. The dangers of denying narrative are clear to Ricoeur:

There are perhaps crimes that must not be forgotten, victims whose suffering cries less for vengeance than for narration. The will not to forget alone can prevent these crimes from ever occurring again. (Ricoeur, 1988; cited in Simms, 2003, p.97)

## Bakhtin: Dialogism

As we have already seen, my principle influences have been the relationships between post-modern narrative theory and historiography and also the relationship between psychological responses to modernity and postmodernity and the construction of the 'self'. I have also hinted at the dialogic nature of these relationships. It should come, therefore, as no surprise to find out that when combined we find the third major theoretical influence on my re-writing is Mikhail Bakhtin, whose work on the choronotope in particular has much to say about the dialogic nature of the self and of narrative.

## The Self as Dialogue

For Bakhtin the essence of existence is the understanding based on relativity that, everything is "perceived from a unique position in existence;" and its corollary that "the meaning of whatever is observed is shaped by the place from which it is perceived." (Holquist, 2002, p.21)

> All meaning is relative in the sense that it comes about only as a result of the relation between two bodies occupying *simultaneous but different* space…If motion is to have meaning, not only must there be two different bodies in a relation with each other, but there must as well be someone to grasp the nature of such a relation. (Holquist, 2002, p.21)

> The self, then, may be conceived as a multiple phenomenon of essentially three elements (it is – at least - a triad, not a duality): a centre, a not-centre, and the relationship between them. (Holquist, 2002, p.29)

What is stressed by Bakhtin is the third, most important aspect of the triad:

> It is the relation that is the most important of the three, for without it the other two would have no meaning. (Holquist, 2002, p.28)

However, while this relationship between the centre and the not centre can be reduced to a triad for the sake of simplicity, it is not limited to a triad – when more than one other 'not-centre' is introduced, meaning is exploded into a 'heteroglossia' of meanings:

> In Bakhtin there is no *one* meaning being striven for: the world is a vast congeries of contesting meanings, a heteroglossia so varied that no single term capable of unifying its diversifying energies is possible. (Holquist, 2002, p.24)

Just as there is a multiplicity of possible relationships each generating its own potential new meaning, we must also not forget that the 'centre' of a relationship (or in my case the 3 conflicted centres of Young Speer, Middle-Aged Speer and Old Speer) is "a relative rather than an absolute term, and as such, one with no claim to

absolute privilege, least of all one with transcendent ambitions." (Holquist, 2002, p.18)

For me one of the most interesting things in Bakhtin's writing is the idea that the self and our perceptions of others are conditioned by narrative i.e. autobiography/biography:

> I never see others as frozen in the immediacy of the isolated present moment. The present is not a static moment, but a mass of different combinations of past and present relations. To say I perceive them as a whole means that I see them surrounded by their whole lives, within the context of a complete narrative having a beginning that preceded our encounter and an end that follows it. I see others as bathed in the light of their whole biography. (Holquist, 2002, p.37)

This works for biography but there is a problem for autobiography in that it is impossible for the 'I' or self to perceive its own birth or death and therefore the autobiographical "is constantly open, it resists such framing limits" (Holquist, 2002, p.37) in this sense and part of Speer's problem is that without a frame, the self remains "a constantly potential site of being…a flux of sheer becoming." (Holquist, 2002, p.37) For the self to become fixed, especially as the embodiment of im/moral values, requires narrativisation from the perspective of the other or non-centre to make sense of this flux of sheer becoming:

> If this energy is to be given specific contours, it must be shaped not only in values, but in story. Stories are the means by which values are made coherent in particular situations. (Holquist, 2002, p.37)

This description of the necessity of the self to articulate itself through narrative in order to present itself as the coherent embodiment of a set of values struck a strong chord for me in the writing of the story of Albert Speer. In particular, the problems of autobiography helped me to articulate Speer's constant dissatisfaction and redrafting of his own story. He seemed to me the embodiment of a man unable to transcend the lack of 'framing limits', a man caught in the 'flux of sheer becoming', a man unable to reconcile his own position as a potential site of being (an unfinished narrative) with the desire to understand and make coherent (isolate his actions within the context of a complete narrative) the values embodied in his own history.

However, it was not only the struggle to articulate the self from the autobiographical position which fascinated me within Speer's story, it was also his frustration at the necessity of the 'other' perspective as well as the desire to explore the positionality of the role of the 'other'. As much as Speer needs the perspective of the other (the non-centre) to provide the framing limits which complete the narrative, we must remain aware, as Speer became aware, that even these frames are not absolutes. The narrative produced is produced from the specific place in space/time occupied by the 'other' and it is also important to note that when we talk of the space/time of the 'other' that this is not a neutral or objective point of historical space/time but a highly personalised, individual viewpoint seen from a "unique point of existence" (Holquist,

2002, p.21). This viewpoint remains individual even at the point of experiencing a shared event so that:

> We are both doing essentially the same thing, but from different places: although we are in the same event, that event is different for each of us. Our places are different not only because our bodies occupy different positions in exterior, physical space, but also because we regard the world and each other from different centres in cognitive time/space. (Holquist, 2002, p.22)

Of course it would be possible to take the evidence presented by Speer and the various historians and biographers and re-present another story of Speer from the cognitive time/space of my own position, and in a sense this is exactly what I have done. I have become another 'other'. However, I was not interested in simply trying to add another subjective historical (in the uppercase) voice to the many, nor was I interested in claiming the false objective voice of history (in the lowercase). My interest was to create a self-conscious narrative that acknowledged the positionality not only of my own voice, but also that of all those 'other' voices. My ambition was to create a play which didn't fall into the trap of trying to decide whether Speer was truthful or not, or even, out of all the biographers whose position of otherness was more credible, but one which attempted to dramatise the most important aspect of dialogism's triad, that of the *relationships* between the centre and the non-centres. In this sense it is a play which attempts to explore the heteroglossia of meaning, rather than striving for one meaning.

It should be pointed out that by acknowledging this heteroglossia of meanings, I am not allowing myself to descend into the kind of absolute relativism that destroys the possibility of meaning, leading towards a sense of radical indecipherability and the collapse of moral values that postmodernism is so often accused of inevitably resulting in. In this sense, monologic discourse is not replaced or destroyed by the dialogic, it becomes a part of the dialogic. In this sense the dialogic (and the postmodern) are not avant-garde acts proclaiming 'down with narrative,' they are simply progressing and developing a genre of intertextual narrative. Much as for Eco for whom the past cannot be destroyed without leading to silence, neither can the monologic be destroyed for the same reason. It is simply the acknowledgement that:

> A point of view is never complete in itself; it is rather the perception of an event as it is perceived from a particular place, locatable only as opposed to any other place from which the event might be viewed. (Holquist, 2002, p.163)

Responsibility is not achieved through the denial of this positionality but enhanced through the acknowledgment of it. Bakhtin is not alone in proposing that the self is produced by language but crucially according to Holquist, Bakhtin unlike Lacan rejects the idea that the ego is invaded by language, and states that

> Each of us makes an entrance into a matrix of highly distinctive economic, political and historic forces – a unique and unrepeatable combination of ideologies, each speaking its own language, the hetreroglot conglomerate of which will constitute the world in which

> we act… It is only from that site that we can speak. Bakhtin concludes from this that we cannot be excused from being in the place that heteroglossia assigns us, and which only we will ever occupy. The subjectivity whose placement is determined by the structure of addressivity requires us to be answerable for that site…what the self is answerable to is the environment; what it is responsible for is the authorship of its responses: "it is not the content of a commitment that obliges me; but my signature beneath it." (Toward a philosophy of the deed.") (Holquist, 2002, p.167-168)

Ultimately what Bakhtin acknowledges here is, unlike some branches of avant-garde postmodernism, our inescapable dependence on language should not reduce us to the passive victims of language games. We do in fact 'write' our responses to these games; our subjectivity isn't forced upon us and unchangeable but chosen and authored. Passivity and absolute moral relativism isn't inevitable or forced upon us by postmodernity, as some critics have argued. Passivity and moral relativism are options within this system, but they are options that must be actively chosen and responsibility taken for this choice. It is here that Speer's most open acknowledgement of his guilt comes into play – "However, to this day I still consider my main guilt to be my tacit acceptance [Billigung] of the persecution and the murder of millions of Jews." (Sereny, 1996, p.707) Here Speer acknowledges that in the end even a tacit acceptance of the persecution of the Jews made him an accessory to this persecution. The distinction between active and passive persecution may seem a fine one to draw, particularly for those who were persecuted, but for Speer it meant the difference between a life sentence and a death sentence. But more than this, it is this

distinction that has haunted a generation of Germans like Flächsner, and one which makes Speer's story pertinent to us all today. Speer does not personify a point at the extremity of evil behaviour: Speer's complicity was entirely and recognisably ordinary and therefore that much harder for us to dismiss for being inhuman. As the closing Speech of the play indicates "Our torturers were bureaucrats and technicians and this is their age."

Speer's story perfectly suited my interest in exploring postmodern narrative, not only because of his constant state of psychological flux, nor only as the site of a narratological battle between historical biography and autobiography, but because Speer's story allowed me to explore the idea of relativism without abandoning the idea of personal responsibilities and accountabilities.

## The Matrix

As I have already touched upon, the three act structure in *Sculpting in Ice* depicts in its broadest sense Speer's journey as a traditional linear set of biographical progressions from trial to imprisonment, and then from imprisonment to freedom and understanding. This adoption of a three act structure helps highlight the way in which postmodern narratives always function in dialogue with a realist linear narrative structure rather than replace or transcend the dominance of linearity.

Even when this is not explicitly stated within the narrative, or even intentioned by the postmodern author, it is unavoidable because we as an audience/reader are still constrained by our linear experience of receiving the narration. It is therefore

unavoidable for a play to have a beginning and an end because the audience is still locked into the temporal, linear experience of reception which conditions and frames the narration of any story. I felt then that one of the jobs I wanted to do was to foreground the dialogue between the linear experience of 'reading' narrative (for both the characters and the audience) and its fractures. In this sense the dramatisation of the fracture between knowledge and truth as constructed artefacts within narrative, and uncertainty and relativity as experienced in the unmediated real world, takes place as much in the structure of the play, as in the dialogue.

This is, of course what might be defined in Bakhtin's terms as the chronotope of the play, if we take Holquist's reading of Bakhtin's term as "the matrix that is comprised by both the story and the plot of any particular narrative." (Holquist, 2002, p.113) Holquist explains that he is 'invoking' the distinction between the terms story (the chronology of events) and plot (the (re)ordering of events within a narrative) first proposed by the Russian Formalists and that a:

> chronotope is the indissoluble combination of these two elements…Stated in its most basic terms, a particular chronotope will be defined by the specific way in which the sequentiality of events is "deformed" (always involving a segmentation, a spatialization) in any given account of those events. (Holquist, 2002, p.113-114)

For Bakhtin then, as with White the reading (and writing) of a historical narrative comes from the understanding that narrativisation involves the distortion of a 'real' historical chronology into a 'plot'.

However, as Holquist points out, for Bakhtin even the notion of a pure chronology is not as simple as it first appears:

> For Einstein there is no chronology independent of events…An event…is always a dialogic unit in so far as it is a co-relation: something happens only when something else with which it can be compared reveals a change in time and space…As soon as co-being is recognised as an event's necessary mode of existence, we give up the right to anything that is immaculate, *in-itself*, for everything will depend on how the relation between what happens and its situation in time/space is mediated. (Holquist, 2002, p116)

In other words, for Bakhtin:

> ... the means by which any presumed plot deforms any particular story will depend not only of the formal ("made") features in a given text, but also on the generally held conceptions of how time and space relate to each other in a particular culture at a particular time ("given" features). It follows then that the apparently unproblematic definition of plot (fabula) provided is always interpreted in different ways at different times. Bakhtin is practicing a historical poetics precisely in this: he assumes that forms are always historical. (Holquist, 2002, p.116)

From this point we can propose two conclusions: Firstly, even a 'pure' chronology is not neutral and therefore is not independently truthful. A chronology embodies both the relationship between events (a measure of change) as well the relationship between the event and the observer (a measure of cultural perception). In this respect the pure chronology can be looked upon as a sequence in which a relationship of change (in the case of history: causality) and a culture of perception (in the case of history: 'realism') are embedded as a 'generic' set of guidelines from which the plot deviates and generates meaning. Secondly, a text is never complete in that as the perception of the generic rules or pure chronology change, so does the relationship between the story and plot. In this sense the text is constantly being written anew for each particular culture at a particular time.

It should therefore be no surprise that Speer's story is different depending on the cultural and temporal positioning of the biographer and also that Speer's own telling of his story should change depending on the changing position culturally and temporally of Speer himself. In this sense the question of which historian is right or wrong, or which version of Speer's story is true and which is not, becomes if not redundant, then certainly not the most important question to ask. The important question to ask is what is the relationship between each plot and the chronology of each story and what can this tell the audience about the positionality of each author. In this respect the characters of The Journalist, Margret, Flächsner, Casalis, each historical witness and each of the three Speers construct 'Albert Speer' in very different ways depending upon their position in space and time.

## A Genre Is Less than the Sum of Its Parts

> It is at the level of genre that relatively transhistorical figures are possible, enabling a pattern against which perception of any particular text at any particular time allows us to see it as distinct… Genre as norm is related to individual texts in much the same way that story as norm is related to plot in the narrative of any particular text… What holds such fundamental figures as genre and chronotope together in the historical poetics that dialogism proposes is the same emphasis in each on a particular relation in them all: a constant dialogue between uniqueness and generality, that which is unrepeatable, and that which can be repeated. (Holquist, 2002, p.145-146)

As we have already discovered the genre or culturally/temporally specific standpoint that informs both Speer's own and his biographers understanding of the chronology of Speer's life is that of Christian redemption. This Generic framework or chronological structure is most explicitly stated by Dan Van Der Vat:

> For absolution in the Christian sense, however, a full confession, true contrition and atonement by penance are required. (Van Der Vat, 1997, p.368)

As we can see the model proposed is not 'immaculate, in itself' (a model generated by the Speer chronology) but one which comes out of a Biblical (textual) Christian tradition and charts the change in a character from a sinner to a reformed, and penitent

former sinner forgiven by God (and presumably by extension history). Speer is judged not only on his actions historically, but ultimately, by the author's reading of Speer's inability to fit the model of redemption provided. Yes, the historical truth is still a question here but primarily in the sense that it either supports or does not support the generic rules of the Christian redemption model.

For Sereny, on the other hand, Speer's acknowledgement of 'tacit consent' were not only the most 'revealing words he had ever written' (Sereny, 1996, p.707) but were the first time he had associated himself "directly with the murder of the Jews" (Sereny, 1996, p.707). In actual fact Sereny does not claim this as a full confession; although her summation is against the same basic generic model, it is a far less fundamental reading of that model. Sereny's reading is one in which the willingness to seek out the truth is given precedence over the wholeness or completeness of the confession. It is this very minor change in the basic understanding of the model that produces a very different conclusion.

The point of dispute here is not one of historical data but of the interpretation of that data. Both biographers acknowledge that Speer makes a partial confession. The difference in interpretation lies in small differences in each biographer's expectation of the generic forms of a 'redemption story'.

In *Sculpting in Ice,* however, I am rejecting the generic structure of a cohesive Christian redemption story, just as I am rejecting the generic form of modernist historical realism. I am not interested in charting the progression (or lack of progression) from a series of fixed points: from sin to atonement to redemption. I am

substituting instead a generic understanding of historiographic metafiction synthesised with a reading of Frosh's documentation of irrational and contradictory psychological responses to the multiplicities of modernity.

As Bakhtin has shown, an event is only an event if a change can be observed and measured over time, which is why the question of whether or not Speer underwent a genuine moral redemption lies at the heart of each biographical and auto-biographical account of Speer's life. The question that *Sculpting in Ice* asks is can change exist in any meaningful sense in a universe without fixed points and which is defined as being in a constant state of flux? What if there is no semi-permanent state of being, only a heteroglossia of simultaneous states as there appears to be in the psyche of Speer?

## Intertextuality

> I discovered what writers have always known (and have told us again and again): books always speak of other books, and every story tells a story that has already been told. (Eco 1984; as cited in Hutcheon 1988, p.128)

> If modernist practices, such as naturalism, sought to expose some truth or 'reality' underlying representation, postmodern practices often make representation about representation, in a sometimes dizzying concatenation of quotation and montage – where the relationship between quoter and that which is quoted is highlighted, destabilized, and put into question by being played. Here if 'reality' is explored it

> is often the reality of representation itself – or, in the politicised postmodern theatre, the 'reality effects' of representational practices which ghost our habits of meaning making (see Schneider 1997: 21-8). Emphasis shifts from the object or narrative as a primary focus of attention and onto the dynamics of exchange between spectator, artist and object – the acts of interpretation. (Schneider and Cody, 2002, p.293)

Throughout this thesis I have mentioned intertextuality as one of the key techniques of postmodern/historiographic (meta)fiction. For a play which also highlights difficulties inherent within the interpretation of documentary evidence (both from within and between historical discourses), the issue becomes fundamental.

> It is a contemporary truism that realism is a set of conventions, that representation of the real is not the same as the real itself. What historiographic metafiction challenges is both any naïve realist concept of representation but also any equally naïve textualist or formalist assertions of the total separation of art from the world. The postmodern is self-consciously art "within the archive" (Foucault 1997, 92), and that archive is both historical and literary. (Hutcheon, 1988, p.125)

Within *Sculpting in Ice* the idea that I was creating a text based around other texts was very much at the forefront of my thinking. This was true especially during the writing of the first draft which was essentially a process in which biographical,

autobiographical and historical texts were cut up and pieced back together in a montage of quotations. The subsequent early drafting process primarily being one in which these quotations were ordered within a narrative structure and re-written. What marked this process apart from that of any conventional historical research was the self-conscious desire to explore the fractures and inconsistencies between texts rather than to try to attempt to present a stable and consistent view point from within the narrative.

The purpose of exploring these fractures was not to credit or discredit one particular view point regarding the meaning of Speer's life story, nor to expose any lies or deceits at the level of historical archaeology. The purpose behind this montage was to highlight the polyphony of perspectives present within historical discourse and the untranscendable artificiality and subjectivity of the 'reality effect' created during the process of creating an historically based 'realist' narrative.

The purpose of intertextuality in *Sculpting in Ice* is therefore, to highlight some of the limitations of the authorial position. There are a range of authorial perspectives present within *Sculpting in Ice,* from which several Albert Speers emerge. Most obviously these perspectives are represented through the biographical position of the Journalist and the autobiographical positions of each of the three Albert Speers. However, in a very real sense each character in the play authors their own competing version of Albert Speer (as indeed do I) whilst at the same time being confronted with the understanding that no version is original, consistent or complete in of itself. In this sense not only is the narration of each character within the play partial and therefore to some extent unreliable, so too is that of the implied author/playwright.

Creating a text which takes intertextuality as the basis of its form allows me to both thematically and structurally highlight the repositioning of the author in a postmodern world; a world that defines itself as textual and in which therefore:

> …intertextuality replaces the challenged author-text relationship with one between reader and text, one that situates the locus of textual meaning within the history of discourse itself. A literary work can actually no longer be considered original; if it were, it could have no meaning for its reader. It is only as part of prior discourses that any text derives meaning and significance. (Hutcheon, 1988, p.126)

For Speer and the Journalist alike, the definitive history, the truth, is unwriteable in itself because every text enters into, and 'the truth' is located within, a matrix of competing and contradictory texts. Despite the best efforts of the realist text, history and the truth cannot be closed within a single narrative.

## Conclusion

From within a postmodern framework the 'realist narrative mode' finds its position as the narratological form of choice for communicating historical and biographical 'truth' under question.

Postmodernism's response to its own 'loss of faith in the forms of representation… associated with Modernism and modernity" (Waugh, 1992, p.3) is the development of a "theory of fiction through the writing of fiction." (Waugh, 1984; cited in Currie, 1998, p.54) One of the challenges thrown down by postmodernism to historians and historical biographers is whether or not they in turn can develop a theory of factual narrative through the writing of factual narrative.

As the formal distinctions between 'fictional' and 'factual' writing become less clear, it is apparent that the writer's approach to his/her craft must also be redefined. Under such conditions it falls to each individual author/text to define and legitimise its own particular terms of reference and narrative form. The act of writing within a postmodern framework therefore, is not only a craft, but also a philosophical activity and as such requires the writer to enter the world of theoretical fiction. *Sculpting in Ice* is the product of one such text entering into this process.

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## Appendix 1:

## Draft 1

**SCENE 1**

*Centre stage a basic chair, table, chamber pot and a small single metal bed otherwise the space should be 'neutral' stage left a second chair.*

*The stage is in complete darkness.Sound of phone ringing (English phone c.1980) then an answer phone clicks in.*

**VOICE ON ANSWER PHONE (OFF):** Please leave a massage after the tone

*Tone on answer phone*

**SPEER (OFF):** Albert here, just for the day, talking to the BBC. I wanted to surprise you, shame, come to Germany and see us soon; we have much to talk about.

*Phone is put down, line goes dead, fade up sound of Ambulance siren.*

**HOUSEKEEPER (OFF):** Where did they take him?

**FLOOR MAID (OFF):** St Mary's

**HOUSE KEEPER (OFF):** What about his things?

**FLOOR MAID (OFF):** He son is coming for them in the morning

*Phone(German c.1980) picked up on first ring*

**FEMALE VOICE (OFF):** Margret , what they're saying, on the news is it true?

**MARGRET (OFF):** He was in London, *(pause)* with her.

*Phone is put down, line goes dead. The lights gradually fade-up to reveal Speer re-adjusting the position of the chair on stage. Enter Flächsner.*

**SCENE 2**

**FLÄCHSNER:** Is there something wrong Herr Speer?

**SPEER:** This chair, it's in the wrong place. Isn't it funny how in dreams we accept the fantastic and dismiss the irrelevant and yet everywhere else we allow our selves to become lost amongst the detail. I think perhaps that I prefer dreams

**FLÄCHSNER:** You dream a lot?

**SPEER:** I have always been a dreamer.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Tell me about them?

**SPEER:** I forget know, the dreams, their meanings are lost to me know somewhere in a fog of history.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Would you like to remember?

**SPEER:** I think not,

**FLÄCHSNER:** You think that your dreams have hidden meanings?

**SPEER:** Not in the sense that you mean, they can not be recreated, symbols sequences conversations, understood outside of their time and context: their is no underlying language, no universal reading only context and misunderstanding.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You dream that the Führer is still alive.

**SPEER:** Together in Spandau, we are prisoners still. We argue about what went wrong.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You discus the Jews

**SPEER:** We discuss architecture. The rebuilding Berlin, The rebirth of Germany.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You are taken to the garden by the guards.

**SPEER:** The guards tell me that Hitler has been sentenced to death and is to be buried alive. They give me a shovel and order me to dig but I refuse. The guard turns to Hitler and says that his life will now be spared and orders him to dig a hole for me. Hitler begins to dig but is ordered to stop. Once again the guard asks me that Hitler has been sentenced to death and is to be buried alive. This time I take the shovel and start to dig. I wake up.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And this?

**SPEER:** This is not my dream.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I fear the time for dreaming is past.

*Snap to blackout then slow fade up to reveal the scene as before.*

**SCENE 3**

**FLÄCHSNER:** But still we are here. Tell me, am I to defend you once more?

**SPEER:** I have already been found guilty.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You pleaded guilty

**SPEER:** I pleaded innocent

**FLÄCHSNER:** You accepted the common responsibility. You were the only one.

**SPEER:** You thought I was insane.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I wasn't the only one.

**SPEER:** Göring didn't think me insane, he thought me a traitor.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Göring would never accept the authority of an international court.

**SPEER:** Göring acted according to the laws of the Reich – he didn't think himself a criminal.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you did

**SPEER:** I thought there was a common responsibility that is accountability, not for the specific acts for which we were indicted but inherent in our positions as leaders of the Reich. I thought to acknowledge that, I thought it was necessary for the German people, it was our responsibility.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You thought that acknowledging some general guilt was an act of charity, nobility? You think yourself a martyr is that it?

**SPEER:** You misunderstand.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you thought Goring was wrong

**SPEER:** I argued against him, to the others, besides it was a futile gesture, legally speaking and he knew it – a final act of defiance but behind it all who of us there…, it is difficult to explain. Wrong I perhaps too strong a word. You who has never lived in a dictatorship, you who has never been tested, exposed. You can not understand what a difficult spell it is to break. You will never understand/

**FLÄCHSNER:** /that you thought Goring was right? /

**SPEER:** /that not everything we did was born out of fear, or hate.

*Snap to blackout then slow fade up to reveal the scene as before.*

*Long silence*

**FLÄCHSNER:** You're right. I don't understand.

*Slow fade to blackout slow fade up to reveal the scene as before.*

**SCENE 5**

**FLÄCHSNER:** You seem tired?

**SPEER:** No, I am just asking myself

**FLÄCHSNER:** Why do I do it? Again and again, always knowing. I don't mean anything against you but even now I know that you are holding back but it will come, it always comes, everything comes back to the Jews. *pause* Why don't you ask, get it over with?

**FLÄCHSNER:** When the right moment comes.

**SPEER:** The right moment? It is on my mind constantly: I awake with it , spend my day with it, go to sleep with it, I dream of it.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And your answer?

**SPEER:** My answers are habit, routine. The interviews on the Television and Radio, I know. My mind appears closed. I no longer answer with emotion. So distant, so arrogant, that is what they see. I am aware of this but I can not find the words

**FLÄCHSNER:** You are and educated man.

**SPEER:** You think it is a question of intellect, vocabulary?

**FLÄCHSNER:** No, of course not but your family You must have discussed it with your family.

**SPEER:** Do you remember the night I was released from Spandau.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Of course. I came to the prison with Margret in the Black Mercedes lent to you by Herr Mommsen. It was midnight but the street was lit up huge TV spotlights, it felt like it was midday.

**SPEER:** And on the way to the Hotel?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I was angry, the prison doors opened and out you came, you and Schirach surrounded by British Soldiers. Margret ran up the steps and…

**SPEER:** And...

**FLÄCHSNER:** You shook her hand. And then, when we got the car, then you made as if to sit next to the driver...and then there was that silence, I was angry

**SPEER:** And do you remember what you said to me in the car,

**FLÄCHSNER:** I said: Herr Speer, it isn't only that you were away from your family for twenty one years, but you were hardly with them before that either. In those years, a lifetime really – your wife has brought up six children on her own, helping them become people capable of counting for something in life. You need to keep remembering that.

**SPEER:** And when we got to the hotel I addressed the assembled journalist: Ladies and Gentleman, I said, you will understand that I can only be brief tonight, this evening belongs to my wife.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Twenty one years and you give her one evening?

**SPEER:** Your missing the point. The next day at the lodge, the whole family was there, their wives and husbands trying so hard to be at ease. I knew at once that they wanted something from me that I didn't know how to give. I sensed it almost as soon as we got there, an awful longing for Spandau, the pattern, the rhythm, my solitude and walks. I knew then I could not change. They tried to understand, each one of them tried but it was asking too much but eventually, one by one they gave up and left.

**FLÄCHSNER:** They wanted their father.

**SPEER:** They wanted me to be an ordinary man.

*Slow fade to blackout*

**SCENE 6**

*The scene has changed: Speer is alone asleep on the bed. The lights raise a small amount just enough to make out the scene but not enough to illuminate it.*

*The sound of light construction – hammering sawing etc. – they are constructing the gallows.*

*Speer sits up, listens for a moment, gets out of bed and pulls the chair out and stands on it trying to peer out of a 'small window' which is still slightly too high for him to see out of. Eventually Speer gives up and returns to his bed where he waits for the sound of construction to stop. Once the sound of construction has stopped he remains sat on his bed with clasped hands.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Ribbentrop!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Keitel!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Kaltenbrunner!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Rosenberg!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Frank!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Frick!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Streicher!

**HESS (OFF):** Bravo Streicher!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Sauckel!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Jodl!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Seyss-Inquart

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

*Speer remains seated throughout the above roll call which should be performed at a painfully slow pace. Once the roll call has finished Speer remains seated for some time. The lights slowly begin to fade up.*

**SCENE 7**

**SPEER:** The next morning we survivors are taken to the lower tier to clean out the cells of the hanged men. Messtins have been left on tables, papers and blankets scattered on the floor. Only Jodl's cell was clean, and neatly ordered. In Seyss-Inquart's cell we found a calendar. He had marked his last day with a cross. In the Afternoon Schirach, Hess and I are given brooms and mops. An American soldier leads us into the gym. The gallows have been dismantled and the room cleaned but nevertheless we are told to sweep and mop the floor again. The guard watches our reactions closely. Hess comes to attention in front of a dark spot on the floor that looks like a large bloodstain; he raises his arm in the party salute. When I return to my cell I continue reading and come across a sentence in Goethe's Elective Affinities; "Everything seems to be following its usual course because even in terrible moments, in which everything is at stake, people go on living as if nothing were happening."

*Slow fade to blackout then rise to reveal Speer sat at his desk writing and Flächsner is sat on the chair stage left.*

**SCENE 8**

**FLÄCHSNER:** You lied at the Nuremburg trail didn't you *(pause - Speer does not respond)* Herr Speer, what do you know about the working conditions in subterranean factories? The most modern equipment for the most modern weapons has been housed in subterranean factories. *(Speer stops writing but otherwise does not respond)* This equipment required perfect conditions to work – that's what you told them – air which was dry and free from dust, good lighting facilities and big fresh air installations – about the same as those of a night shift in regular industry. That is what you said.

**SPEER:** I was the minister for armaments and production; I didn't personally oversee every factory in the Rich.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And this is you acknowledgement of a collective responsibility?

**SPEER:** It wanted to make an act of contrition, not suicide.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Tell me about Dora.

**SPEER:** Nothing prepared me for what I saw at Dora; it was the worst place I had ever seen. It was December 1943, the prisoners lived in the caves with the rockets, it was freezing cold, the slaves, I can not call them workers, or prisoners not after what I know now, the slaves worked 18 hours a day, when there were no tools they used their bare hands, always the ammonia burning their lungs. I was outraged. I demanded to see their sanitary provisions. There was no heat, no ventilation no water to wash in, no water to drink. The toilets were barrels cut in half with planks laid across. Later I found out that one of the SS guard's favourite jokes was to watch the slaves sit on the plank, laugh and push them in. They all had dysentery. They saw daylight once a week at roll call. I demanded to be shown their midday meal. The food was an inedible. Thousands had died, this time I saw the bodies of the dead, those that were left were skeletons.

I walked past these men and tried to meet their eyes. They wouldn't look at me. This time they couldn't hide the truth.

**FLÄCHSNER:** At Nuremberg you testified that sickness only made up a very 'small percentage'. You told Jackson that workers feigned illness; that the allies dropped leaflets with instructions telling them how and that the workers feigned illness.

**SPEER:** I didn't think at the time that Jackson was after me; 'I am not claiming that you are personally responsible for these conditions' that's what Jackson said to me in court. I thought he wanted to use my testimony against Krupp. I wasn't going to be used. Krupp's factories were different.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Different, Different how?

**SPEER:** At Krupp's I was given the VIP tour.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And at Dora you were outraged.

**SPEER:** I never claimed to be a humanist, *(wryly laughing)*. Time and time again I told them that my objection to maltreatment was that it didn't increase efficiency. It wasn't a moral issue for me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Do you know how many men were deported to Dora Albert? *(pause)* sixty thousand

**SPEER:** I ordered the building of a barracks camp, outside the cave.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And how many died?

**SPEER:** I thought differently then.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Thirty thousand. Albert. Thirty thousand.

*Snap to blackout then slowly fade up. Speer is sat back on his bed.*

**SCENE 9**

**SPEER:** Before leaving Dr. Gilbert, the prison psychologist, shows me a copy of an article he has written for an American newspaper. In it he says I am the only one who will stand by my present views in the future. He gives each of us a copy of the indictment and asks us what we think. Dönitz views it as a bad joke, Hess claims to have lost his memory, Ribbentrop that it is directed against the wrong people, Funk tearfully protests his innocence and Kietel that for soldiers orders are orders. Only Streicher remains faithful to his obsession and claims the trial is a triumph for the Jews. Before leaving us for the final time Gilbert tells me some details about the final few minutes of the executed men. Kietels last words were 'Alles für Deutschland. Deutschland über Alles.' Jodl, Ribbentrop all said something similar on the scaffold. Gilbert tells me that during the trial he thought us all devils, now he thinks of us as brave soldiers. He helped us all during the trial, including Streicher even though he is Jewish. After he has left I feel something akin to gratitude. In my minds eye I see a reply of the nightmarish pictures shown to us during the trial. In between I allow my thoughts to roam freely. An image of an enthusiastic Hitler comes into my mind, his unusually

large and eloquent eyes. A man overwhelmed by his mission, by the grandeur of his plans. I think of our projects, the hours over the drafting table. I remember a picnic by the roadside after visiting a monastery on one of our tours. "Our buildings in Berlin and Nuremberg will make the Cathedrals look ridiculously small. Just imagine some little peasant coming into our great domed hall in Berlin. That will do more than take his breath away. From then on the man will know where he belongs. I tell you Speer, these buildings are more important than anything else. You, must do everything you can to produce them in my lifetime. Only if I have spoken I them and governed from them will they have the consecration they are going to need for my successors."

*Slow cross fade via blackout to scene ... as before*

**SCENE 1. NUREMBERG 1945/6**

**FLÄCHSNER:** They sent an American, he asked me weather I would be willing to serve as a defence lawyer in the Nuremberg trials which were being prepared at the time. I think perhaps they came to me because I was a liberal. This was in August 1945. They tried first to pick only candidates who hadn't been in the party but they had to give up on that one. Finally quite a few of the defence lawyers had been party members. Times were tough but Nuremberg wasn't something one could just decide to do. At the end of September the American came again. He offered me the choice of Speer, Kaltenbrunner, or Hess. I told him, Only Speer.

*Throughout the rest of the scene images of the Second World War including Speer, Hitler, and concentration camp victims are projected onto the screen.*

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** The Defendant Speer between 1932-1945 was a member of the Nazi Party, Reichsleiter, member of the Reichstag, Reich Minister for Armament and Munitions, Chief of the Organization Todt, General Plenipotentiary for Armaments in the Office of the Four Year Plan, and Chairman of the Armaments Council. The Defendant Speer used the foregoing positions and his personal influence in such a manner that: He participated in the military and economic planning and preparation of the Nazi conspirators for wars of aggression and wars in violation of international treaties, agreements, and assurances set forth in Counts One and Two of the Indictment; and he authorized, directed, and participated in the War Crimes set forth in Count Three of the Indictment and the Crimes against Humanity set forth in Count Four of the Indictment, including more particularly the abuse and exploitation of human beings for forced labour in the conduct of aggressive war.

**FLÄCHSNER:** My name is Dr Hans Flächsner, from Berlin. I am supposed to be your lawyer, if you agree.

**SPEER:** They gave me a list of German lawyers but did not recognise any of the names. I asked the court to make the appointment.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You asked for Minister Schreiber, but received no answer. *[Handing Spear a form to sign]* Take this with you and consider whether you want me for your defence attorney.

**SPEER:** Dr. Flächsner, I think you should know that I intend to plead guilty.

**FLÄCHSNER:** It will mean your head

**SPEER:** Then so be it.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You will be sitting in the dock third from last. That amounts to being classified one way whereas Göring, Hess, Ribbentrop, and Keitel are classified another way, at the top. If you go ahead and declare yourself responsible for everything that happened during those years, you are making yourself out to be more important than you are, besides drawing an inappropriate degree of attention to yourself. That will not only make a dreadful impression but will also lead to a death sentence. Why do you yourself want to say that you are lost? My advice is to leave that to the court.

**SPEER:** I refuse to put up a cheap defence; I don't forget how many millions of Germans fell for a false ideal.

**FLÄCHSNER:** This court cares little for the people of Germany.

*[beat]*

**SPEER:** When they offered you Nuremberg, why did you say yes.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I didn't, at first.

**SPEER:** You turned it down?

**FLÄCHSNER:** Of course, I was interested but you must understand; I run a small practice, there is my reputation to consider, the risk of alienating all the people that I know.

**SPEER:** Still, it is an opportunity.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Times are hard Herr Spear, I am Hungry; if I don't work I don't eat.

*[Spear signs the form and handing it back to Flächsner]*

**SPEER:** I have only one condition; you will not mention in court anything that might embarrass the dignity of a former Reich minister or incriminate his former subordinates. *[Beat]* Tell me, have you ever had the chance to visit the Reich Chancellery?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I've been there.

**SPEER:** And how did you find it?

**FLÄCHSNER:** The chairs are very comfortable.

**SPEER:** *[Smiling]* And the building?

**FLÄCHSNER:** The doors are huge and not all of the open up; it made me feel small, confined. It reminded me something I was once taught.

**SPEER:** And what was that?

**FLÄCHSNER:** That man is the measure of all things.

*[Beat]*

**SPEER:** You are right; today I wouldn't build it that way.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I think we should discuss your plea; you must at least limit your guilt to those matters over which you had direct control.

**SPEER:** We have gambolled, all of us, and lost. Here we have the chance to demonstrate a little dignity, a little courage and make it plain that with everything we are charged with at least we are not cowards. If we had won the war we would have shared in these men's triumphs.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** The Tribunal is of opinion that Speer's activities do not amount to initiating, planning, or preparing wars of aggression, or of conspiring to that end. He became the head of the armament industry well after all of the wars had been commenced and were under way. His activities in charge of German armament production were in aid of

the war effort in the same way that other productive enterprises aid in the waging of war; but the Tribunal is not prepared to find that such activities involve engaging in the common plan to wage aggressive war as charged under Count One, or waging aggressive war as charged under Count Two.

**WORKER:** Reveille was at 5 a. m. There was no coffee or any food served in the morning. They marched off to the factory at 5.15 a. m. They marched for three-quarters of an hour to the factory, poorly clothed and badly shod, some without shoes, and covered with a blanket, in rain or snow. Work began at 6 a. m. The lunch break was from 12 to 12.30. Only during the break was it at all possible for the prisoners to cook something for themselves from potato peelings and other garbage. The daily working period was one of 10 or 11 hours, their work was very heavy physically. The prisoners were often maltreated at their work-benches by Nazi overseers and female SS guards. At 5 or 6 in the afternoon they were marched back to camp. The accompanying guards consisted of female SS who often maltreated the prisoners on the way back with kicks, blows, individual women or girls had to be carried back to the camp by their comrades owing to exhaustion. At 6 or 7 p.m. these exhausted people arrived back in camp. Then the real meal was distributed. This consisted of cabbage soup. This was followed by the evening meal of water soup and a piece of bread, which was for the following day.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** The evidence introduced against Speer under counts three and, four relates entirely to his participation in the slave labour program. Speer himself had no direct administrative responsibility for this program. As Reich Minister for Armaments and Munitions and Plenipotentiary General for Armaments under the Four Year Plan, Speer had extensive authority over production. As the dominant member of the Central Planning Board, which had supreme authority for the scheduling of German production and the allocation and development of raw materials, Speer took the position that the board had authority to instruct Sauckel to provide labourers for industries under its control and succeeded in sustaining this position over the objection of Sauckel. The practice was developed under which Speer transmitted to Sauckel an estimate of the total number of workers needed; Sauckel obtained the labour and allocated it to the various industries in accordance with instructions supplied by Speer.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Even in the 30's I knew the Jews were being badly treated, that they could no longer be judges or lawyers. And believe me I often thanked God that I wasn't a Jew. I had Jewish friends and tried to help, and sometimes one could help. One knew it was miserable to be a Jew in Hitler's Germany, but one didn't know it was a catastrophe; one didn't know what happened to them. Until one day in 1943, when a client of mine who was a medic in Russia came back with photographs of executions of Jews, I knew absolutely nothing of this. I told him to burn or bury the photographs and tell no one what he had seen. And I didn't tell anybody either, not even my wife. I know that wasn't right; but it was prudent. One wanted to survive; it was most unsafe to have seen such photographs.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** Speer knew when he made his demands on Sauckel that they would be supplied by foreign, labourers serving under compulsion. He participated in conferences involving the extension of the slave labour program for the purpose-of satisfying his demands. He was present at a conference held during 10 and 12 August 1942 with Hitler and Sauckel, at which it was agreed that Sauckel should bring labourers

by force from occupied territories where this was necessary to satisfy the labour needs of the industries under Speer's control. Speer also attended a conference in Hitler's headquarters on 4 January 1944, at which the decision was made that Sauckel should obtain "at least 4 million new workers from occupied territories" in order to satisfy the demands for labour made by Speer, although Sauckel indicated that he could, do this only with help from Himmler. Sauckel continually informed Speer and his representatives that foreign labourers were being obtained by force.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** You knew at this time that Himmler was using concentration camp labour to carry on independent industry and that he proposed to go into the armament industry in order to have a source of supply of arms for his own SS? *[beat]* You also knew the policy of the Nazi Party and the policy of the Government towards the Jews did you not?

**SPEER:** I knew that the National Socialist Party was anti-Semitic, and I knew that the Jews were being evacuated from Germany.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** In fact, you participated in that evacuation did you not?

**SPEER:** When, in February 1942, I took over my new office, the Party was already insisting that Jews who were still working in armament factories should be removed from them. I objected at the time, and managed to get Bormann to issue a circular letter to the effect that these Jews might go on being employed in armament factories and that Party offices were prohibited from accusing the heads of these firms on political grounds because of the Jews working there. After this the Jews could remain in these plants.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** The problem of producing armaments to win the war for Germany was made very much more difficult by this anti-Jewish campaign which was being waged by others of your co-defendants.

**SPEER:** That is a certainty; and it is equally clear that if the Jews who were evacuated had been allowed to work for me, it would have been a considerable advantage to me.

**GERMAN ENGINEER:** The people descending from the trucks, men, women and children of every age, were made, on the order of an SS man with a horse-whip or dog-whip, to undress and put down their clothes in separate places, according to shoes, outer and undergarments. I saw a pile of shoes of approximately eight hundred to a thousand pairs, huge stacks of underwear and clothes. Without shouting or weeping these people undressed, standing together in family groups, kissing each other goodbye and awaiting the orders of another SS man ... An old woman with snow-white hair was holding a child of twelve months in her arms, singing to it and tickling it. The child squealed with pleasure. The couple watched with tears in their eyes. The father was holding a boy of about ten by the hand, talking to him softly. The boy was fighting back his tears. His father pointed his finger at the sky, stroked his head and seemed to explain something to him. At that moment the SS man by the ditch called... I walked round the mound of earth and was facing an enormous grave. The people were lying in it pressed together so tightly that only their heads were visible. From nearly all the heads blood was running over the shoulders…

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** Speer's position was such that he was not directly concerned with the cruelty in the administration of the slave labour program,

although he was aware of its existence. At a meeting of the Central Planning Board on 30 October 1942, Speer voiced his opinion that many slave labourers who claimed to be sick were malingerers and stated: "There is nothing to be said against SS and Police taking drastic steps and putting those known as slackers into concentration camps." In mitigation it must be recognized that Speer insisted that the slave labourers be given adequate food and working conditions so that they could work efficiently and that the establishment of blocked industries did keep many labourers in their homes and that in the closing stages of the war he was one of the few men who had the courage to tell Hitler that the war was lost and to take steps to prevent the senseless destruction of production facilities, both in occupied territories and in Germany. He carried out his opposition to Hitler's scorched earth program in some of the Western countries and in Germany by deliberately sabotaging it at considerable personal risk.

**SPEER:** This war has brought an unconceivable catastrophe upon the German people, and indeed started a world catastrophe. Therefore it is my unquestionable duty to assume my share of responsibility for this disaster before the German people. This is all the more my obligation, all the more my responsibility, since the head of the government has avoided responsibility before the German people and before the world... Insofar as Hitler gave me orders, and I carried them out, I assume responsibility for them. I did not, of course, carry out all the orders he gave me.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** Your common responsibility, what do you mean by your common responsibility along with others?

**SPEER:** In my opinion, a state functionary has two types of responsibility. One is the responsibility for his own sector and for that, of course, he is fully responsible. But above that I think that in decisive matters there is, and must be, among the leaders a common responsibility, for who is to bear responsibility for developments, if not the close associates of the head of State? This common responsibility, however, can only be applied to fundamental matters, it cannot be applied to details connected with other ministries or other responsible departments, for otherwise the entire discipline in the life of the State would be quite confused, and no one would ever know who is individually responsible in a particular sphere. This individual responsibility in one's own sphere must, at all events, be kept clear and distinct.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** The Tribunal finds that Speer is not guilty on Counts One and Two, but is guilty under Counts Three and Four. In accordance with Article 27 of the Charter, the International Military Tribunal will now pronounce the sentences on the defendants convicted on this Indictment: Defendant Albert Speer, on the Counts of the Indictment on which you have been convicted, the Tribunal sentences you to twenty years' imprisonment.

**FLÄCHSNER:** He reminded me of myself when I saw those photographs in 1943. That’s when I understood what he meant; ‘If we had won the war’ but that was 1945.

**SCENE 2. London/Berlin –September 1981**

*The stage is in complete darkness.*

*Radio/TV News broadcast to set the date fades out to be replaced with the sound of an unanswered phone ringing and then an answer phone clicking in.*

**VOICE ON ANSWER PHONE (OFF):** Please leave a massage after the tone

*Tone on answer phone*

**SPEER (OFF):** Albert here, just for the day, talking to the BBC. I wanted to surprise you, shame, come to Germany and see us soon; we have much to talk about.

*Phone is put down; line goes dead, fade up sound of Ambulance siren*

**FLOOR MAID (OFF):** What happened?

**HOUSEKEEPER (OFF):** A stroke, they said.

**FLOOR MAID (OFF):** Where did they take him?

**HOUSEKEEPER (OFF):** St Mary's

**FLOOR MAID (OFF):** What about his things?

**HOUSE KEEPER (OFF):** His son is coming for them in the morning.

*Phone (German c.1980) picked up on first ring*

**FLÄCHSNER:** Margret, what they're saying, on the news is it true?

**MARGRET (OFF):** He was in London, (*pause)* with her.

*Phone is put down, line goes dead.*

**SCENE 3. the present**

*The lights gradually fade-up to reveal Speer re-adjusting the position of the chair on stage. Enter Flächsner*

**SPEER:** In The Brothers Karamazov, Grushenka tells the fable of the little onion. A vicious old woman dies and goes to hell, but her guardian angel, squeezing her memory, recalls that she once, only once gave a beggar the gift of a little onion that she had dug up from her garden: the angel holds the little onion out to her, and as the old woman grasps it she is lifted out of the flames of hell.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Is that where you think you are, in Hell? *[beat]* Herr Speer?

**SPEER:** That chair, it was in the wrong place. I think perhaps that I would to call it a dream.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You dream a lot?

**SPEER:** I have always been a dreamer.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Tell me about your dreams.

**SPEER:** They are becoming harder to remember, lost to me now somewhere in the fog of memory and history.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Do you dream that the Führer is still alive?

**SPEER:** Together in Spandau, we are prisoners still. We argue about what went wrong.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You discus the Jews.

**SPEER:** We discuss architecture; the rebuilding of Berlin, the rebirth of Germany.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You are taken to the garden by the guards.

**SPEER:** They tell me that Hitler has been sentenced to death and is to be buried alive. They give me a shovel and order me to dig the hole but I refuse. The guard then turns to Hitler and says that his life will be spared if he now digs a hole for me. He looks at me and I know that he knows what I have done. He takes the shovel and begins to dig. I plead with him. With the hole only half complete he is told to stop. Once again the guard tells me that Hitler has been sentenced to death and is to be buried alive. This time I take the shovel and I start to dig.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And all this?

**SPEER:** This is not my dream.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I fear the time for dreaming is past.

**SPEER:** What then, are you here to defend me once more?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I read your books.

**SPEER:** What did you think?

**FLÄCHSNER:** There are still some questions.

**SPEER:** There will always be questions. I have already been found guilty. I served my time. Is that not enough?

**FLÄCHSNER:** You pleaded innocent

**SPEER:** I accepted the common responsibility. I was the only one. You thought I was insane.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I wasn't the only one.

**SPEER:** Göring didn't think me insane, he thought me a traitor.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Göring would never accept the authority of an international court.

**SPEER:** Göring acted according to the laws of the Reich. He didn't think of himself as a criminal.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you did

**SPEER:** I thought it was necessary for the German people. It was our responsibility to shoulder the blame.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You saw it as an act of charity, a noble self-sacrifice? You think of yourself as a martyr is that it?

**SPEER:** You misunderstand.

**FLÄCHSNER:** He threatened you, in court

**SPEER:** He said that the even if I come out of this trial alive the Feme Court would assassinate me for treason.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you thought Göring was wrong.

**SPEER:** He was a bully. He wanted to present a united front to the court, to the German people. I argued against him; it was a futile gesture, legally speaking and he knew it, a final act of defiance. But behind it all, who of us there... *[beat]* wrong is perhaps too strong a word. It is difficult to explain.

**FLÄCHSNER:** What, that after everything you really thought that Göring was right?

**SPEER:** That not everything we did was born out of fear, or hate.

*Snap to blackout – projected onto the screen is a series of photographs of concentration camp victims - then slow fade up to reveal the scene as before.*

*Long silence*

**FLÄCHSNER:** You're right. I don't understand. *[beat]* You look tired?

**SPEER:** We have known each other too long. Even now I can see that you are holding back. but it will come, everything comes back to the Jews. *[beat]* Why don't you ask, get it over with?

**FLÄCHSNER:** When the right moment comes.

**SPEER:** The right moment? It is on my mind constantly: I awake with it, spend my day with it, go to sleep with it, I dream of it.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And your answer?

**SPEER:** My answers are conditioned, a habit, a routine. I knew no more about the concentration camps than other ministers knew about V-2. I have listened to recordings of my interviews for Radio and Television. I know my mind appears closed, that my answers sound distant and arrogant. I am aware of all of this but I cannot find the words.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You are an educated man.

**SPEER:** You think it is a question of intellect, vocabulary?

**FLÄCHSNER:** No, of course not but your family? You must have discussed it with your family?

**SPEER:** Do you remember the night I was released from Spandau.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Of course. I came to the prison with Margret in the Black Mercedes lent to you by Herr Mommsen. It was midnight but the street was lit up by huge TV spotlights, it felt like it was midday. I brought you a watch.

**SPEER:** And on the way to the Hotel?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I was angry, the prison doors opened and out you came, you and Schirach surrounded by British Soldiers. Margret ran up the steps and…

**SPEER:** And?

**FLÄCHSNER:** You shook her hand. And then, when we got the car, then you made as if to sit next to the driver...and then there was that silence, I was angry

**SPEER:** And do you remember what you said to me in the car,

**FLÄCHSNER:** I said: Herr Speer, it isn't only that you were away from your family for twenty-one years, but you were hardly with them before that either. In those years, a lifetime really – your wife has brought up six children on her own, helping them become people capable of counting for something in life. You need to keep remembering that.

**SPEER:** When we got to the hotel I addressed the assembled journalist: Ladies and Gentleman, I said, you will understand that I can only be brief tonight, this evening belongs to my wife.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Twenty-one years and you give her one evening?

**SPEER:** You're missing the point. The next day at the lodge, the whole family was there, their wives and husbands trying so hard to be at ease. I knew at once that they wanted something from me that I didn't know how to give. It didn't matter what words I used. The children, they tried to understand, each one of them tried but it was asking too much but eventually, one by one they gave up and left.

MARGARET: They wanted their father.

**SPEER:** They wanted an explanation they could understand, they wanted me to behave like an ordinary man. *[beat]* I sensed it almost as soon as we got there, an awful longing for Spandau, the pattern, the rhythm, my solitude and walks. What do I know of ordinary men?

*Slow fade to blackout*

**SCENE 4. Nuremberg 1946**

*The scene has changed: Speer is alone asleep on the bed. The lights raise a small amount - just enough to make out the scene but not enough to illuminate it.*

*The sound of light construction – hammering sawing etc. – they are constructing the gallows.*

*Speer sits up, listens for a moment, gets out of bed and pulls the chair out and stands on it trying to peer out of a 'small window' which is still slightly too high for him to see out of. Eventually Speer gives up and returns to his bed where he waits for the sound of construction to stop. Once the sound of construction has stopped he remains sat on his bed with clasped hands.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Ribbentrop!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Keitel!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Kaltenbrunner!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Rosenberg!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Frank!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Frick!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Streicher!

**HESS (OFF):** Bravo Streicher!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Sauckel!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Jodl!

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

**AMERICAN GUARD (OFF):** Seyss-Inquart

*The sound of a cell door being opened, scrapings of boots footsteps fading away then a long pause.*

*Speer remains seated throughout the above roll call which should be performed at a painfully slow pace. Once the roll call has finished Speer remains seated for some time. The lights slowly begin to fade up.*

**SPEER:** The next morning we survivors are taken to the lower tier to clean out the cells of the hanged men. Messtins have been left on tables, papers and blankets scattered on the floor. Only Jodl's cell was clean, and neatly ordered. In Seyss-Inquart's cell we found a calendar. He had marked his last day with a cross. In the Afternoon Schirach, Hess and I are given brooms and mops. An American soldier leads us into the gym. The gallows have been dismantled and the room cleaned but nevertheless we are told to sweep and mop the floor again. The guard watches our reactions closely. Hess comes to attention in front of a dark spot on the floor that looks like a large bloodstain; he raises his arm in the party salute.

**GUARD:** Everything seems to follow its usual course because even in these terrible moments, people go on living as if nothing were happening.

*Slow fade to blackout then rise to reveal Speer sat at his desk writing and Flächsner is sat on the chair stage left.*

**SCENE 5. The Present**

**FLÄCHSNER:** You lied at Nuremburg didn't you *[beat - Speer does not respond – reading transcript]* Herr Speer, what do you know about the working conditions in subterranean factories? And your reply? The most modern equipment for the most modern weapons has been housed in subterranean factories. *(Speer stops writing but otherwise does not respond)* This equipment required perfect conditions to work – that's what you told them – air which was dry and free from dust, good lighting facilities and big fresh air installations – about the same as those of a night shift in regular industry.

**SPEER:** You had no business asking me that, question. You were supposed to be defending me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I was trying to.

**SPEER:** I was the minister for armaments and production; I didn't personally oversee every factory in the Rich.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you knew, didn't you, you went there, you saw.

**SPEER:** Jackson wasn't after me; 'I am not claiming that you are personally responsible for these conditions' that's what he said to me in court.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And collective responsibility?

**SPEER:** It wanted to make an act of contrition, not suicide.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Tell me about Dora.

**SPEER:** Nothing prepared me for what I saw at Dora; it was the worst place I had ever seen. It was December 1943, the prisoners lived in the caves with the rockets, it was freezing cold, the slaves, I can not call them workers, or prisoners not after what I know now, the slaves worked 18 hours a day, when there were no tools they used their bare hands, always the ammonia burning their lungs. I was outraged. I demanded to see their sanitary provisions. There was no heat, no ventilation no water to wash in, no water to drink. The toilets were barrels cut in half with planks laid across. Later I found out that one of the SS guard's favourite jokes was to watch the slaves sit on the plank, laugh and push them in. They all had dysentery. They saw daylight once a week at roll call. I demanded to be shown their midday meal. The food was an inedible. This time I saw the bodies; thousands had died and those that were left were skeletons. I walked past these men and tried to meet their eyes. They wouldn't look at me. This time they couldn't hide the truth.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You testified that sickness only made up a very 'small percentage'. You told Jackson that workers feigned illness; that the allies dropped leaflets with instructions telling them how and that the workers feigned illness.

**SPEER:** I thought he wanted to use my testimony against Krupp. We had an agreement I will not incriminate the people who worked for me. I wasn't going to be used. Besides, Krupp's factories were different.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Different? Different how?

**SPEER:** At Krupp's I was given the VIP tour.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And at Dora you were outraged.

**SPEER:** *(wryly laughing)* I never claimed to be a humanist. *[beat]* Time and time again I told them that my objection to maltreatment was that it didn't increase efficiency. It wasn't a moral issue for me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Do you know how many men were deported to Dora Albert? *[beat]* sixty thousand

**SPEER:** I ordered the building of a barracks camp, outside the cave.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And how many died?

**SPEER:** I thought differently then.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Thirty thousand. Albert. Thirty thousand.

*Snap to blackout then slowly fade up. Speer is sat back on his bed.*

**SCENE 6. Nuremberg 1946**

**SPEER:** Before leaving Dr. Gilbert, the prison psychologist, shows me a copy of an article he has written for an American newspaper.

**DR. GILBERT:** During the trial I thought you were all devils. You are the only one who will stand by your present views in the future

**SPEER:** Before the trial had begun he gave each of us a copy of the indictment and asks us what we think.

**DR. GILBERT:** Dönitz thought it as a bad joke; Hess claimed to have lost his memory, Ribbentrop that it was directed against the wrong people, Funk tearfully protested his innocence and Keitel that for a soldier orders are orders. Only Streicher remained faithful to his obsession; he claims the trial is a triumph for the Jews.

**SPEER:** Ley Killed Himself

**LEY:** *[agitated]* How can I prepare a defence? Am I supposed to defend myself against all these crimes which I knew nothing about? If after all the bloodshed of this war some more *[stuttering]* s-sacrifices are needed to satisfy the v-vengeance of the victors, all well and good. Stand us against the wall and shoot us! All well and good you are the victors, but why should I be brought before a tribunal like a c-, c-, like a c-, c-?

**DR. GILBERT:** He stammered and blocked completely at the word criminal

**LEY:** You see I can't even get the word out.

**DR. GILBERT:** The next night he was found strangled in his cell, he had made a noose out of stripped edges of an army towel tied together and fastened to the toilet pipe.

**SPEER:** Before leaving us for the final time Gilbert tells me some details about the final few minutes of the executed men.

**DR. GILBERT:** Kietel's last words were 'Alles für Deutschland. Deutschland über Alles.' Jodl, Ribbentrop all said something similar on the scaffold.

**SPEER:** He helped us all during the trial, including Streicher even though he is Jewish. And despite all this after he has left I feel something akin to gratitude. In my minds eye I see a reply of the nightmarish pictures shown to us during the trial. An image of an enthusiastic Hitler comes into my mind, his unusually large and eloquent eyes. A man overwhelmed by his mission, by the grandeur of his plans. I think of our projects, the hours over the drafting table. I remember a picnic by the roadside after visiting a monastery on one of our tours.

**HITLER:** Our buildings in Berlin and Nuremberg will make the Cathedrals look ridiculously small. Just imagine some little peasant coming into our great domed hall in Berlin. That will do more than take his breath away. From then on the man will know where he belongs. I tell you Speer, these buildings are more important than anything else. You must do everything you can to produce them in my lifetime. Only if I have spoken I them and governed from them will they have the consecration they are going to need for my successors.

*Slow cross fade via blackout to scene ... as before*

**SCENE 7. The Present**

**SPEER:** You are wrong if you think that my outrage at Dora was an affectation. Less than a month later I collapsed and was rushed in hospital. Something snapped, inside; my body seemed to know what my mind refused to admit.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And what was that

**SPEER:** That I could no longer go on. At least not like this. At Rastenberg Sauckel had told Hitler he could find another four million workers for 1944, I told him that these workers could well be found in Germany itself, but I new that I was no longer the Führer's favourite, Bormann and his cohorts had seen to that. I was exhausted and depressed. Dora was in my mind and I was in disfavour with Hitler.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But problems with your knee and bouts of anxiety were nothing new were they? And even in hospital you continued to work.

**SPEER:** In Hitler's Germany it was not advisable for a Minister to get ill, first of all nobody believed it. If Hitler, who hated sacking people, did fire one of his higher officials it was invariably attributed to ill health. The trouble was if you were really ill, you had to pretend to be well in order to avoid the rumours of impending dismissal – given my position at the time I could not afford to be ill. So I took over some rooms in the hospital and continued to work.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you didn't get any better.

**SPEER:** I began to doubt Dr Gebhardt, he was after all Himmler's man; I could begin to feel the hyenas at the door. I was convinced that

Himmler felt that it would be better if I didn't recover. Whatever the truth I felt I could no longer trust Gebhardt.

**FLÄCHSNER:** So you called in Professor Koch

**SPEER:** Of course later Gebhardt claimed that he had asked Koch for a second opinion. Within hours of Koch arrival my temperature went up to 120º my skin turned blue and I began to haemorrhage repeatedly. Koch took Margret outside and told her to prepare for the worst. I was euphoric.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You wanted to die?

**SPEER:** I felt myself smiling at Margret. I have never been so happy in my life, I saw the room from above the Doctors and Nurses, the white military wardrobes changed into beautiful armoires, the plain white ceiling was suddenly magnificently inlaid. There were figures all around me. Of course Margret said it was all in my mind.

**FLÄCHSNER:** What did you think?

**SPEER:** I heard a voice say not yet, what I felt was something I don't know how to describe. It wasn't just sadness or disappointment, but loss. Since then I have read a lot about other people's experiences, it is comforting to know that many people have had such experiences but at the same time I am sure each is very different.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And yet in your books you barley mention the incident.

**SPEER:** I am Albert Speer, the architect of the Reich, the super-rational man writing the definitive history of our time, and you expect me to half way through tell the readers that I died and came back to life? *[laughs]* I can imagine the fun the critics would have had with that!

**FLÄCHSNER:** But that's what you believe.

**SPEER:** I have never been a religious man, not in the conventional sense. It is not important what I believe happened but what did happen. I felt things in that moment that I know that the man I am can not feel, or see or say. I know that I am no longer afraid of dying. I think that perhaps I lost something that day, but found something too.

**FLÄCHSNER:** God?

**SPEER:** No, not God, I think I found something of myself.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And lost something of Hitler?

**SPEER:** A little bit of both and not enough of either I fear, after all. I all I got better. I carried on. I remember, shortly before being transferred from Nuremberg to Spandau becoming obsessed with Hitler's two faces, for how long I did not see behind the first. How strangely in my mind this duality has manifested itself aesthetically. How could I not have noticed how ugly, how ill proportioned Hitler's face was? What a shock it was to notice for the first time. I stood up as he entered the room. It was the first time we had met in 10 weeks, it was the night before I was to leave the Hospital, I had thrown a party for the Hospital Staff, a piano recital given by Willhelm Kempft. He came up to me very quickly holding out his hand but even as I stretched out mine I had this overwhelming sense of unfamiliarity. It was his face;

that broad nose, that sallow skin. Who was this man? I had a sudden sense of fatigue unlike any I had felt before. Perhaps Hitler noticed this; he was after all a perceptive man. Less than half an hour later Margret overhead him telling Bormann and Keitel that he didn't think that I would be able to fully recover. I was to read later that the gates of Auschwitz bore the slogan "Work Makes Free" I have often wondered if this was some kind of horrific in joke. I went back to work.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you resigned.

**SPEER:** I threatened to resign.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You were still out of favour.

**SPEER:** He wouldn't take my advice

**FLÄCHSNER:** About labour?

**SPEER:** About buildings. He had approved the building of six huge underground industrial sites, each over one million square feet. Aeroplane production was to be transferred there to escape the bombs. Dorsch promised Hitler he would have them ready in six months, it was ridiculous. I started to write to Hitler, memoranda warning him against such madness, that we had to concentrate on the quick reconstruction of bomb-damaged plants and workers housing. I hatched a plan to move Dorsch away from the project. I think it was the first time I had allowed myself to be openly defiant. I didn't think it was possible to speak so openly, and when I found I could, it gave me an incredible sense of liberation.

**FLÄCHSNER:** So your plan worked.

**SPEER:** Hitler was furious, rejected the proposal outright. He thought I was playing politics.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You weren't?

**SPEER:** Not in the way he thought. I wanted power, I can not deny that. With Power comes the authority to do the job. I phoned Milch and asked him to tell the Führer that I was resigning. The news got round like wildfire. Göring phoned me to say that I couldn't do that, except of course for reasons of health. Walter Rohland came in person to tell me that I was out of my mind, that I couldn't leave industry in the lurch. He reminded me of Hitler's admiration for the effectiveness of Stalin's destruction of Russia's living potential. What if Hitler decided to do the same? He persuaded me that I would have to stay to do what I could do to prevent the worst. This was not the first time we had admitted that the war was lost, but it was the first time anyone had mentioned the madness of 'scorched earth'.

**FLÄCHSNER:** So you withdrew your resignation?

**SPEER:** For the first time I think I stopped thinking of myself and thinking of the country as its people. I had already seen such destruction, on my tours, but I didn't think about the people, just those damn factories. It was as if my imagination had died somehow. I sat there in the garden with Rohland, unending waves of unopposed allied planes overhead in the sky and I heard my children's voices from where they were playing and I began see the physical destruction of Germany, not in

terms of building but in terms of the people. You think I am being sentimental?

**FLÄCHSNER:** But to continue would surely only prolong the war?

**SPEER:** That night Milch phoned, it was about 1 o'clock in the morning:

**MILCH:** A message from Hitler:

**HITLER:** "Tell Speer that I am as fond of him as ever."

**SPEER:** I heard myself saying "He can kiss my…" I am not normally vulgar, besides Milch cut me off

**MILCH:** You are not a big enough man to say this about the Führer, even as a joke.

**SPEER:** I gave Milch my conditions.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Conditions?

**SPEER:** That Hitler restored my control over war production.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But what underground factory project!

**SPEER:** It was only once Hitler signed the directive I realised that I had made a mistake.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You had made yourself responsible for meeting Dorsch's deadline!

**SPEER:** I flew to the Obersalzberg immediately with a new proposal separating production and construction and proposing Dorsch as Inspector General for building so that I could concentrate on producing armaments. It was strange to be back there. Minutes after I arrived I received an invitation to accompany Hitler and his circle on his afternoon walk to the teahouse. It was unprecedented but I refused. I said I needed to see Hitler officially and alone.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You refused?

**SPEER:** I felt as if nothing could happen to me, almost as if I was free. Two hours later I was received formally. Hitler wearing cap and gloves awaiting me, like I was a visitor form a foreign state, on the steps of the Berghof.

**FLÄCHSNER:** So you had won?

**SPEER:** We both won, Hitler knew that no-one could fail to react to such a gesture of special regard, he wanted me back in his corner and he got me. He even made it feel like a compliment when he refused my request.

**HITLER:** You know I can not entrust building to anyone else but you.

**SPEER:** But From this moment on he would approve anything I suggested for the building sector sight unseen.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Still he would blame you for not finishing his underground factories?

**SPEER:** I didn't care. That night I sat in front of the fire with Eva at the tea gathering and he made his favour very clear. I felt such relief; I was surprised at the depth of my feelings.

**FLÄCHSNER:** After all the intrigues, your illness the uncertainty; you felt safe?

**SPEER:** I was needed again. I felt at peace. I felt I was home.

**SCENE 8. Nuremberg. 1947**

**SPEER:** It is the end of January and still we have not been transferred to Spandau. From my cell, some distance away I notice Otto Saur, my former departmental head in the Ministry of Armaments. In his testament drawn up shortly before his death Hitler dismissed me as minister of armaments and appointed Saur my successor. It amuses me to see the man who, in the end by servile flattery outmanoeuvred me in Hitler's favour. I watch as he sedulously obeys the orders of a good-natured guard with repeated bowings and scrapings as he begins to mop the floor. And yet he was a man of great energy, the type who owed his entire existence to the regime. Obedience and dynamism; a fearsome combination. In the last weeks of the war he had obtained permission from Hitler to withdrawal with his staff to Blankenburg. Always brash and tough with the captains of German industry he himself lacked even a modicum of courage. I had an invented text placed in his mail: "Report from the British Broadcasting Corporation: we have learnt that Saur, the well known associate of Speer, has fled from our bombs to Blankenburg in the Hanz Mountains. Our airman will find him out there too." Later I heard that gripped with panic, he had promptly set up his headquarters in a nearby cave.

**SCENE 9. The Present**

**FLÄCHSNER:** For a commission to build a great building you would have sold your soul like Faust and in Hitler you found you Mephistopheles.

**SPEER:** I said that once didn't I?

**FLÄCHSNER:** Is that what it felt like, at the time?

**SPEER:** No, of course not. I admired him. I could see no fault in him. After the trail the military described Hitler as a dictator given to raging uncontrollably and biting the rug on the slightest pretext. The guards even asked me if he foamed at the mouth when he spoke. That's what they had been told. It struck me as a dangerous course.

**FLÄCHSNER:** For whom?

**SPEER:** For us all. Here was this new leader, who as if by magic had already changed in a few months our country beyond recognition. Everything in Germany was flourishing. The unemployed were back at work; there were work project's everywhere. We lived and breathed optimism. What had we come from; the humiliation of Versailles, poverty, starvation, occupation, unemployment. Here was our light, our hope, our saviour.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And personally?

**SPEER:** Times were hard; if I didn't work I didn't eat. I had completed some renovations to Goebbels flat in record time; Hitler remembered this and gave orders to Troost, who had been given the commission to rebuild the Reich Chancellor's apartment, to include me on the team.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You must have made quite an impression.

**SPEER:** This wasn't a commission for me, it was Troost's but Troost knew little of the Berlin building scene. Even on his noon-time inspections Hitler seemed oblivious to me; why shouldn't he? I was nobody. But these visits were wonderful, Germany's most powerful man walking about the site without a care in the world, No standing to attention or 'Deutscher Gruss' just calling hello when he arrived, not friendly exactly but a picture of modesty and the workers responded to this. I think it's true to say his lack of affectation captivated me particularly. And then one day as he was leaving he turned to me and said

**HITLER:** Come along to lunch.

**SPEER:** Can you imagine that, here I was; young, unknown, and unimportant and this great man, for whose attention, just for one glance, our lives completed had said to me; 'come and have lunch'. I thought I'd faint. I'd got some plaster on my suit and Hitler noticed me looking doubtfully at my dirty sleeve.

**HITLER:** Don't worry about that.

**SPEER:** He said.

**HITLER:** We'll fix it upstairs.

**SPEER:** And upstairs he took me to his private quarters and told his valet to get his dark blue suit jacket. And there I was walking back into the drawing room wearing Hitler's own jacket. Goebbels eyes almost popped right out 'what are you doing' he said sharply,

**HITLER:** He is wearing my jacket.

**SPEER:** And he pointed to the seat next to him.

**HITLER**: 'Sit down there'

*Slow cross fade via blackout to scene ... as before*

**ACT 1**

LIGHTS UP:

SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE IS STANDING IN WITNESS BOX 1. FLÄCHSNER IS SITTING AT THE TABLE DSC FACING THE AUDIENCE. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS SITTING AT HIS CELL-DESK WRITING DESK. HESS IS SAT ON ONE OF THE GARDEN BENCHES. HITLER IS SITTING AT THE TABLE DSL. YOUNG SPEER IS SITTING AT THE DRAWING BOARD DSL WORKING.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] They sent an American; he asked me whether I would be interested in a position at Nuremberg. I think perhaps they came to me because I was a liberal. This was in August 1945. They tried at first to pick only candidates who hadn't been in the party but in the end they had to give up on that one. It turned out quite a few of the defence lawyers were former party members. Times were hard certainly but Nuremberg wasn't something one could just decide to do. At the end of September the American came again. He offered me the choice of Speer, Kaltenbrunner, or Hess. I told him, Only Speer.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** Between 1932 and 1945 the defendant Speer was a member of the Nazi Party, a member of the Reichstag, Reich Minister for Armament and Munitions and Chief of the Organization Todt. The Defendant Speer is charged with using his positions and personal influence in such a manner that: He participated in the military and economic planning and preparation of the Nazi conspirators for wars of aggression and wars in violation of international treaties, agreements, and assurances set forth in Counts One and Two of the Indictment; and he authorized, directed, and participated in the War Crimes set forth in Count Three of the Indictment and the Crimes against Humanity set forth in Count Four of the Indictment, including [MIDDLE-AGED SPEER stops writing and moves towards the table where Flächsner is sitting] more particularly the abuse and exploitation of human beings for forced labour in the conduct of aggressive war.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [STANDING AND EXTENDING HIS HAND] My name is Dr Hans Flächsner, from Berlin. I will be your lawyer, if you agree.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [IGNORING THE OFFER TO SHAKE HANDS] I had asked the court to make the appointment.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You asked for Minister Schreiber, but you received no answer. [HANDING SPEER A FORM] Take this; you will need to sign it if you decide that you want me to defend you.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Dr. Flächsner, I think you should know that I intend to plead guilty.

**FLÄCHSNER:** It will mean your head.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Then so be it.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I have read your papers; you will be sitting in the dock third from last. That amounts to being classified one way whereas Göring, Hess, Ribbentrop, and Keitel are classified another way, at the top. If you go ahead and declare yourself responsible for everything you will be making yourself out to be more important than you are. It will not only make a dreadful impression but it will also lead to a death sentence. The court will decide the extent of your guilt.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I refuse to put up a cheap defence; The people of Germany / deserve

**FLÄCHSNER:** / This court cares little for the people of Germany.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Why are you doing this?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I am a lawyer, it's my job.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Not this job, you don't just agree to do this job.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You're right, I didn't, at first.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** You turned it down?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I was interested of course but you must understand that I run a small practice. There is my reputation to consider; not everyone will understand.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Still, it is an opportunity.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Times are hard Herr Speer, I am Hungry; if I don't work I don't eat.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [SPEER SIGNS THE FORM] I have only one condition; you will not mention in court anything that might incriminate the people who worked for me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I cannot defend/

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** /The point is not negotiable. [HANDING BACK THE FORM TO FLÄCHSNER] Tell me, have you ever had the chance to visit the Reich Chancellery?

**FLÄCHSNER:** Once.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** And how did you find it?

**FLÄCHSNER:** The chairs were very comfortable.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [SMILING] And the building?

**FLÄCHSNER:** It reminded me something we were taught at school.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** And what was that?

**FLÄCHSNER:** That man is the measure of all things.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** You are right; today I wouldn't build it that way.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I think we should discuss your plea; you must at least limit your guilt to those matters over which you had direct control.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Dr Flächsner, we have gambled, all of us, and lost. Well so be it. At least here we have the chance to demonstrate a little dignity, a little courage. Whatever else we are charged with we are not cowards.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [DURING THE FOLLOWING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER RETURNS TO HIS CELL] The Tribunal is of opinion that Speer's activities do not amount to initiating, planning, or preparing wars of aggression, or of conspiring to that end. Speer became the head of the armament industry well after all of the wars had been commenced and were under way. His activities in charge of German armament production were in aid of the war effort in the same way that other productive enterprises aid in the waging of war. The Tribunal is not prepared to find that such activities involve engaging in the common plan to wage aggressive war as charged under Count One, or waging aggressive war as charged under Count Two of the incitement.

**WITNESS 1:** [ADDRESSING THE COURT FROM WITNESS BOX 2] Roll call was at 5 a.m. There was no coffee or any food served in the morning. They marched off to the factory at 5.15. They marched for three-quarters of an hour, some without shoes. Work began at 6. Lunch was from 12 to 12.30. This was the only time the prisoners were allowed to cook something for themselves. They cooked potato peelings mostly and whatever else they could find in the garbage. They worked for 10 or 11 hours every day, the work was very heavy physically. At 5 or 6 in the afternoon they were marched back to camp; those too exhausted to walk were carried by their comrades. At 6 or 7 their main meal was served, Cabbage soup.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [WITNESS #1 RETAKES HIS PLACE IN THE GALLERY DURING THE FOLLOWING] The evidence introduced against Speer under counts three and, four relates entirely to his participation in the slave labour program. While Speer himself had no direct administrative responsibility for this program, as Reich Minister for Armaments and Munitions, Speer had extensive authority over production. Speer took the position that the board had authority to instruct Sauckel to provide labourers for industries under his control and succeeded in sustaining this position over the objection of Sauckel. The practice was developed under which Speer transmitted to Sauckel an estimate of the total number of workers needed; Sauckel obtained the labour and allocated it to the various industries in accordance with instructions supplied by Speer.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] Even in the 30's I knew the Jews were being badly treated, that they could no longer be judges or lawyers. Believe me, I often thanked God that I wasn't a Jew. I had Jewish friends and tried to help, and sometimes you could. You knew it was miserable to be a Jew in Hitler's Germany, but you didn't know what happened to them. Not then. A client of mine, a medic in Russia, he came back with photographs, this was in 1943. We knew absolutely nothing of this.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** Speer knew that when he made his demands on Sauckel that they would be supplied by foreign labourers serving under compulsion. He was present at a conference held during the 10th and 12th of August 1942 with Hitler and Sauckel, at which it was agreed that Sauckel should bring labourers by force from occupied territories where this was necessary to satisfy the labour needs of the industries under Speer's control. Speer also attended a conference in Hitler's headquarters on the 4th of January 1944, at which the decision was made that Sauckel should obtain "at least 4 million new workers from occupied territories" in order to satisfy the demands for labour made by Speer, where Sauckel indicated that he could do this only with help from Himmler. Sauckel continually informed Speer and his representatives that foreign labourers were being obtained by force.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** [ADDRESSING THE COURT FROM WITNESS BOX 3] You knew the policy of the Nazi Party and the policy of the Government towards the Jews did you not?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [STANDING] I knew that the National Socialist Party was anti-Semitic. I knew that the Jews were being evacuated from Germany.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** In fact, you participated in that evacuation did you not?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** When I took over my new office in February 1942, the Party was already insisting that Jews who were still working in armament factories should be removed from them. I objected at the time, and managed to get Bormann to issue a circular letter to the effect that these Jews might go on being employed and that Party offices were prohibited from accusing the heads of these firms on political grounds because of the Jews working there. After this the Jews could remain in these plants.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** The problem of producing armaments to win the war for Germany was made very much more difficult by this anti-Jewish campaign which was being waged by others of your co-defendants.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Certainty, and it is equally clear that if the Jews who were evacuated had been allowed to work for me, it would have been to my considerable advantage.

**GERMAN ENGINEER:** [ADDRESSING THE COURT FROM WITNESS BOX 2] The people descending from the trucks, men, women and children of every age, they were made, on the order of an SS guard with a horse-whip, to undress and put down their clothes in separate places, according to shoes, outer and undergarments. Without shouting or weeping these people undressed, standing together in family groups, kissing each other goodbye, waiting for the next order. An old woman with snow-white hair was holding a child of twelve months in her arms, singing to it and tickling it. The child squealed with pleasure. The couple watched with tears in their eyes. The father was holding a boy of about ten by the hand, talking to him softly. The boy was fighting back his tears. His father pointed his finger at the sky, stroked his head and seemed to explain something to him. The guard by the ditch called out my name; I walked around a mound of earth and was facing an enormous grave. The people lying in it were pressed together so tightly that only their heads were visible.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** [THE GERMAN ENGINEER RETAKES HIS PLACE IN THE GALLERY] Speer's position was such that he was not directly concerned with the cruelty in the administration of the slave labour program, although he was aware of its existence.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [TURNING TO ADDRESS HITLER] We must discuss the slackers. Ley has ascertained that the sick list decreases to one-fourth or one-fifth in factories where doctors are on the staff who examine the sick men. There is nothing to be said against the SS and the Police taking steps. Put those known to be slackers to work in camp factories. News will soon get around.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** In mitigation it must be recognized that Speer insisted that the slave labourers be given adequate food and working conditions so that they could work efficiently and that the establishment of blocked industries did keep many labourers in their homes. In the closing

stages of the war he was one of the few men who had the courage to tell Hitler that the war was lost and to take steps to prevent the senseless destruction of production facilities, both in the occupied territories and in Germany. He carried out his opposition to Hitler's scorched earth program by deliberately sabotaging it at considerable personal risk.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** This war has brought an unconceivable catastrophe upon the German people, and indeed started a world catastrophe. Therefore it is my unquestionable duty to assume my share of responsibility for this disaster before the German people. This is all the more my obligation since the head of the government has avoided responsibility before the German people and before the world. Insofar as Hitler gave me orders, and I carried them out, I assume responsibility for them. I did not, of course, carry out all the orders he gave me.

**MR. JUSTICE JACKSON:** And what exactly do you mean by this common responsibility?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** In my opinion, a state functionary has two types of responsibility. One is the responsibility for his own sector and for that, of course, he is fully responsible. But above that I think that in decisive matters there is, and must be, among the leaders a common responsibility, for who is to bear responsibility for developments, if not the close associates of the head of State? [BEAT MIDDLE-AGED SPEER CACHES FLÄCHSNER'S EYE] This common responsibility, however, can only be applied to fundamental matters, it cannot be applied to details connected with other ministries or other responsible departments, for otherwise the entire discipline in the life of the State would be quite confused, and no one would ever know who is individually responsible in a particular sphere. This individual responsibility in one's own sphere must, at all events, be kept clear and distinct.

**SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE:** The Tribunal finds that Speer is not guilty on Counts One and Two of the indictment, but is guilty under Counts Three and Four. In accordance with Article 27 of the Charter, the International Military Tribunal will now pronounce the sentences on the defendants convicted on this Indictment: Defendant Albert Speer, on the Counts of the Indictment on which you have been convicted, the Tribunal sentences you to twenty years' imprisonment.

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER SITS BACK AT HIS CELL-DESK; FLÄCHSNER STANDS, PACKS HIS PAPERS INTO HIS CASE AND MOVES TOWARDS ONE OF THE GARDEN BENCHES.]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [TO AUDIENCE] In 1943 I told my client, the medic in Russia, to burn his photographs or bury them and tell no one what he had seen. And I didn't tell anybody either, not even my wife. It was the prudent thing do. Even I knew enough to know it would have been most unsafe to have seen such photographs.

[SLOW FADE TO BLACKOUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENE TAKES PLACE IN COMPLETE DARKNESS]

[RADIO/TV NEWS BROADCAST TO SET THE DATE FADES OUT TO BE REPLACED WITH THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING AND THEN AN ANSWER PHONE CLICKING IN.]

**JOURNALIST:** [VOICE ON ANSWER PHONE] Please leave a message after the tone.

[TONE ON ANSWER PHONE]

**OLD SPEER:** [OFF] Albert here, just for the day, talking to the BBC. I wanted to surprise you, shame, come to Germany and see us soon; we have a lot to talk about.

[PHONE IS PUT DOWN; LINE GOES DEAD, FADE UP SOUND OF AMBULANCE SIREN – THE NOISE OF A HOSPITAL, DOCTORS BEING PAGED ETC.]

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] What happened?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] A stroke.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] Who brought him in him?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] They called an Ambulance at the Hotel. The trauma was massive.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] And the blonde.

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] His assistant, she says.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] She seems [BEAT] very upset.

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] She's just phoned his wife.

**REGISTRAR:** [OFF] What about his things?

**DR. KEAL:** [OFF] His daughter-in-law is flying in, in the morning.

[PHONE (GERMAN C.1980) RINGING EVENTUALLY MARGRET ANSWERS]

**JOURNALIST:** [OFF] Margret? What they're saying, on the news is it true?

**MARGRET:** [OFF] He was in London [BEAT] He was with her.

[LIGHTS UP - LATE EVENING - ENTER THE JOURNALIST FOLLOWED BY OLD SPEER DSR]

**JOURNALIST:** I hope I am not disturbing you

**OLD SPEER:** Not at all, please make yourself comfortable.

**JOURNALIST:** I wanted to thank you for your letter in person.

**OLD SPEER:** It's me who should be thanking you. It was about time somebody discredited Irving.

**JOURNALIST:** Still, I doubt it will be the end of the matter.

**OLD SPEER:** It's laughable, that's what it is.

**JOURNALIST:** As long as there is no evidence of a direct order.

**OLD SPEER:** Many of Hitler's orders were only ever issued verbally. I should know, to even think that something of such magnitude could take place, and not just without his knowledge but without his order? It's inconceivable.

**JOURNALIST:** I'm sure you didn't invite me here to talk about Irving though.

**OLD SPEER:** You're right of course, you've come a long way; we should discuss your proposal.

**JOURNALIST:** I have to say I was surprised to see your name painted so prominently at the gate.

**OLD SPEER:** I think they would not let me disappear, even if I wanted to.

**JOURNALIST:** And the gates unlocked? I had read that the grounds were patrolled by dogs.

**OLD SPEER:** You're a journalist; you should know better then to believe everything that you read in the papers.

**JOURNALIST:** Still, I could understand the temptation/

**OLD SPEER:** You should read this

[SPEER HANDS THE JOURNALIST A PIECE OF PAPER. THERE IS A PAUSE WHILST THE JOURNALIST READS THE LETTER.]

**JOURNALIST:** When did this arrive?

**OLD SPEER:** This morning.

**JOURNALIST:** Have you called the Police?

**OLD SPEER:** Naturally, but there is little they can do.

**JOURNALIST:** And the signature?

**OLD SPEER:** The SS rank of captain. It was sent from Lincoln, Nebraska.

**JOURNALIST:** If you don't mind me saying so, you don't seem very concerned.

**OLD SPEER:** You get used to it.

**JOURNALIST:** I don't see/

[Enter Margret, carrying a tray with a pot of tea, cups etc.]

**OLD SPEER:** /It isn't pleasant but what choice do I have? You get used to it. [BEAT] The truth is I hate being here.

**MARGRET:** Don't take any notice, he doesn't mean it.

**OLD SPEER:** My wife, Margret. Margret, this is/

**MARGRET:** [COLDLY] /I know who this is. [TO THE JOURNALIST] You have already seen Albert's letter then?

**JOURNALIST:** I should like to talk with you too, of course. Later perhaps, if that is okay?

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE AS MARGRET POURS TWO CUPS OF TEA. SHE HANDS ONE TO OLD ALBERT AND GIVES THE SECOND TO THE JOURNALIST]

**MARGRET:** [Coldly] If you'll excuse me, I have things to do.

[MARGRET EXITS.]

**OLD SPEER:** You must excuse my wife; she finds all this rather, [BEAT] difficult.

**JOURNALIST:** I understand.

[THE JOURNALIST PICKS UP A PHOTOGRAPH OF SPEER'S CHILDREN.]

**OLD SPEER:** They are grown-up now of course, with children of their own.

**JOURNALIST:** Do you see them often?

**OLD SPEER:** They come to visit their mother. I weigh upon them; they don't want anything to do with what is past.

[Pause]

**JOURNALIST:** I think I should tell you that my feelings towards you are, ambivalent. I have read everything I could find about you/

**OLD SPEER:** And still you are undecided?

**JOURNALIST:** I thought we could try a different approach; get away from the same old questions.

**OLD SPEER:** The same old answers, you mean? Of course that's what they all say, but in the end ... You're not the first who's come to trap me.

[THE SOUND OF LIGHT CARPENTRY – HAMMERING SAWING ETC. CAN BE HEARD]

**JOURNALIST:** I like to think I have come with an open mind.

**OLD SPEER:** In my experience, there is no such thing.

**JOURNALIST:** Perhaps this wasn't such a good idea?

**OLD SPEER:** It's late; there is a bed made-up for you in the spare room. We can talk in the morning.

[OLD SPEER OPENS THE DOOR FOR THE JOURNALIST WHO EXITS. OLD SPEER FOLLOWS AS IF TO LEAVE BUT NOTICES THE SOUND AND PAUSES TO WATCH AND LISTEN. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER IS ALONE ASLEEP ON THE BED. THE SOUND OF CARPENTRY GETS LOUDER. MIDDLE-AGED SPEER SITS UP, LISTENS FOR A MOMENT, GETS OUT OF BED AND PULLS THE CHAIR OUT AND STANDS ON IT TRYING TO PEER OUT OF A 'SMALL WINDOW' WHICH IS STILL SLIGHTLY TOO HIGH FOR HIM TO SEE OUT OF. EVENTUALLY MIDDLE-AGED SPEER GIVES UP AND

RETURNS TO HIS BED WHERE HE WAITS FOR THE SOUND OF CONSTRUCTION TO STOP.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Ribbentrop!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF]Keitel!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF]Kaltenbrunner!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF]Rosenberg!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE. EXIT OLD SPEER DSR.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Frank!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Frick!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Streicher!

**HESS:** [OFF] Bravo Streicher!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Sauckel!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Jodl!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

**GUARD:** [OFF] Seyss-Inquart!

[THE SOUND OF A CELL DOOR BEING OPENED, SCRAPINGS OF BOOTS FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY THEN A LONG PAUSE.]

[MIDDLE-AGED SPEER REMAINS SEATED THROUGHOUT THE ABOVE ROLL CALL WHICH SHOULD BE PERFORMED AT A PAINFULLY SLOW PACE. HESS AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER COLLECT THEIR BUCKETS AND MOPS AND BEGIN TO CLEAN THE NEUTRAL SPACE. ENTER DR. GILBERT STAGE LEFT.

**DR. GILBERT:** Keitel's last words were 'Alles für Deutschland. Deutschland über Alles'. Jodl, Ribbentrop, they all said something similar on the scaffold.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Doctor.

**DR. GILBERT:** I have come to say goodbye.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** You're leaving?

**DR. GILBERT:** The trial is over.

**HESS:** Will we be transferred soon?

**DR. GILBERT:** That I do not know. Well, goodbye then. [TURNS TO GO]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Dr. Gilbert, [BEAT] Thank you.

[DR. GILBERT SMILES THEN LEAVES]

**HESS:** It's a compulsion with you isn't it?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** He helped us, all of us, even Streicher.

**HESS:** He didn't help Ley.

**LEY:** [FROM WITNESS BOX 2. AGITATED] How can I prepare a defence? Am I supposed to defend myself against all these crimes which I knew nothing about? If after all the bloodshed of this war some more sacrifices are needed to satisfy the vengeance of the victors, all well and good. Stand us against the wall and shoot us! All well and good you are the victors, but why should I be brought before a tribunal like a [stuttering] c-, c-, like a c-, c-/

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** /You can't help a man who doesn't want to live.

**HESS:** He's a Jew.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** What difference would it have made? He would have hung last night with the rest of them anyway.

**HESS:** Then why are you so relieved to see him go? [DURING THE ABOVE HITLER HAS MOVED FROM HIS TABLE DSL AND IS NOW STANDING BEHIND YOUNG SPEER WORKING AT HIS DRAWING BOARD.]

**HITLER:** Our buildings in Berlin and Nuremberg will make even the cathedrals look ridiculously small. Just imagine some little peasant coming into our great domed hall in Berlin. That will do more than take his breath away. From then on the man will know where he belongs. I tell you Speer, these buildings are more important than anything else. You must do everything you can to produce them in my lifetime. Only if I have spoken in them and governed from them will they have the consecration they are going to need for my successors.

[DURING THE ABOVE THE JOURNALIST, MARGRET AND OLD SPEER HAVE ENTERED DSR AND ARE SAT IN THEIR CHAIRS.]

**JOURNALIST:** [Reading from notes] For a commission to build a great building you would have sold your soul like Faust and in Hitler you found your Mephistopheles.

**OLD SPEER:** I said that once, didn't I?

**JOURNALIST:** Is that what it felt like, at the time?

**OLD SPEER:** No, of course not. I admired him. I could see no fault. I looked into those unusually large and eloquent eyes and I saw a man overwhelmed by his mission, by the grandeur of his plans. After the trial the military described Hitler as given to raging uncontrollably and biting the rug on the slightest pretext. The guards even asked me if he foamed at the mouth when he spoke. That's what they had been told. It struck me as a dangerous course.

[HESS AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEER FINNISH THEIR CLEANING AND RETURN TO THEIR BENCH / DESK.]

**JOURNALIST:** For whom?

**OLD SPEER:** For us all. [BEAT] Here was this new leader, who as if by magic had already changed in a few months our country beyond recognition. Everything in Germany was flourishing. The unemployed were back at work; there were project's everywhere. We lived and breathed optimism. We had come from the humiliation of Versailles, poverty, starvation, occupation, unemployment. Here was our light, our hope, our saviour.

**JOURNALIST:** And personally?

**OLD SPEER:** Times were still hard; if I didn't work I didn't eat. I had completed some renovations to Goebbels flat in record time; Hitler remembered this and gave orders to Troost, who had been given the commission to rebuild the Reich Chancellor's apartment, to include me on the team.

**JOURNALIST:** You must have made quite an impression.

**OLD SPEER:** This wasn't my commission, it was Troost's. But Troost knew little of the Berlin building scene, that's where I came in.

**JOURNALIST:** And Hitler?

**OLD SPEER:** Even on his noon-time inspections Hitler seemed oblivious to me; why shouldn't he? I was nobody.

**YOUNG SPEER:** But these visits are still wonderful, Germany's most powerful man walking about the site without a care in the world, No standing to attention or 'Deutscher Gruss' just calling hello when he arrived, not friendly exactly but a picture of modesty and the workers responded to this.

**OLD SPEER:** I think it's fair to say his lack of affectation captivated me particularly. And then one day as he was leaving:

**HITLER:** [STILL LOOKING OVER YOUNG SPEER'S SHOULDER] Come along to lunch.

**OLD SPEER:** Can you imagine that, here I was; young, unknown and this great man, for whose attention, just for one glance our lives completed, had said to me; 'come and have lunch'. I thought I'd faint.

**YOUNG SPEER:** [LOOKING AT DIRTY JACKET SLEEVE.] I have some plaster on my suit.

**HITLER:** Don't worry about that. We'll fix it upstairs.

**OLD SPEER:** Upstairs he took me into his private quarters and told his valet to get his dark blue suit jacket. And there I was walking back into the drawing room wearing Hitler's own jacket.

**YOUNG SPEER:** Goebbels eyes like they are about to pop right out of their sockets. 'What are you doing' he barks at me.

**HITLER:** He is wearing my jacket.

**YOUNG SPEER:** He points to the seat next to him.

**HITLER:** Sit down there.

[Hitler and Speer sit side by side at the table.]

**MARGRET:** We met when I was fifteen, he was sixteen.

**YOUNG SPEER:** We fell in love.

**MARGRET:** He fell in love, I was mainly curious. I came to love him, gradually.

**OLD SPEER:** I fell in love with her family as much as with her I think; they were a much simpler people than mine.

**MARGRET:** He means poorer, my father was a joiner.

**OLD SPEER:** But they were warm, very close. I felt very comfortable at their home.

**MARGRET:** We walked the same way to school.

**OLD SPEER:** Margret was very, reserved; I counted myself lucky if I could share a few words

**MARGRET:** Until he discovered we shared a love for the theatre.

**YOUNG SPEER:** We travel regularly to Mannheim to see Wagner operas,

**MARGRET:** Egmont, Fidelio.

**OLD SPEER:** You can imagine my pleasure when she held my hand.

**MARGRET:** His parents were furious.

**OLD SPEER:** They wouldn't come to the wedding.

**MARGRET:** We were to be married seven years before I was welcome in that house.

**OLD SPEER:** Those first years were happy years, we went climbing, canoeing. We walked for days in silent, comfortable companionship. Even when we hiked for long hours we never talked. It was happiness for both of us.

**MARGRET:** We talked a lot on those walks, he would tell me about his work at school, then later university. We discussed books he had read, poetry, but never his family, never his unhappiness. Already he had a wall around him.

**OLD SPEER:** A year and a half after we met she was sent away to boarding school

**MARGRET:** And our life-time of letters began.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Only this time I am the one who is sent away.

**MARGRET:** But the letters are the same, not a hint of sentimentality, always that distance, the same schoolboy wordiness, that struggle to be understood.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** But not the Spanish letters, the Spanish letters/

**MARGRET:** Even the letters to the children/

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** /they were full of humour.

**MARGRET:** /were full of lies.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I wanted to reassure them.

**MARGRET:** I barely recognised his family.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I told them how we met.

**MARGRET:** Incredible really, when you think this is the man who never said a word to me.

[BEAT]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [MOVING TOWARDS THE TABLE DSC] Still neither Margret nor I can pretend to be natural with each other, neither of us are actors.

**MARGRET:** [CROSSING AS IF TO SIT WITH MIDDLE-AGED SPEER DSC MARGRET PAUSES AT THE BOARDER BETWEEN OLD SPEERS AND MIDDLE-AGED SPEERS WORLD] Most of the time we sit facing each other overwrought and depressed. [BEAT] The minutes pass painfully by.

**HITLER:** We should go to Paris; the old quarters give the city a feeling of complete distinction. You shall familiarise yourself with the grandeur of the great vistas there. Berlin must exceed it. One should always

take the opportunity of learning; one sees the mistakes and seeks to do better. The Ring in Vienna would not exist without the Paris boulevards. [HITLER STANDS AND MOVES TO LOOK AT THE DRAWING BOARD] At present Berlin does not exist, but one day she shall be more beautiful than Paris.

**MARGRET:** SITTING AT THE TABLE WITH MIDDLE-AGED SPEER] Hettlage was right.

**OLD SPEER:** It was not long after he joined me at the GBI. He watched us working on the model of Berlin

**YOUNG SPEER:** You know what you are? He says. You are Hitler's unhappy love.

**JOURNALIST:** It must have made you feel uncomfortable?

**OLD SPEER:** Not at all.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I am happy.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Dear God, I felt happy.

**JOURNALIST:** You were flattered?

**OLD SPEER:** Flattered? Not flattered exactly, joyful.

**JOURNALIST:** And when Mitscherlich, described your relationship with Hitler as 'erotic'?

**OLD SPEER:** People raised their eyebrows; of course it is easily misinterpreted, but not entirely wrong.

**JOURNALIST:** Not sexual then?

**OLD SPEER:** No, not sexual.

**MARGRET:** Needless to say, he does not mention me.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** What do you mean?

**MARGRET:** They have been working together hand in hand for nine months before Albert thinks to mention that he is married.

**OLD SPEER:** It is difficult to explain.

**JOURNALIST:** But you had been married six years. Not once in nine months, during all those endless lunches/

**YOUNG SPEER:** The subject just never comes up.

**OLD SPEER:** Perhaps I was put off by his treatment of Eva. I don't know. He hid her from all but his most intimate circle and even there denied her any social standing, it was painful to see. She was a very nice girl, young, shy and modest. I liked her straight away. Whatever the reason, it didn't seem important then. What I felt was unfamiliar, confusing even, but it wasn't sexual. The idea is, [BEAT] it's absurd.

[Hitler returns to the table and sits opposite Young Speer]

**MARGRET:** But it was more than admiration, they shared a vision.

**OLD SPEER:** There were better architects, architects more admired than I. He loved to argue, as colleagues do. Sometimes he would provoke an argument simply for arguments sake, irrespective of whether he was right or wrong, and in the end he seemed happy to defer to me. In many ways he could be very modest.

**MARGRET:** It was all a game to him.

[Hitler begins staring at YOUNG SPEER who notices this and starts to stare back at him.]

**OLD SPEER:** We are sitting across the table, at the Berghof some time in 1936. There are a lot of people present when suddenly he fixes me with his eyes.

**JOURNALIST:** And you accepted the challenge.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I make myself hold onto his gaze.

**OLD SPEER:** It feels such a long time.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I can hear the buzz of voices around us; feel the charge of the silence between us.

[Hitler and YOUNG SPEER keep this up for quite some time until eventually Hitler looks away and YOUNG SPEER relaxes, enjoying his victory.]

**MARGRET:** By then the attacks had started again, they came regularly, and often.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I begin to live in fear of them.

**OLD SPEER:** It was a kind of claustrophobia.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I go pale; my heart beats wildly, pins and needles in my hands. I feel faint, ice cold, I begin to panic.

**MARGRET:** But he makes himself hold on.

**OLD SPEER:** Nothing was found, nothing physical. They said it was overwork.

[Margret stands up and awkwardly takes her leave and returns to her chair DSR]

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Through a small observation hole the iron door I watch as she hurries through the outer gate. Schirach's wife is divorcing him. He's not even allowed to see his lawyer.

**OLD SPEER:** There was a guard at Nuremberg, friendly, American. He told me about the birth of his first child with all the excitement of a child himself, a daughter.

**JOURNALIST:** The guards treated you well then?

**OLD SPEER:** You sound surprised?

**JOURNALIST:** Given what the world was still learning/

**OLD SPEER:** The world outside could comfort itself with talk of monsters, but the guards knew us as soldiers, husbands and fathers. It kept us both from going mad. Anyway, that was when it hit me, the length of my sentence; I understood then that this guard might very well come to me again one day to tell me of his daughters wedding.

**JOURNALIST:** Some people felt that 20 years was not nearly enough.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I would have rather hung.

**FLÄCHSNER:** The verdict offended him.

**OLD SPEER:** I was surprised.

**FLÄCHSNER:** He felt belittled. The allies didn't think that he was important enough to hang; in his own eyes that diminished him.

**OLD SPEER:** I had spent all my life working on one great project after another. What was I to do with 20 years? I hadn't prepared for that.

[ENTER DR. GILBERT DSC – MIDDLE-AGED SPEER DOES NOT NOTICE HIM AT FIRST]

**DR. GILBERT:** Albert? [HANDING MIDDLE-AGED SPEER A TELEGRAM]

**OLD SPEER:** March 31st Stop. Ten p.m. stop. Father passed away gently in sleep stop. Mother stop.

**DR. GILBERT:** I'm sorry.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** It is almost two years since I saw him last outside the house in Heidelberg. We shook hands. He had tears in his eyes; I pretended not to notice them.

**JOURNALIST:** You never spoke with your Father about how you felt?

**OLD SPEER:** It was his way. I inherited it from him.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [To Dr. Gilbert.] Still, he was able to be with his grandchildren these last months. He will be a model for them, with his Westphalian perseverance; his steadfastness, his optimism.

**OLD SPEER:** My thoughts cling onto our last few moments together at the Heidelberg house.

**MARGRET:** Our beautiful home.

**OLD SPEER:** Everything here reminds me of the miseries of my childhood. Only in mountains, when I leave this house, do I begin to breathe again.

**JOURNALIST:** But you return. And after Spandau it becomes your home again.

**MARGRET:** It is his penance.

**DR. GILBERT:** You didn't tell the court about your childhood?

**FLÄCHSNER:** He was indicted for War Crimes, not picking pockets.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** You can't seriously / think that

**DR. GILBERT:** /No, of course not/

**OLD SPEER:** It was, after all, quite an ordinary start in life.

**DR. GILBERT:** /but still.

**OLD SPEER:** My Grandfather, on my mother's side, he was a modest, quiet, self made man, a great organiser. He could be very romantic.

**JOURNALIST:** Romantic?

**OLD SPEER:** He loved music, nature, he was the son of a forester; technocrats can be romantics too/

**DR. GILBERT:** /And women?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Too much, I think, is made of that aspect of a man's personality.

**OLD SPEER:** My grandmother was a pretentious woman; pretentious and mean. She counted the cubes of sugar in the kitchen, can you believe that? She had a lockable sugar tin. I didn't know my paternal grandparents; they died when my father was young.

**YOUNG SPEER:** There are rumours that my grandfather committed suicide but it was never talked about. There was no money for my father to go to university, so he joined a firm of architects as an apprentice.

**JOURNALIST:** In your books you describe your grandfather as a prosperous architect.

**OLD SPEER:** Why go into these, these private matters in print? What does it matter? I never knew my paternal grandfather. My father became an architect, by the time he met my mother he was a successful architect.

**JOURNALIST:** But not successful enough.

**OLD SPEER:** My mothers' family grew up in Mainz a garrison city where they belonged to the social elite; there were balls and young officers galore. It was a glamorous world, compared to Mannheim or Heidelberg.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** My mother fell in love with a brilliant young officer, who drove her broken hearted into the arms of my father. My father was a good man, but love was never part of the marriage contract.

**OLD SPEER:** My father was wealthy, my mother was rich. The apartment in Mannheim had fourteen rooms and she filled each room with French and Italian furniture, there were cooks in white, maids in black and white. There was a butler and footman dressed in purple liveries with silver buttons and a coat of arms, to which incidentally we were not entitled. This is what she made of her 'horrible little provincial nest'. It wasn't our means my mother lived beyond, rather her station.

**DR. GILBERT:** And what about love?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I loved my father. He was keenest on Ernst. Ernst was impetuous, funny. My mother doted on Hermann. I was twelve.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I am tired of the beatings my brothers give me.

**OLD SPEER:** So I tried to escape by running to my fathers office, his staff set up a table for me where I could sketch. His staff were very kind but I don't think my father even knew I was there.

**YOUNG SPEER:** Our governess understands.

**OLD SPEER:** I was terrified of Hermann, of what he could reduce me to, but this? As much as I was running away from my brothers I was also running to my father. I would have given anything to have him notice me there.

**JOURNALIST:** But surely they were proud, eventually; you were the architect of the Reich.

**YOUNG SPEER:** You've all gone completely mad.

**DR. GILBERT:** Excuse me?

**YOUNG SPEER:** That's what my father says, when I show him the plans for Berlin.

**JOURNALIST:** And your mother?

**OLD SPEER:** Oh yes, she was proud, she was always proud. But as proud as my Mother was of me she was prouder still of herself. After all, if I was the architect of the Reich, she was the mother of the architect of the Reich.

**YOUNG SPEER:** Herman is nine, I am seven and Ernst five. We file into the dining room as desert is being served; Father and Mother are entertaining guests. Ernst immediately runs over to father who sweeps him up and sits him on his lap. Herman is ordered to come to mother's side.

**LUISE:** [From witness box 2.] Herman will recite a poem that he has written especially for the occasion.

**YOUNG SPEER:** Herman and Ernst each receive a chocolate before returning to my side. We bow formally first to mother, then to the guests before taking our leave. We have left the dinning room, crossed the hall and are just about to enter the kitchen when Herman trips me and I fall noisily into the kitchen door.

**LUISE:** Really Albert, can't you look where you are going.

**YOUNG SPEER:** He swings the door back against me as I lie there on the floor.

**OLD SPEER:** That's when the fainting starts. I'd suddenly feel terribly hot, then very, very cold and then boom, I'd be out. They would call it circulation then, later stress. But it never left me. I was the architect of the Reich who fainted under stress. And what if they did respect me? Well who didn't respect me then? It would all change soon enough after Stalingrad.

**HITLER:** Our generals are making their old mistakes again. They always over-estimate the strengths of the Russians. According to all the front-line reports, the enemy's human material is no longer sufficient. They are weakened; they have lost too much blood. But of course nobody wants to accept such reports. Besides, how badly Russian officers are trained! No offensive can be organised with such officers. We know

what it takes! In the short or the long run the Russians will simply come to a halt. They'll run down. We shall throw in a few fresh divisions; that will put things right.

**OLD SPEER:** Ernst was a private in the sixth army caught at Stalingrad. There was little food, little water no fuel and no ammunition; he was one man among two-hundred thousand.

**HITLER:** There will be no retreat. I will not let Stalingrad fall.

**OLD SPEER:** He wrote letters from a primitive field-hospital, a stable, legs swollen from jaundice, no walls to keep the snow out, no heating.

**LUISE:** You can't do this to him.

[YOUNG SPEER stands to face Luise]

**YOUNG SPEER:** [To Luise.] You are asking the impossible.

**HITLER:** Think of nothing except your own sphere of activity; there is no such thing as collective responsibility.

**LUISE:** Impossible? It is impossible that you, you of all people, can't do something to get him out.

**OLD SPEER:** Sick of lying amongst the dead, his limbs swollen to twice there normal size, he drags himself back to his battalion. Already he feels better for being with his comrades.

**HITLER:** I have ordered that the serving of brandy and champagne be banned at HQ, in honour of the heroes of Stalingrad.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I promise that I would get him out of Russia at the end of this campaign. I will have him re-assigned to a construction battalion in the west.

**OLD SPEER:** The Russians took one-hundred and eight thousand prisoners at Stalingrad. My parents received one final letter from Ernst; desperate about life, angry about death, bitter about me his brother.

**YOUNG SPEER:** I search amongst the few thousand rescued sick and wounded. Ernst is declared missing, presumed dead.

**DR. GILBERT:** [Standing to leave – to MIDDLE AGED SPEER] I'm very sorry. [Dr. Gilbert Exits, leaving MIDDLE-AGED SPEER sat at the table]

[Pause]

**FLÄCHSNER:** [Approaching MIDDLE AGED SPEER] You lied to me, in there, in that that court. [BEAT - SPEER DOES NOT RESPOND – FLÄCHSNER CONTINUES, READING FROM HIS NOTES] Herr Speer, what do you know about the working conditions in subterranean factories? And your reply/

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** You had no business asking me that question.

**FLÄCHSNER:** /The most modern equipment for the most modern weapons has been housed in subterranean factories. (MIDDLE-AGED SPEER STOPS READING HIS TELEGRAM BUT OTHERWISE DOES NOT

RESPOND) This equipment requires perfect conditions to work.' That's what you told them, 'air which is dry and free from dust, good lighting facilities and big fresh air installations.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I know I said.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Conditions comparable to those on a night shift in regular industry.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** You are supposed to be defending me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** I am trying to.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I was a government minister; I didn't personally oversee every factory in the Rich.

**FLÄCHSNER:** But you knew, didn't you, you went there, you saw.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Jackson isn't after me; 'I am not claiming that you are personally responsible for these conditions' that's what he said, you were there too. Not personably responsible, he said it in that court.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And collective responsibility?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** An act of contrition, not suicide.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Tell me about Dora.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Why? What good will do?

**FLÄCHSNER:** I want to know what it felt like.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** What it felt like? It was the worst place I had ever seen. It was December 1943, the prisoners lived in the caves with the rockets, it was freezing cold, the slaves, you couldn't call them workers; they worked 18 hours a day. When there were no tools they used their bare hands, always the ammonia burning in their lungs. I demanded to see their sanitary provisions. There was no heat; no ventilation, no water to wash in, no water to drink. The toilets were barrels cut in half with planks laid across. Later I found out that one of the guard's favourite jokes was to watch the slaves sit on the plank and push them in. They all had dysentery. They saw daylight once a week at roll call. I demanded to be shown their midday meal. The food was inedible. This time I saw the bodies; thousands dead, those that were left were skeletons.

**FLÄCHSNER:** You testified that sickness only made up a very 'small percentage'. You told Jackson that the workers feigned illness; that the allies dropped leaflets with instructions telling them how and that the workers feigned illness.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** He wants to use my testimony against Krupp. We had an agreement; I will not incriminate the people who worked for me. I am not going to be used, not like that. Besides, Krupp's factories were different.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Different? Different how?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** At Krupp's I was given the VIP tour.

**FLÄCHSNER:** [sarcastically] And at Dora you were outraged?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** [WRYLY] I never claimed I was a humanist. [BEAT] I objected. Time and time again I objected. I told them that maltreatment didn't increase efficiency. [BEAT] It wasn't a moral issue for me.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Do you know how many men were deported to Dora Albert? [BEAT] sixty thousand

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I ordered the building of a barracks camp, outside the cave.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And how many died?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I thought differently then.

**FLÄCHSNER:** Thirty thousand. Albert.

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** I am aware of the numbers.

**FLÄCHSNER:** And this meant nothing to you?

**MIDDLE-AGED SPEER:** Of course it meant something; it meant thirty thousand workers weren't working. It meant deadlines weren't being met.

**END of ACT 1**